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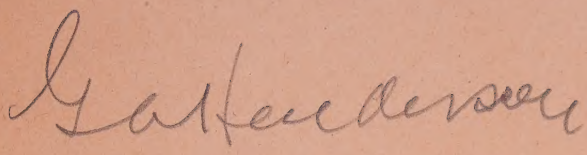

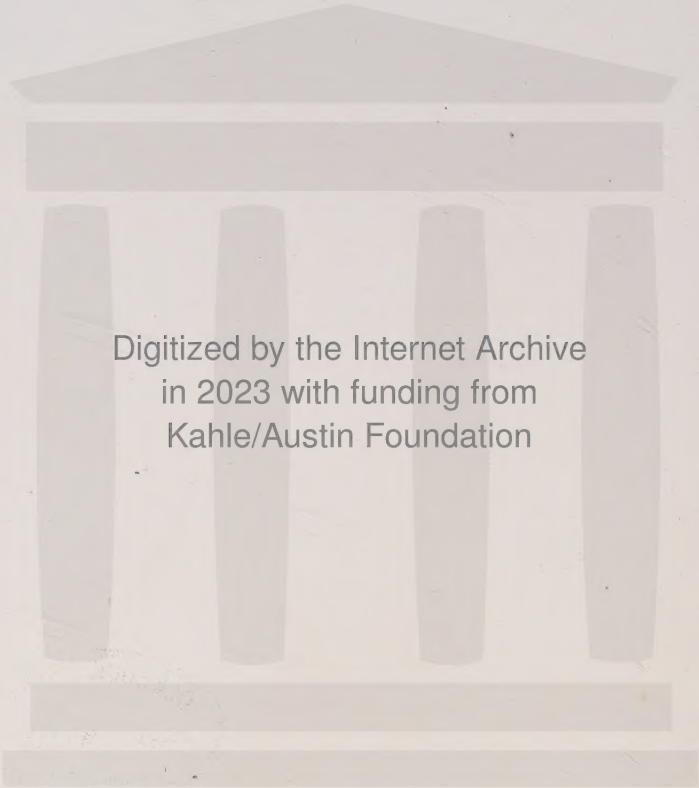

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W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
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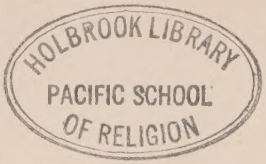

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THE

Methodist Magazine.

July, 1890.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

THE EYE OF THE EAST—DAMASCUS AND THEREABOUTS.

EAST GATE OF DAMASCUS.

THE lofty peak of Hermon is the most prominent landmark of Palestine. Its snowy summit, glittering white against the blue sky, may be seen from many distant points. It was called Sirion, the glittering, by the Sidonians, and Shenir, the clattering, by the Amorites—both these words mean breastplate. The scriptural name Hermon means the lofty peak, and the Arabs call it Jebel-es-Sheikh—the chief mountain. Ten thousand feet above sea-level, it raises its snowy summit toward the sky. The three loftiest heights are some two or three thousand feet above the main chain; the highest on the north, the second three hundred yards farther south, and the third to the west, a quarter of a mile away. To the south it slopes down to the plain of Huleh, its foot hills buried in luxuriant foliage; on the north a ravine separates it from the long chain of Anti-Liban us. The snow never wholly leaves its summit, though the full whiteness of its winter drapery remains but in the ravines which streak its slopes when the summer sun has played upon it.

Having struck our camp at Banias, we turned up the winding road—a very bad one—which trends steeply up its southern shoulder. Far above us, on our left, frowned the hoary walls of Khulat-es-Subeibeh, sharply defined in the clear morning air. Ere long we passed, still climbing, the white houses of the large Druse village of Mejdel, the inhabitants of which came out to sell us *terebratulae* and other fossils found in the neighbourhood; then up and on to and through a rocky table-land, until at length, after some hours' monotonous riding, we gained a point commanding an outlook northward, and halted for awhile to take in the splendid view. On our left and close at hand rose the hoary head of Jebel-es-Sheikh; below us, stretching away, till lost in the distance, a great plain broken by low hills—the plain of Damascus. Far away to left and right swept ranges of hills, Anti-Lebanon on the west, the Hauran, on the east. Then on again, we rode down the slope, till at the brink of an abrupt ravine, we halted again to look far down upon the white houses of a village, embowered in vivid green, with a streamlet, rippling and dancing in the sunlight, among the trees. The village was Beit Jinn —the House of Paradise—and the stream one of the two main tributaries of Nahr-el'-Awaj, the ancient Pharpar.

It was one of those scenes which impress themselves forever upon the memory. The gray, bare hills rising on every hand, the ravine falling steeply to the very margin of the stream, the white houses of the village clustering far down in the mountain cleft, and the lovely trees fringing the gleaming water, as it swept through the glen, all went to make up an exquisite picture of quiet beauty—the more striking because of the rugged and dreary path we had for some hours been travelling. Framed by the bare hills on which we were standing, it had more the appearance of a picture than of a real scene, as the westering sun lighted up its varying colours with unspeakable brilliancy.

By the banks of the stream, we rode on to our camp, pitched at some distance farther along the plain, and in the early morning were again astir, and riding over the monotonous and here barren plain in the direction of Damascus. There was not much to interest until early in the afternoon, we met an old Roman highway, converging with the road we had ourselves been travelling. It was the old highway from Egypt and Palestine, and just here, so tradition affirms, is the spot where, "as he drew near to Damascus," St. Paul, going to arrest and lead captive the Damascene Christians, was himself arrested and led captive by the Christ.

"And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there

MOSLEMS AT PRAYER.

shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, it is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."

Here, or hereabouts, certainly, with the same landscape around him, the same snowy crown of Hermon to his left, with the same blue sky and bright sunshine, appeared that light that paled the noonday splendour and that heavenly vision, which proved the turning-point of one of the noblest, purest, most perfect lives God ever enabled mortal man to achieve.

For some time we had seen before us a sea of green, and here we reached its edge. Away in front it stretched, bright and beautiful as a dream of paradise, glowing with a wealth of verdure and vivid life, the product of rich soil, hot sun and plentiful water. Villages, in the midst of gardens and orchards, acres upon acres of corn-fields, groves upon groves of olive and fruit trees.

It was on Good Friday that we rode along here, and our camp for the night was pitched close to a large village in the midst of these scenes of beauty and never-to-be-forgotten interest. We camped quite early in the afternoon, and, as usual, our quarters were the centre of curiosity and interest of a large but respectful and friendly crowd of natives. Some who had sick friends or relatives bringing them, as at other camping places, to present them for the examination and skill of the *hakim*, as they called our young American doctor.

In the night, some of the more wakeful of our party heard a tremendous fusillade in our immediate neighbourhood, and a considerable noise about our camp; and, in the morning, all of us were startled to hear that there had been a fray close by between a party of soldiers and some smugglers, in which three of the latter had been shot dead. One had sought refuge in our camp, and this had led to the noise, our muleteers and attendants, presumably, taking part against the government. It was sad, as we got into saddle and rode off in the bright sunshine that lovely morning, to think that, close by, in the brief hours of the past night, three fellow-creatures, albeit lawless, alien, and ruthless, had been suddenly and violently sent out of life.

We were within an hour or two now of Damascus, and its white minarets were glistening in the distance above the green sea of foliage which environed it. Quickly the villages increased in number, and the road began to wind among plantations fenced by huge blocks of concrete mud and filled with fruit trees, among which canals, filled with running water, glanced, in every direction, in the sun's rays. On and on, in the very depth of the ocean of green, we rode, until at length we came out by the waters of the Baruda, the ancient Abana, and close by its rapid and refreshing current, entered the gate of the oldest city in the world.

The origin of Damascus is lost in antiquity. Josephus affirms it to have been founded by Uz, the son of Aram, whose family certainly colonized north-eastern Syria, and whose name became the common name of the country. Aram Damesk, Aram of Damascus is mentioned in 2 Sam. viii. 6, and 1 Chron. xviii. 6, and Isaiah says the hand of Syria (Aram) is Damascus. In Abraham's time it was evidently a well-known place, for it is noted that the trusted steward whom he sent to choose a bride for his son, was "Eliezer of Damascus." Under the dynasty of the Hadads, it became the powerful rival of the Jewish kingdom, and it was in connection with one of the forays of this time, that the

DAMASCUS—A GLIMPSE.

little Hebrew maiden was taken captive, and became a slave in the harem of the great Syrian captain Naaman—"a great man with his master, and honourable . . . also a mighty man of valour, but he was a leper,"—whose kindly advice led to his journey to the prophet Elisha at Samaria, his bathing seven times in the Jordan, and his miraculous recovery. In the words addressed to Tyre by the prophet Ezekiel—Tyre was then, as Beyrout is now, the port of Damascus—we have an interesting indication of its commercial importance at that time: "Syria was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of the wares of thy making; they occupied in thy fairs with emeralds, purple and broidered work, and fine linen and coral and agate. Damascus was thy merchant in

the multitude of the wares of thy making for the multitude of all riches; in the wine of Helton and white wool."

The history of the old city is one of continuous change. Hazael murdered Benhadad, and usurping his throne raised the kingdom to a high prosperity. Tiglath Pileser, King of Assyria, called in by Ahaz of Israel, to his help against its encroachments, laid it waste, killed its monarch, and led its people captive, according to Isaiah's prophecy, to the banks of the Kir. A century before Christ it fell to the share of Cyzicenus, in the division of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ and, soon after, was conquered by the Romans under Pompey. At the time of Paul's conversion it was temporarily under sway of the Arabian King Aretas, but reverted speedily to its Roman conquerors. The work of Paul and his successors in the preaching of Christianity obtained a strong and rapidly increasing hold upon the city. Ere long its temple was converted into the Christian Church of St. John the Baptist, and for three centuries the religion of Christ was predominant.

In 634 A.D., came the Mohammedan invasion, and twenty-seven years later Moawyah the first khalif of the Omeiyades made Damascus the capital of the Empire of Islam, and the centre of that tremendous and warlike enthusiasm and effort, which threatened to lay not only Africa and Asia, but Europe itself, under the sway of the False Prophet. Eastward it spread to India, and westward to Spain, and Damascus was the head of a mighty territory, sweeping from the Himalayas to the shores of the Atlantic. Under the Omeiyades, the city was adorned with many splendid buildings, and the Great Mosque, formerly the cathedral of St. John the Baptist, refitted and decorated at vast expense. Four hundred years later we find the Crusaders at the gates of the city, but repulsed disgracefully. Then came the reigns of Nureddin and the chivalrous and famous Saladin. Two centuries later, Tamerlane —*El Wahsh*—the wild Beast, as the Arab writers call him, devastated the city and butchered its inhabitants. The descendants of the one Christian family that escaped tell, to-day, the awful story, handed down through five centuries from father to son. A hundred years later it fell under Turkish sway, and under the blight and bane of Ottoman rule, it still groaned and chafes.

Six different races have held it, and its history is thus divided into periods of longer or shorter duration, extending from the remotest part to our own time. And still it flourishes, as of old, despite the oppression of the Turk, and the stagnation of Moslem superstition. Embraced in the vitalizing arms of the Abana and Pharpar, fair and fresh and full as in those far-off days when Naaman boasted of them as better than all the waters of Israel,

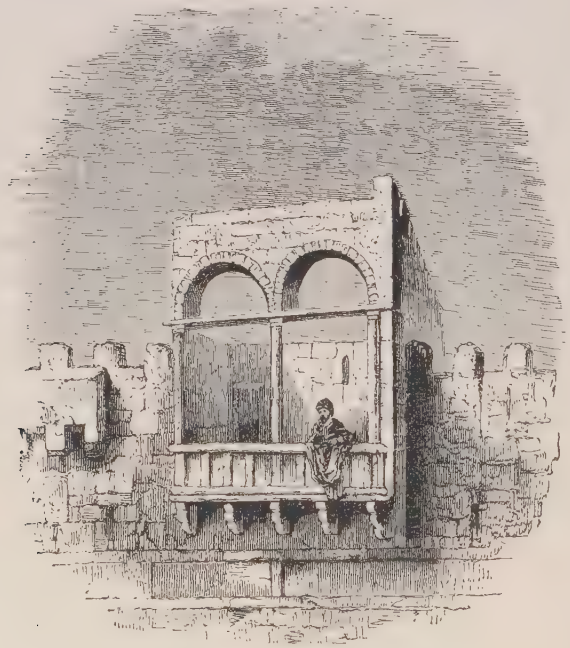
girt around with sheltering hills, on the borders of a vast plain of abounding fertility, the centre of intercourse and trade for the towns and villages in the glens and mountain slopes, and for the tribes of wandering Bedouins scattered in thousands through the inland valleys, Damascus is assured of an existence and an importance to the very end of time.

The present population of the city is about one hundred and fifty thousand, of whom one hundred thousand are Moslems, some six thousand Jews, and the rest Christians, mostly of the Greek Church. The Moslems are intensely fanatical, and bitter, and fear of the vengeance of Christian nations alone prevent a repetition of the awful massacres of 1860, when the Christian quarter of the city was devastated, the streets ran with blood, and thousands of defenceless people were barbarously murdered.

The story, too long for me to tell in detail, reads like some hideous bit of ancient history rather than an event of the later years of the nineteenth century. The churches and convents, filled with refugees were put to the flames, the thoroughfares were choked with corpses. Women were outraged; girls snatched from their homes and sent off to worse than slavery; men, from the old and decrepit to the little boys, barbarously put to the sword with unimaginable atrocities. The fanatical mob, reinforced by wild hordes from the environs of the city, pillaged, and slew for hours and hours; and these unspeakable brutalities were connived at, if not assisted and led on to, by the soldiers of an empire only kept in existence by Christian bayonets! Six thousand inoffensive people murdered, twenty thousand homes devastated and plundered, the whole Christian quarter laid in ashes; and at least £2,000,000 sterling worth of property destroyed, such were some of the results of the Damascus massacre of 1860.

But for the arrival of the British and French fleets at Beyrout, and the prompt intervention of the Christian powers, every Christian in Syria might have been put to the sword. As it was, punishment prompt, indeed, but not so full as deserved, fell upon the ring-leaders. The governor of the city, three Turkish officers and a hundred and seventeen others were shot, fifty-six of the citizens were hanged, several others banished, and four hundred of the lower orders condemned to imprisonment and exile. The punishment, though inadequate to the frightful crime, has proved a salutary lesson, and no fresh outbreak of fanatic zeal has led to a repetition of the terrible tragedy. But the fire smoulders, and nothing but the influx of a purer faith and the establishment of a better government will ever quench it wholly, or prevent the danger of it bursting forth anew.

The Derb-et-Muskatim—"the street which is called straight" runs right across the city from west to east, and is a mile in length. Formerly it must have been a superb thoroughfare, straight as an arrow, and divided by Corinthian colonnades into three avenues. It is narrow now, and not straight by any means, and its splendid columns are either gone completely, buried in debris, or built into the rude modern houses which now line it. But it is the chief thoroughfare of the city still, and branching off from it are the other principal business streets, and the approaches to most of the places worth seeing.



CHAMBER ON THE WALL.

So, if you please we will take a walk down Straight Street, not forgetting the associations which have made it memorable, and with eyes and ears open to observe the quaint sounds and sights that greet us on every hand. The street is crowded with people, and the din is something tremendous sometimes, for your Oriental can get loud and excited of voice on very small provocation; and beside the ordinary hubbub of a crowd, the air is filled with the voices of the numerous street vendors, crying their wares in a score of keys, and a hundred intonations. Here are the sherbet sellers,

with great jars over their shoulders, full of the sweet mixture, supposed to be cooled with ice from Lebanon; and they rattle their brass cups between fingers and thumb, as they cry continuously, "Oh, cheer thine heart; oh, cheer thine heart!" Here are the bread sellers, crying out, "O Allah, that sustainest us, send trade." Here are sellers of nuts, fruits, liquorice water, sweetmeats, indeed, of everything that can be hawked around the street, and their peculiar cries sound above everything else. And such a crowd, such variety of feature and expression, such brilliancy of colour in dress. White turbans, kumbazes of softest texture and colour, kumbazes of vivid stripe and shade, loose outer robes of blue or lemon yellow, mingling and commingling in ever varying combinations. But it is the men who are thus brilliantly and gracefully dressed. Look at those bolster-like objects, all in white—shapeless, moving bundles—those are the women, and those other striped bundles, and black bundles are also women. They are without grace of form or motion, and utterly without dignity; these they possess, no doubt, but they are so securely tied up in these waddling bundles of Oriental propriety that you cannot even guess at their existence.

Here is a group of wild Bedouins from the plains come on their camels to make purchases, and the huge beasts pace gravely under the dark arches and through the crowded street making room for themselves and their great panniers. Yonder is a wild-looking horseman, a sheikh, evidently. Look at the gay trappings of his spirited little mare, his fine striped flowing abba, his gay *kefiyeh*, his huge morocco boots. There, in tall brown conical cap, a dervish stalks solemnly along, utterly unmindful of what is passing. "*Darach, darach!*" (Your back, your back!) you hear behind you, and you step aside quickly to let a carriage pass you, driving some tourist around to the sights of the city, and looking wonderfully incongruous in this Arabian-Nights-looking street.

The most interesting sight in Damascus is the bazaars. Imagine long avenues roofed over, lined on both sides with open shops, or rather stalls, for your eastern shop is very like a square packing-case, with a flat board in front as a counter, behind which the proprietor sits in solemn patience for the customers Allah may send him. These stalls are filled, shelf upon shelf, pile upon pile, with the wares to the vending of which they are devoted. In Damascus each trade or manufacture has a bazaar of its own. There is the saddler's bazaar filled with the gay trappings, and cumbersome saddles which the Arabs delight in. There is the silk bazaar, with piles and piles of gorgeous silks, brilliant in

colour and beautiful in design; robes of exquisite softness of texture and tint; shawls fit for the shoulders of an empress, sashes, kefiyehs, caftans. There is the fez bazaar, where stall after stall is devoted to the sale of tarbooshes, and all the variety of caps worn under the turban and *kefiyeh*.

Then there is the boot and shoe bazaar, full of bright red morocco shoes, with queer up-turned toes; and heavy ungainly looking red boots, such as the Bedouin chiefs affect; and great camel-hoof-soled, spike-nailed shoes, such as the mountaineers

DAMASCUS—STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.

wear; and delicate lemon-coloured slippers, soft as a glove, for the wear of ladies. There is the Greek bazaar, full of antiquities, some genuine and priceless, more, however, of very modern manufacture, and very small intrinsic worth. There you can buy a Damascus blade that will bend till point and hilt touch, and find, after you get home, and show it proudly, that some friend up to Damascus dodges affirms it to have been made out of a bucksaw, with the teeth filed away and an elaborate hilt fastened on!

And so, on you go, through labyrinth after labyrinth of interlacing avenues of stalls, bazaar after bazaar filled with the merchandise which Damascus sells to her vast constituency of cus-

tomers. One of the strangest of them all, is the silversmiths' bazaar, where the beautiful silver filagree, for which Damascus is famed, is manufactured. It is a huge square-roofed enclosure, tumble-down and dilapidated in appearance, its sides and roof begrimed with the ascending smoke of scores of little furnaces. Here sit the silversmiths, furnace and anvil and safe and shop close together, and all compressed into small space. There is no splendid display of jewellery; but get them to unlock their safes, and show you their wares, and you are charmed at the beauty and delicacy of design and workmanship.

Another feature of Damascus business life is the Khans or wholesale warehouses, great, gloomy, cavernous-looking interiors, entered by lofty portals, some of which are exquisite in architectural design and execution. Here the great, wealthy, wholesale merchants have their offices, and here are piled in immense value and variety, goods from many lands—silks from India, cottons from Manchester, manufactured goods from Germany, kerosene oil from America. One of the most curious sights to me was seeing a string of solemn-faced camels, driven by some swarthy son of the desert, marching along with a case or two of kerosene oil, on each side of their broad, humped backs. It was so incongruous to see the trim, neat Yankee cases marked, say, "Pratts' Astral Oil" and the archaic and utterly old-world surroundings of an Eastern caravan.

Apropos of the oil-boxes, I was told that they are very useful to Easterns after having served their legitimate purpose. The tin cans are used for holding water, or cut up by the native artificers for smaller articles of tin work; and, the country being so denuded of wood, the soft pine of the cases is used for all sorts of purposes. Tables, chairs, boxes of various sorts, are made from them, and sometimes coffins, though, as my informant told me, the remark was once wittily made by some one who heard of the last strange use of kerosene cases, that it was "making light of a grave subject!"

One of the most interesting sights in Damascus is the Great Mosque, a few years ago open to none but Moslems, but now open to Christians, by consular order, in parties of not more than twenty. It is larger than the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, and shows in its architecture the three great epochs of its history. The site is most probably that of the temple of Rimmon, spoken of by Naaman; and the massive stones and beautiful arches and entrances show the Grecian or Roman epoch which marked its existence as a heathen temple. Under Constantine the temple of Jupiter was dedicated to the worship of Jesus, and the building became the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.

An inscription found on a stone at one of the principal gates, some fifty years ago, records that "This church of blessed John Baptist was restored by Arcadius the son of Theodosius." That was about A.D. 395, seventy years after the establishment of Christianity.

ENTERING A MOSQUE.

On the establishment of the Moslem Empire in the seventh century, the building was equally divided between the Christians and the Mohammedans; but, in less than another century, the latter, in defiance of a solemn treaty, seized the whole of it.

Through a trap-door in the roof of one of the bazaars which adjoins it, we climbed up on the roofs to see a doorway to the mosque which is built up with modern buildings. It is a portal of the early Christian period, richly ornamented with scrolls and foliage, and having over its central arch a cross and the following inscription:

Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΣΟΥ, $\overline{\text{ΧΕ}}$, ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΤΩΝ ΑΙΩΝΩΝ, ΚΑΙ Η ΔΕΣΠΟΤΙΑ ΣΟΥ ΕΝ ΠΑΣΑ ΓΕΝΕΑ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΝΕΑ.

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

How wonderful that such an inscription should have been allowed to remain on this great Mohammedan mosque for twelve hundred years! What pledge and prophecy it has maintained, through all the centuries of desecration of His sanctuary, and despoliation of His people, and yet there shall be an end. He reigns, and He must reign. Despite frenzy and fanaticism,

despite death and dispersion, despite the power of opposing dynasties, and the might of superstition entrenched and established by the prestige and vantage of untold years, the Kingdom of Christ must come and must endure!

> "Right forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne,
> But that scaffold sways the future,
> And behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God, within the shadow,
> Keeping watch upon His own."

Our hotel in Damascus occupied a fine position overlooking the chief square. Close beside it the Abana flowed, its strong current just at the corner of the building pouring into one of the subterranean aqueducts by which it is conveyed through the city, and from the windows of my bedroom I could look out upon its waters and out over the fine square, an ever-varying panorama of Eastern life. Opposite the hotel were the barracks of the Turkish garrison, and near by the post-office and other public buildings. This was the headquarters of my three days' stay in the city as a tourist, but after leaving the large party at Beyrout my friend M—— and I had the privilege of returning and spending a week in the old city as guests in a private family, and thus we had exceptional advantages for exploring and observing the real life of the place, such as we could never have had under ordinary circumstances.

Of the unique experiences of that delightful sojourn, when the kindness and hospitality of our host and hostess made us literally "At home in Damascus." I have now neither time nor room to speak, but must reserve their recital for my next paper.

IN EXILE.

> Life to me is as a station,
> Wherein, apart a traveller stands;
> One absent long from home and nation,
> In other lands.
>
> And I, as he who stands and listens,
> Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
> To hear approaching in the distance,
> The train for home.
>
> —*Longfellow.*

ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

This strange-looking word may send Canadian readers to their atlases and gazetteers to find out where and what it is. But tourists over the magnificent route of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway will never forget its varied attractions of wild ravine, and environing mountains, and winding river. The word is not so hard to pronounce nor so unmusical as it looks. The accent is placed on the penultimate syllable, as in Alleghany, and the word soon slips quite smoothly off the tongue. This charming mountain region—one of the most secluded and picturesque to be found east of the Rockies—where the weary denizen of cities may get near to Nature's heart, and like Antæus of old renew his strength by contact with dear old mother Earth, is readily reached from either east or west, from Baltimore or Pittsburg. The better way we think is to take one of the fine Baltimore and Ohio trains at Philadelphia and to stop off a day or two at Baltimore and Washington. The attractions of these cities have been previously described in this Magazine, as well as the magnificent scenery of the Potomac Valley, with its stirring memories of Harper's Ferry, and other scenes of conflict in the late war.

Near Harper's Ferry the Shenandoah Valley road is reached, by which line Luray Cave, sixty-six miles to the south is reached. The cave itself is but a short distance from the picturesque hotel, and once within its portals a new and peculiar existence is experienced, the strange fascination of which does not depart until, again in the sunshine, one is restored to a normal condition. Luray Cave is remarkable for its forms of stalagmite and stalactite, which latter is of great delicacy of shape, and is unique beyond all comparison. Mammoth Cave may be larger, but its attractions by no means compare with those of Luray; and while one may get his fill of the unearthly at the former in a day it is no uncommon thing for tourists to remain at the latter, for daily visits to the cave, for a week or more. The introduction of the electric light within the caverns has been productive of wonderful results, some of the larger openings presenting spectacles which only the inspired hand of Doré could reproduce.

At Cumberland, in Western Maryland, where a great gap, which, by a strange freak of nature, severs the mountain chain as if a gigantic power had cleaved it with a mighty axe, the Pittsburg division of the "B. & O." diverges to the right and penetrates a country of wonderfully rugged beauty and of historic interest —the famous valley of the Youghiogheny. This cleft, known as

LURAY CAVERNS,—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

Will's Mountain Gap, appears to magnificent advantage as the threshold is approached. On either hand the cliffs tower into the clouds, their lines broken by ponderous ledges of rock over which hang trailing vines, and from which jut lean, lank and almost leafless pines. On the very edge of one of the highest of these projections some courageous hand has planted an observatory, the framework of which from below seemed too frail to support the weight of a child. A pecular formation of rock demonstrates the violence of the volcanic action that threw it into its present position. The jaggedness of its edge led to its name, "The Devil's Backbone."

For mile upon mile the road follows a ledge cut into the mountain side, and from here the passenger looks away down upon the whirling rapids. The way through the Youghiogheny Valley is one of curves and long, sweeping turns, which open up new and wilder views of all that is fascinating in Nature in the way of mountain and valley, and forest, and river. He must be a writer of marked power who could bring the sight to the full realization of the reader. All along the valley the mountains which hem it in restrict the waters until they increase in fury sufficient to burst any ordinary barriers. Many of these ponderous boulders have tumbled thousand of feet to the beds of the stream, and are almost mountains in themselves; others have so long been subjected to the action of the water that their edges have been rounded to a symmetry of form closely assimilating the work of man. Gradually the aspect of nature grows in a measure less wild, and valleys are introduced, giving the scene something of a pastoral appearance.

Near Ohio Ryle, the Youghiogheny rushes and tumbles tempestuously over the ledge of rocks to the granite masses below, a distance of nearly a hundred feet. It is no puny, trickling stream, but the tremendous cataract, five hundred feet across, that dashes against the projecting rocks in its descent and flies off in fantastic shapes of spray. The whole body of the Youghiogheny here pitches over the precipice, and to say that it seems to boil with rage, or that it writhes and fumes to a white heat, is to express but feebly the whirling cauldron below. On one side the mountains exhibit a sheer height of hundreds of feet, and on the other is a romantic old mill, age-worn and moss-covered.

A moonlight ride through this romantic valley is a delightful memory. The peaks seemed to stand out to treble their ordinary proportions as the silvery rays announced the approaching disk. The phantom clouds anon glided athwart her pale beams; and as the empress of the heavens rose to her zenith the palpitating

ON THE POTOMAC.

waters glistened as it were in the sheen of myriads of gems. The mountains on every side became stronger in outline, and every trembling leaf and intermingling bough was touched by the mystic spell. Now the base of the mighty range was in the glow, and the light creeping up soon the crest stood out in bold relief against the luminous sky, and the scene partook of Fairy land.

As one approaches Pittsburg the night is almost as light as day, the fierce glare of the innumerable coke-ovens, the high fire-vomiting chimneys of the iron-works, and the open furnaces, dispel the darkness and give the place a weird, unearthly appearance. First there are long lines of open-mouthed ovens sending their peculiar thin and noxious smoke upward on the right, and then a mile or two and another long line of these brazen-throated fire-eaters, the river just beyond assuming a hue as if molten streams of lava had been poured out upon its surface. It is directly between counter-fires, for upon the opposite side of the river are more coke-ovens; and so the line runs—coke-ovens here, there and everywhere, and the whole territory alive as it were with begrimed workers of the night.

At McKeesport, a thriving busy place where reside thousands of miners, the Youghiogheny meets the Monongahela, and the two rivers join in one continuous flow to their junction with the Alleghany River at Pittsburg forming the Ohio.

This romantic region is rich with historic memories. In 1754, the "Ohio Company," composed of London and Virginia merchants, had begun a settlement and fort at the junction of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where Pittsburg now stands. A strong force of French, seized the fort, and having completed its defences, gave it the name of Du Quesne. Meanwhile, Colonel George Washington, then in the twenty-second year of his age, was despatched to hold the fort for the English. A small party of French soldiers advanced to warn him off what was claimed as French territory. Washington, apprehending that their purpose was hostile, and eager to distinguish himself, surprised them in a narrow valley. The French sprang to arms. "Fire!" cried Washington. "That word," says Bancroft, "kindled the world into a flame." It precipitated the earth-shaking conflict on the plains of India, on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Spanish Main, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on the ramparts of Louisburg, on the heights of Quebec, and here in the valley of the Ohio, which led to the utter defeat of the French, and the destruction of their sovereignty on this continent.

Washington threw up entrenchments, which he named Fort Necessity, and with four hundred men held his ground for a

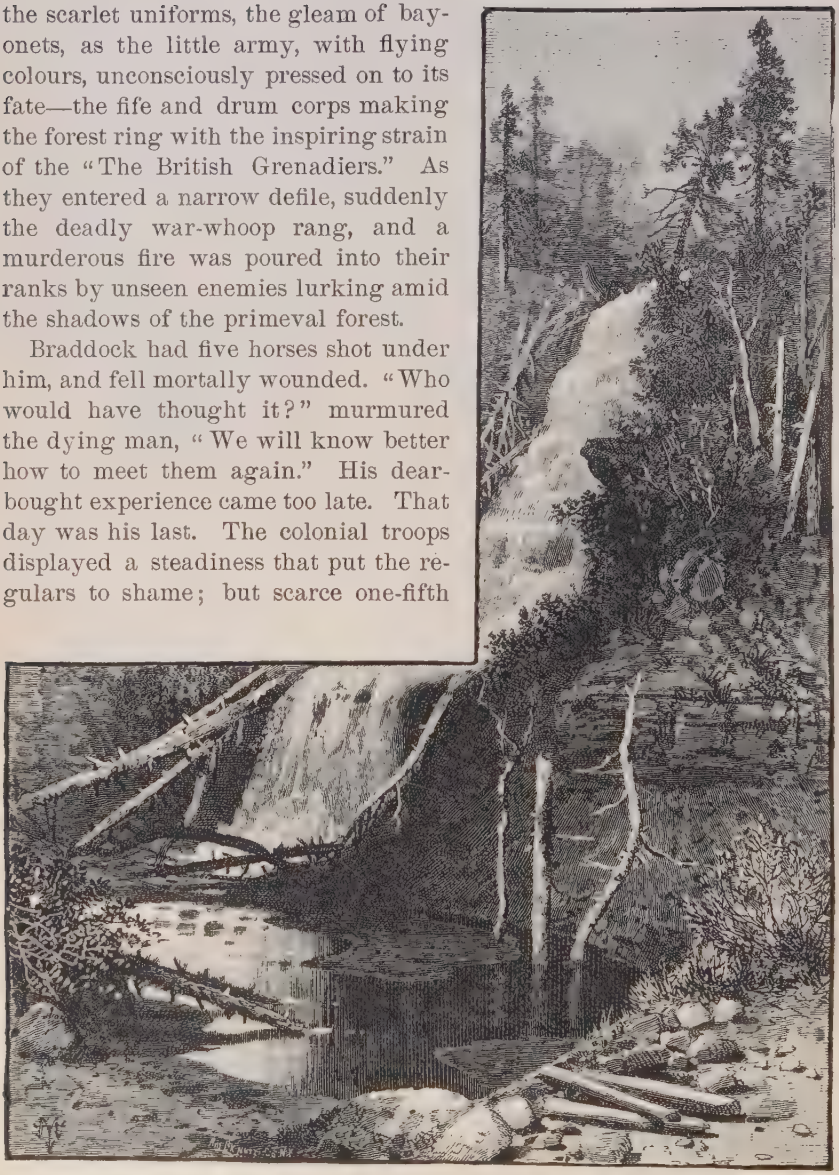
YOUGHIOGHENY VALLEY BY MOONLIGHT.

month. Attacked by a superior force, he capitulated after ten hours' resistance, leaving the entire Ohio valley in the possession of the French.

The capture of Fort Du Quesne, was assigned to General Braddock. He was a brave soldier, but a martinet—arrogant, perverse, and obstinate. He attempted to wage war amid the wilds of America after the manner of a European campaign. With his little army of twenty-three hundred men and an immense baggage and artillery train, he hewed a road through the wilderness and over the Alleghany Mountains, over the route we have been following, pressed on with an advanced body of twelve hundred men, and on the ninth of July had reached the neighbourhood of the Monongahela. It was a gallant sight—the bannered array,

the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the little army, with flying colours, unconsciously pressed on to its fate—the fife and drum corps making the forest ring with the inspiring strain of the "The British Grenadiers." As they entered a narrow defile, suddenly the deadly war-whoop rang, and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by unseen enemies lurking amid the shadows of the primeval forest.

Braddock had five horses shot under him, and fell mortally wounded. "Who would have thought it?" murmured the dying man, "We will know better how to meet them again." His dear-bought experience came too late. That day was his last. The colonial troops displayed a steadiness that put the regulars to shame; but scarce one-fifth



CRANBERRY FALLS.—ON THE "B. & O." RAILWAY.

of their number left the field alive. Of the entire command more than half were killed or wounded. The fugitives fled through the night, and paused not till they reached the baggage camp forty miles

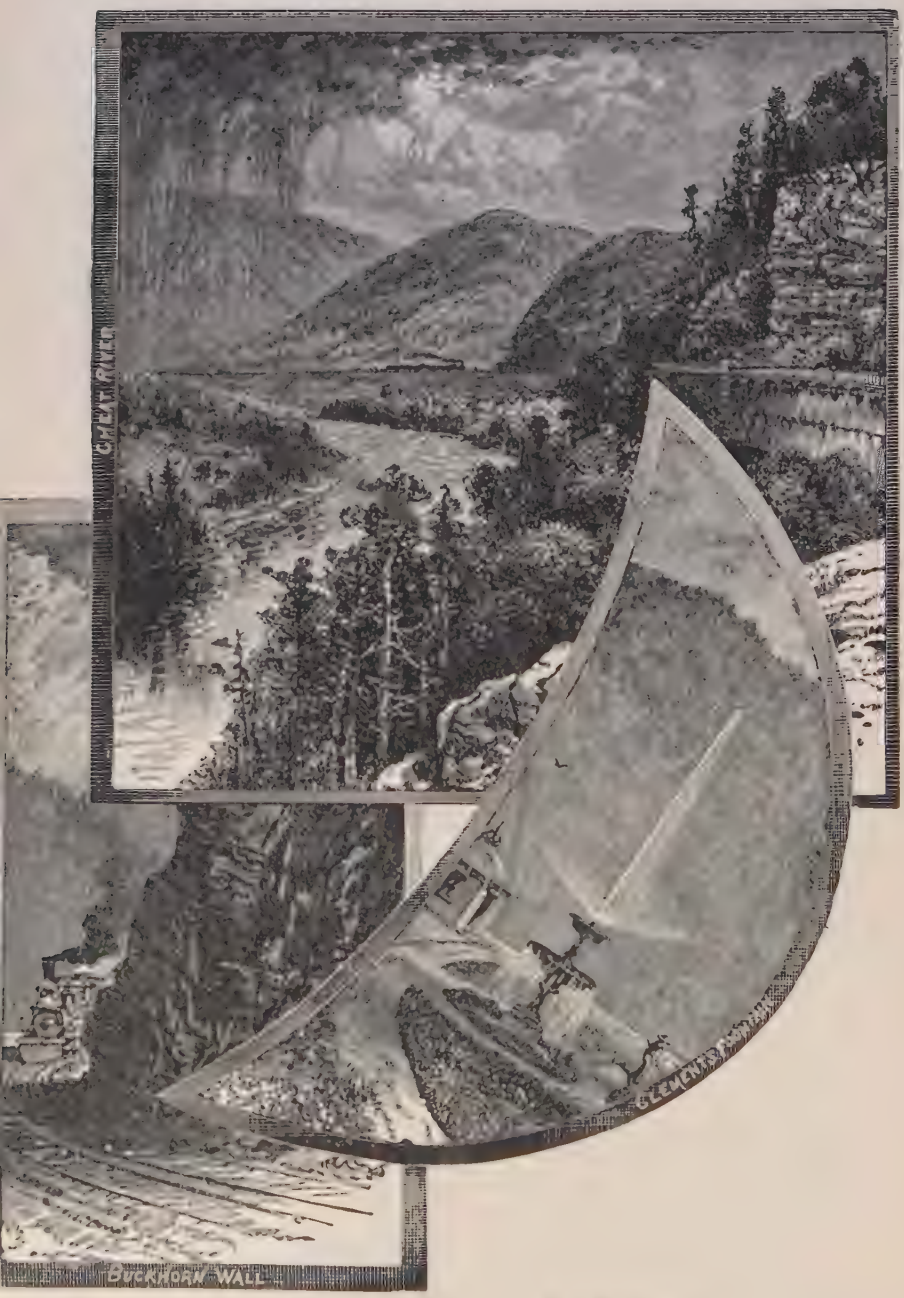
back. They broke up camp in dismay, burned their baggage, and precipitately retreated on Philadelphia.

But this picturesque valley is, after all, compared with the ride over the Alleghany Mountains, but as the work of the amateur likened to the *chef d'œuvre* of the master. Let us, therefore, return to the main line at Cumberland and scale the mighty barrier which the "B & O." was the first railway to overcome. Deeper and more sonorous the engine growls as it grasps the steel-clad slopes in its steep ascent, and more distant the river that runs in its rocky channel far below. Meanwhile the eye is delighted with what would seem to be an infinity of space were its width not limited by the walls of the gorge, on the rugged edges of which are to be found growing in scant soil the spruce and the pine. Progressing by slow degrees the engine is once more within the confines of mountain solemnity, and there is no other evidence of human existence than the scared rocks, the cross-ties, and the steel over which the way is made.

The ascent of the Alleghanies through wild mountain passes, where it would seem impossible to construct a road at all, is a very bold and striking piece of engineering—the glimpses of mountain glory and mountain gloom, of deep defile and towering hills, impress one with the majesty of Nature and the littleness of man. "How ever was that corn planted on the steep hill slope?" inquired a lady. "It must have been fired from a shot-gun," was the reply.

The ascent continues, and the aptly-named station Altamont comes into view. The mountains are now below, for the train has reached the summit and the eye roams at will over the billowy masses. The elevation is now nearly three thousand feet above tide-water, and the atmospheric change is at once perceptible.

Here, on the summit of the Alleghanies, a Chautauqua Assembly and summer resort has been established for the fugitives from the sweltering cities of Baltimore and Washington. Here is an ideal community occupying some two hundred wide-verandaed houses on a spacious area of 800 acres, enjoying an edifying, interesting and instructive programme of religious services, lectures and intellectual entertainments. It seems almost a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, above the world with its heats and its worries. One breaths an atmosphere of radiant purity and exhilaration and of moral elevation akin to that of heaven. The promoters of such assemblies, in thus providing for the families of their churches a summer home where they may acquire at the same time physical invigoration and moral inspiration, are doing a noble work for God and man.



THE ALLEGHANIES.—ON THE "B & O" RAILWAY.

Here, too, are the two sumptuous hotels and summer resorts—Oakland and Deer Park—veritable mountain parks with miles of drives, well patronized by the best societies of Washington, Baltimore, and the heated cities of the plain.

The finest scenery is that descending the western slopes of the Alleghanies. The view of the tremendous gorge of the Cheat River, with its environment of lofty hills, is one that dwells forever in the memory as a vison of delight. The conductor kindly stopped the train—we had taken an accommodation train in the hope that he would—that a company of ladies and myself might go to the edge of Buckhorn Wall and look down into the profound abyss. The sunset light was dying on the surrounding hills, the twilight was filling the valleys, as a beaker is filled with wine. The winding river gleamed like silver far below, the shadows gathered over mountain and valley, and a solemn awe filled the soul. Down, down, as far as the eye could reach, the mighty torrent rushed and tumbled in great jumps over gigantic rocks that have broken away from above and settled in the narrow bed. The mountains on the other side rose abruptly thousands of feet in height. The river made a bold turn at nearly right-angles, and this opened up to view a deep canyon extending for miles, which was guarded by mountain peaks. Line upon line distinctly traced the contour of the mountains, until they became a labyrinth, the way between them indicated only by the stream which had become placid and smooth as ivory. He is indeed to be compassionated who could make the journey over the Alleghanies without having his heart stirred to the highest degree and his senses made willing captive to the wonderful scenery which belongs to them. We stopped over night at the little town of Grafton, in West Virginia, the steepest-streeted, worst-paved place we have seen in America, where the summer torrents from the surrounding hills make the streets like the dry bed of a river.

Thence we may follow an exceedingly picturesque branch of the "B. & O.," or rather the main line to Cleveland and Chicago, to Wheeling, Va.—another branch going to Parkersburg and Cincinnati. At Wheeling we reach the great river formed by the junction of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and may return through western Pennsylvania to Pittsburg. We know of no more delightful summer trip for the Canadian tourist, or one so easily accessible as that which we have imperfectly endeavoured to describe.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

BORNEO, MACASSAR AND CELEBES.

SULUS AT SILAM, BORNEO.

I HAVE before now been in tropical forests and jungles, and they always produce the same awe-inspiring, and indeed depressing effect on me. The almost solid green walls on either side of the narrow track; the awful stillness that prevails, only occasionally broken, or rendered more intense, by the shrill note of a bird, the cry, or rather pitiful wail, of a monkey, the crashing of some large creature through the dense undergrowth, as well as the profound solitude, will easily account for these feelings.

Continuing our difficult way, we at last emerged from the green darkness of the forest and found ourselves within view of the limestone rock or mountain in which are the marvellous birds'-nest caves which we had come so far to see. The cliff presented a striking effect, rising white and shining in the bright sunlight. The dark entrance to the caves, stuffy as it was, and obstructed by the curious framework of rattans on which the nest-hunters sleep and cook and stow their arms, was a pleasant relief to the heat and glare without. Still more welcome was the sight of the coolies bringing refreshments and cooling drinks. If I, who had been carried all the way in comparative luxury, felt glad to see them, it can be imagined what must have been the feelings of the rest of the party, including Mabelle, who had walked the whole distance, and struggled gallantly over a most

uncertain and treacherous forest track. We were not able to get into the cave at the opening where the men were encamped, and had to go some way round to another entrance. From this point, the whirring, fluttering, and twittering of many birds and bats could plainly be heard in the larger caves, which were densely peopled with winged and feathered inhabitants, and the roofs and sides of which were blackened by their nests. Split palms

RETURN OF THE HEAD-HUNTER.

were laid across the most awkward places; but it was extremely difficult to keep one's footing on this primitive causeway, and despite the assistance of the gentlemen, who carried me across many of the streams, it was impossible to escape an occasional wetting.

After tremendous exertions we reached the end of our climb, during which I had been not only once but many times sorely tempted, and even strongly urged, to turn back. When we paused to rest, our eyes, by this time accustomed to the "dim

religious light," could perceive human figures crawling and clambering about the roof and pinnacles of the vast cavern in which we now found ourselves, and could observe many narrow rattan ladders hanging in the most precipitous places, or stretching horizontally across almost unfathomable abysses.

Fixed among the rocks on every side were strong hooks and

RETURNING AT LOW-WATER.

pegs, to which the intrepid monkey-like nest-hunters attach their long, swinging ladders. Clinging to these, they proceed to prod all the nests within reach with a long bamboo pole, split into the shape of a three-pronged fork at one end, with a candle attached. They easily detach the nests, and rapidly transfer them to a basket hanging by their side. Having cleared the accessible space around them, they then unhook one end of their frail ladders and set themselves swinging like a pendulum, until they

manage to catch another hook or peg, and then proceed to clear another space in the same way. The ladders employed are sometimes, I was told, as much as 500 feet in length, and we saw some ourselves over 150 feet long. Truly the seekers after birds and their belongings, whether eggs, feathers, or nests, are a daring race, alike on the storm-beaten cliffs of St. Kilda and of Norway, and in the mysterious caves of Borneo and of Java.

Imagine our disappointment when, after another severe effort, we reached the fissure in the rock which admitted the light from above, and found that it afforded no means of egress except for bats and birds. Fortunately, however, we had not gone far before we met our guides with lights coming at last to look for us, and they led us to a comparatively easy exit from the cave; though in order to reach it we had to pass over horrible morasses of guano, into which we were only prevented from sinking by a path or bridge of two-inch palm stems affording a most uncertain foothold.

Arrived at last by the side of a clear running stream, we were glad to take the opportunity of performing some much-needed ablutions, and rest for a while. How tired we all felt I need not attempt to say. It required, indeed, a great effort of the will to take a few photographs and to carefully pack the birds' eggs and nests which we had collected, before resuming our journey.

We were sorry when it was time to leave our pleasant halting-place at Madai and start on our homeward way. The path through the jungle was, however, delightfully shady, and was altogether easier than our upward course. The last view of the cave, looking back from the little hill facing it, just before entering the jungle, will always remain in my mind, though I saw it somewhat hazily through the gauze veil in which my head was wrapped up, in order to protect me from the hornets, which had already stung several of our party severely.

Having overcome my first sensation of nervousness, caused by constant slips and slides on the part of my bearers, I had an excellent opportunity for contemplation until, in little less than two hours after leaving our last halting-place, we reached a spot close to where we had landed.

It was delightful to find that in our absence a charming little house had, by a piece of kind forethought, been built for us on the banks of the clear running stream. Raised as if by an enchanter's wand, this hut in the jungle was an inestimable comfort, and enabled us to rest quietly for a short time. At first it was proposed that we should certainly dine and possibly sleep in it; but when it was remembered that, pleasant and picturesque

as might be the situation, we were still in the midst of a malarious mangrove swamp, prudent considerations prevailed, and it was decided to move on. After giving time, therefore, to the coolies to cook and eat their well-earned repast, everything was put into the prahu, which lay half in and half out of the water. Mabelle and I then seated ourselves in the centre of the boat, while everybody else pushed and shouted; some wading, some occasionally swimming. Thus we proceeded down the shallow stream, the prahu frequently on her beam-ends on one side or the other, until righted by friendly hands; shipping comparatively little water, but still taking enough to make everything damp and uncomfortable.

THE SHOOTING PARTY.

It was a curious sight, the long boat, pushed by fifty or sixty natives and about a dozen Europeans, now in the water, now almost out of it. In the fast-fading twilight the scene looked picturesque and characteristic.

Resuming our now rapid voyage down the stream, we presently reached the spot where our own boats were waiting for us. Mabelle and I took possession of the cutter, the gentlemen of the steam-launch, and all proceeded, as far as circumstances would allow, to change our wet and dry clothes. Then we joined company, and as soon as the prahu had discharged all her passengers and cargo our little flotilla proceeded in the original order down the river.

At last we reached the mouth of the river, and were once more on the bosom of the open sea. Rather an agitated bosom it was too, just now, heaving in such a manner as to toss the cutter about a good deal and threatening to completely upset the native boat with its heavy load. In fact, the prahu behaved in the most alarming manner, absolutely refusing to steer, and turning broadside on to the constantly increasing swell. The islands, however, soon afforded shelter, and the moon rose over a scene of comparative calmness and repose. We found ourselves alongside the yacht before we had any idea that we were near her. It was half an hour after midnight, and Tom was delighted and greatly relieved to see us, having quite abandoned all hope of our appearing until morning, and having conjured up all sorts of gloomy forebodings as to the ill-effect of sleeping in mangrove swamps, besides attacks from hostile natives, and other horrors. With a grateful heart for pleasure enjoyed and difficulties overcome, I went to bed, completely worn out, at the end what may fairly be regarded as another red-letter day of the present cruise.

Tom had been unable to accompany us on our expedition, considering it a public duty to put together the very interesting information which had been communcated to him by the authorities charged with the administration of affairs at the numerous ports at which we had touched on the coast of Borneo. He wished to complete his work, so that it might be read to Governor Treacher before being despatched to England.

Friday, April 15th.—Although it was nearly two o'clock before I went to bed, I was up before seven this morning ready to go ashore with Tom and Mabelle to say good-bye to our friends, and to see how Silam looked by daylight. It is a neat, picturesque little village with most of its wooden houses standing upon piles. The people in Darvel Bay have evidently very little curiosity, for they scarcely turned their heads to look at us, though European ladies have rarely landed here before.

The bay looked quite animated this morning, a fleet of small boats having arrived during the night, filled with Sulus, Eraans, and Bugis. Each boat carried enormous outriggers projecting on either side, and had an awning thatched with kajang mats; while dried fish, arms, gongs, cooking pots, bags, and odds and ends of all kinds hung from the poles which supported the roofing.

Our friends at the bungalow were up and dressed, and none the worse for their fatigues of yesterday. Having mutually congratulated each other on the success of the expedition, we heard how lucky we had been in escaping the Borneo pest of leeches. Not content with attacking the passing traveller from the ground,

they drop down from every branch or leaf, and generally the first intimation of their presence is the sight of a thin stream of blood oozing from their point of attack. If an attempt to pull them off be made, their heads remain fixed in the flesh and cause festering wounds. The only way of getting rid of them is to apply a little salt, a bag of which is always carried by the natives when going on an expedition into the jungle.

We had now to return to the *Sunbeam*, leaving the curios which we had purchased to be sent home by the earliest opportunity. Our friends complimented us with a salute of nineteen guns; to which we could make but a feeble return, as our armament only consists of two brass guns for signal purposes. None the less did we quit the shores of North Borneo with grateful appreciation of its beauties and a vivid sense of its countless undeveloped riches of every kind. Pleasant reminiscences of almost everything did we carry away with us, except of the intense heat, which I believe has been rather unusual this year, even the oldest inhabitant complaining nearly as much of it as we did. We got under way at 8.45 a.m, but at 9 p.m. we rounded the north end of Sibuco Island and entered the Celebes Sea at about 11 p.m.

UNDER THE EQUATOR.

Saturday, April 16th.—A very hot day. Rather an anxious time as regards navigation. Tom spends most of his time in the fore-top. About 10 p.m. we entered the Straits of Macassar. Throughout the day we had been exposed to the danger of collision with the submerged logs and trunks of trees carried down by the river Koti and floating on the surface of the sea. Those which

can be seen are not dangerous; it is only the half-submerged logs, almost invisible, yet large enough to sink a ship, for which a careful look-out has to be kept, both in the rigging and on the bows.

Sunday, April 17th.—Another fine calm day, but intensely hot. We crossed the equator about 7 p.m., and soon after eight sighted the high land of Celebes.

Monday, April 18th.—Only the faintest breath of air could be felt and even that soon died away.

Tuesday, April 19th.—The currents are exceedingly strong, and the soundings taken early in the morning proved that we

FISHING-BOAT, ALLAS STRAIT.

were in unpleasantly shallow water. Tom was at the masthead, endeavouring to pick up some landmark. At last he was able to distinguish the highest peak marked on the chart to the south of Macassar; whereupon he fearlessly gave the order to go full speed ahead in a NN.E. direction between that island and Satanga. This was much pleasanter than groping about by means of soundings. The scenery became lovely, and at 12.15 a.m. we reached our destination, and dropped anchor near the lighthouse.

The approach to the Dutch town of Macassar is very fine, and no doubt the beauty of its situation, as well as its convenience as a place of call for ships of all nations, caused it to be selected as the first European port in the East Indies. Pratt went ashore the

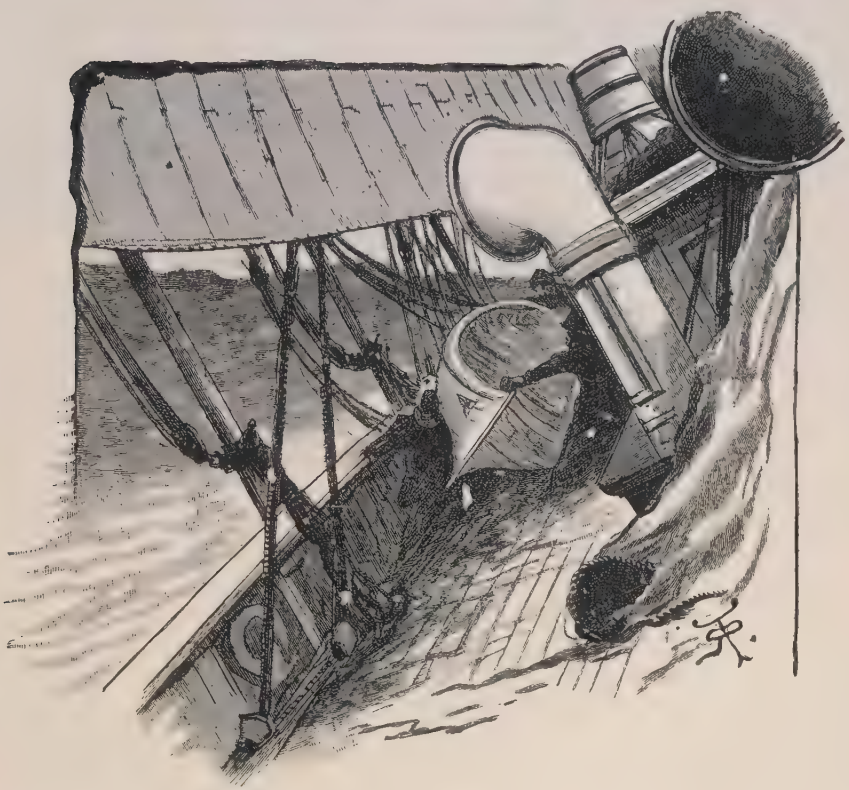
instant the health-officer and harbour-master had left, in order to find out the capabilities of the place; for we had been unable to gather anything from our first visitor, who could not speak a word of anything but Dutch, and contented himself with handing in a bundle of ship's papers, printed in every known language under the sun, and allowing us to select therefrom the one which suited us. Pratt soon returned, reporting, to our joy, that there was an ice-making machine ashore, and we were promised a thousand pounds of ice by 7 a.m. to-morrow, or half as much again by one o'clock.

About four o'clock we all landed, and under the guidance of the best interpreter to be found—a Chinaman who could speak nearly twelve words of English—we set off to inspect the ancient Dutch East Indian town. It is the oldest European settlement in the Eastern Archipelago, and has the air of respectability which belongs to old establishments of every kind and in every part of the world. The exclusive policy of the Dutch, the obstacles opposed to commerce, when not carried on under the national flag, have produced a lethargy and stagnation, with which the marvellous growth of free and untrammelled trade at Singapore offers a striking contrast. The Dutch have but a slender hold over the Celebes. The physical configuration of the island is singularly straggling. To this circumstance it is probably due that the population is divided, both in race and language, into several distinct tribes.

Having called on the Governor, we drove to the Hotel Macassar, where, with the assistance of the captain of a Norwegian ship, dinner got ordered. After taking this precaution we drove out into the country, or rather the suburbs, to look at a large collection of native arms, from this and the surrounding islands. Then we drove on, through more valleys and past more gardens, to the Government coal-stores, which Tom inspected with interest, and which, he was told, contained at that moment 5,000 tons of coal. Afterwards, some of the party went on board the Dutch gunboat *Bromo*, which acts as guardship, and is now coaling alongside.

Wednesday, April 20th.—Went ashore at 7.30. The morning was fairly cool. Mabelle and I went to one or two shops and tried to make some purchases; but, between our ignorance of the language and our poverty in the current coins of the country, we did not meet with much success. Having returned to the yacht, Tom and I were endeavouring to hasten such necessary preparations as coaling, watering, and provisioning. I vainly tried to get a little rest, notwithstanding a stream of visitors, including the Governor, Commandant, and many others.

Just before dark we got under way. After our long passage under steam everybody pulled at the ropes—Tom, children, and all—as if they had never seen sails set before; the men working with a will, and shouting their loudest and merriest songs. All sounded most cheery; but the wind was unsteady, and the result was that the sails, which had been set up with the fervent hope that they might remain set for the next six weeks, had to be lowered abruptly in as many minutes, and the anchor hastily



IN A STORM.

dropped, to avoid a Dutch brig moored close to us, into which we were rapidly drifting in consequence of a sudden shift of the wind. At 8.30 p.m. we started again, more successful this time, and proceeded quietly through the night.

Thursday, April 21st.—Muriel's birthday. A heavy roll thoughout the day, with occasional strong squalls. At 7 p.m. the ship was put before the wind in order to let Neptune come on board, after which the crossing the line was again carried out with

due solemnity and with great success. The costumes were capital, the procession well managed, and the speeches amusing. Muriel was delighted with an offering of shells, and Neptune finally took his departure amid a shower of one rocket (we could not afford more for fear of accident) and a royal salute of eight rifles. We could watch the flame of the tar-barrel in which Neptune was supposed to have embarked, as it rose and fell on the crest of the waves for many miles astern, looking like a small phantom ship.

Friday, April 22nd.—Bad night; heavy squalls throughout the day. In the afternoon we made the entrance to the Allas Strait. The Strait of Allas is one of several navigable channels by which ships can pass from the confined waters of the Eastern Archipelago into the Indian Ocean. It divides the island of Sumbawa, famous for possessing the most active volcano in the world, from the island of Lombok. At the eastern end of Lombok, a magnificent peak rises to the height of 12,000 feet, and overshadows the narrow channel beneath with its imposing mass. The effects of scenery were enhanced by a sharp squall, which drove us into the strait at a thrilling speed, under half-lowered canvas. When the squall cleared away the peak of Lombok stood forth clear of cloud, in all its majesty and grandeur, backed by the glorious colours of the evening sky.

Saturday, April 23rd.—To-day proved lovely after the rain, but there was very little wind. I have felt wretchedly ill for the last few days, and seem to have lost both sleep and appetite. Every scrap of the Macassar ice has melted in three days, instead of lasting three weeks, as did the ice from Singapore. I fear that we shall run short of provisions before reaching our first Australian port, Macassar having proved a miserable place at which to take in stores.

It is a lovely, clear, starlight night, with no black clouds to threaten coming squalls of wind and rain. We are making all ready for the bad weather, which we may fairly expect to meet with when once in mid-ocean. All the big boats have been got in-board to-day, chairs have been stowed below, battening-down boards looked out, new ropes rove, and all preparations made for real hard sea work. How I wish I was going down the east coast of Australia, inside the barrier-reef, instead of down the stormy west coast! I dread this voyage somehow, and begin even to dislike sailing.

Sunday, April 24th.—Weather still calm, fine, and hot, but no wind. Our little stock of coal is running very low, for we have been obliged to get up steam again. At 11.30 we had the Litany,

at which I was able to be present, on deck. Tom is getting much better again, but is rather anxious at not having picked up the Trades so soon as he had expected. He now much regrets not having taken more coal and provisions on board. We had quite a serious consultation to-day with the head-steward on the subject of ways and means, for the strictest economy must be practised as to food and water, and the most must be made of our coal.

TOPMAST STUNSAILS.

You may imagine what the heat has been during the last few weeks, when, with the thermometer standing at 80° to-day, people found it so chilly that they could not even wait until to-morrow to get out their warm clothes!

Monday, April 25th.—Fine and hot, with alas! no wind.

Tuesday, April 26th.—A breeze sprang up in the course of the night, and increased almost to a gale, and we were closed-hauled, with a heavy swell, which made us all very uncomfortable.

Wednesday, April 27th.—At 4 a.m. went on deck with Tom. Weather much finer and wind fairer.

Thursday, April 28th.—I have been suffering very much from neuralgia, and last night could not sleep at all. At 5.30 p.m. we had the third nautical entertainment of the present voyage, which was quite as varied and successful as usual. Mr. Pemberton's recitation from Tennyson, and Tab's humorous account of Father Neptune's visit to the *Sunbeam*, were the novelties on this occasion. There were also some excellent songs by the crew, a pretty ballad by Muriel, and a reading by Tom; Mabelle being as usual the backbone and leader of the whole affair. I managed to sit through it, though in great pain, but was obliged to go to bed directly after.

Friday, April 29th.—The weather is now really lovely. Painting and varnishing are still the order of the day.

Saturday, April 30th.—After a very bad night, during which I suffered agonies from neuralgia, I woke feeling somewhat better. Everybody is full of spirits, and I hear cheery voices on deck with the least little bit of envy, I fear, as I lie in my bed below.

Sunday, May 1st.—The merry month of May does not commence very auspiciously, with a dirty gray sky, a still dirtier gray sea flopping up on our weather bow, and half a gale blowing. I was able to attend the Litany at 11.30, and evening service at four. Everybody is now feeling the cold, and all the animals and birds look miserable, although the thermometer still stands at 69° in the shade.

Monday, May 2nd.—The weather is still squally. I managed to go to the deck-house to-day for lunch, and remained on deck a little afterwards. Just before sunset we saw a splendid albatross with a magnificent spread of wing. It was wonderful to watch its quick turns and graceful skimming flight, so swift, and yet with hardly any perceptible movement.

Tuesday, May 3rd.—At 2.30 a large fish was observed close to the vessel. He was from twenty to thirty feet long, and must have been either a white whale or a shark swimming on his back, and so snowy white as to make the sea, which was of a beautiful clear ultramarine blue, look pale green above him, like water over a coral reef.

Wednesday, May 4th.—At 4 p.m. we saw a steamer hull down. In about an hour we had approached each other sufficiently close to enable us to ascertain that she was the *Liguria*, one of the Orient Line, bound for Adelaide. We exchanged a little conversation with signal flags, and, having mutually wished each other a pleasant voyage, parted company. We have just seen a splendid

lunar rainbow, and I suspect it forebodes a good deal more wind than we have lately had. It was perfect in shape, and the brilliant prismatic colours were most distinctly marked. I never saw such a rainbow, except as the precursor of a circular storm.

Thursday, May 5th.—At 5 a.m. I was awakened by being nearly washed out of bed on one side and by a deluge of water coming into the cabin on the other. A squall had struck us, and

EFFECTS OF A SQUALL.

we were tearing along with the lea rail under water, the rain meanwhile pouring down in torrents. The squall soon passed over, but there was every appearance of the wind increasing, though the barometer still stood high. Squall followed squall in quick succession, the wind increasing in force, and the sea rapidly rising. It soon became plain that we were in for a gale of some kind. About two o'clock the topmasts were struck; an hour later the skylights were covered over with tarpaulin, and a good

deal of battening down took place on deck. Before dusk the lee cutter was got in-board, more reefs were taken in, all was made snug on deck, and I might say stuffy below. Shortly after this was accomplished we sailed out of the influence of the storm, the centre travelling quickly away to the south-east of us. The glass continued to rise, and the weather improved throughout the night.

Friday, May 6th.—I was indeed delighted when, at dawn, it was thought safe to let us have a little light and air down below. Soon the sun rose, and all became bright and beautiful once more, though the air felt extremely chilly.

Tom had been deeply immersed in calculations all this afternoon, the best of the three chronometers on board having behaved in a very erratic manner since we got into a cooler temperature. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to know which to depend upon, and Tom is somewhat anxious about his landfall.

SHALL WE FIND THEM AT THE PORTALS.

BY THE REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

WILL they meet us, cheer and greet us,
  Those we've loved who've gone before?
Shall we find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,
  When we reach that radiant shore?

Hearts are broken for some token
  That they live, and love us yet!
And we ask, Can those who've left us,
Of love's look and tone bereft us,
  Though in heaven, can they forget?

And we often, as days soften,
  And comes out the evening star,
Looking westward, sit and wonder
Whether, when so far asunder,
  They still think how dear they are.

Past yon portals, our immortals—
  Those who walk with Him in white—
Do they, 'mid their bliss, recall us?
Know they what events befall us?
  Will our coming wake delight?

They will meet us, cheer and greet us?
  Those we've loved, who've gone before;
We shall find them at the portals,
Find our beautiful immortals,
  When we reach that radiant shore.

JOSEPH COOK.

BY JOY VETREPONT.

JOSEPH COOK.

"The Chalmers of America," Joseph Cook, was born in 1838, at Ticonderoga, New York. His father, William Henry Cook, was a farmer of "considerable local reputation for mental attainments and fertility of speech, and, doubtless, much of Mr. Cook's gift of oratory, and, indeed, his bias toward theological speculation, as well as a certain fearlessness of opinion, come to him as a natural inheritance.

The ancestry of the family runs back to Plymouth Rock. Francis Cook being one of the settlers to whom ground was allotted in the oldest colony of Massachussettes, while back of this family is traced to England and to "the fiery men of Kent."

"I will be a teacher of teachers" said this young Chalmers to this young farmer-father who was "never wealthy, never poor," and whose ambition seems to have centered in his son.

"Very well, my son!" this father seems to have said: "Go ahead, and I will help you all I can." Accordingly we find the father helping his son in every way; determined on his having an education; choosing his schools and colleges, and sending him abroad.

First the boy studies at home and then at a school in Canada, "where, among other things, he acquired a knowledge of the French language."

At seventeen he enters Phillips Academy, Andover, and here a characteristic incident proves that he has not abandoned the idea of teaching teachers. As president of the Philomathean Society, he delivered an address on Oratory in which, besides propounding his own somewhat original views, he vigorously assailed the method of teaching elocution then and there practised by the professor in that department.

In 1858 he went to Yale, but after two years and a half, "attracted by the atmosphere of Cambridge," he went to Harvard and then graduated. Then came four years' study of theology at Andover. He entered also with great enthusiasm into the study of the physical sciences.

After leaving Andover he preached at Lynn, Abington, and other places, until in 1871 he went abroad. In Germany he studied for two years under special directions from Tholuck. He then travelled over Italy, Egypt, Syria, Greece, Turkey, Switzerland, France, England and Scotland.

Returning to the United States, he began lecturing in an informal way, whenever he was invited, on the subject to which his studies had been so long directed, the relations of science and religion. While delivering some lectures at Amherst he was invited to take charge of the Monday-noon meetings held in the Melonian, Boston, and here, on the 2nd of October, 1876, he began a series of "Monday Lectures."

The very first lecture, dealing with the evolutionary doctrines of Huxley and Tyndall, made such an impression, that with the fifth lecture the lectureship had to be transferred to Park Street Church, and, later, to Tremont Temple, where he has since continued to attract immense audiences.

Mr. Cook's lectures have been put in permanent book form by the firm of Houghton & Mifflin. The thirty-two lectures delivered in 1876–'77 are contained in the first three volumes of "Boston Monday Lectures, entitled respectively "Biology," "Transcendentalism" and "Orthodoxy."

In "Biology" he opposes the materialistic, and not the Theistic, theory of "Evolution." In "Transcendentalism" he discusses the views of Theodore Parker.

The thirty lectures given in 1877–78 are on "Conscience," "Heredity," and "Marriage." The twenty in 1878–79 on "Labour" and "Socialism."

In 1880 Mr. Cook began a journey round the world, lecturing as he went. To this he was urged by the enthusiastic old father, who, even in urging him, confessed afterwards that he did not expect to see his son again. He gave his boy a letter to be read at sea, and in it this watchword:

"Far over sea and land,
'Tis our Lord's command,
Bear ye His name.
Bear it to every shore,
Regions unknown explore,
Enter at every door,
Silence is shame."

The son took this as his inspiration in work and travel, and came back after nearly three years to find the old man yet alive. From this last tour result the lectures "Occident" and "Orient."

The object of Mr. Cook's lectures in the first place was "to present the result of the freshest German, English and American scholarship in the most important and difficult topics concerning the relation of science and religion. Later, it became "The foundation of a new and true metaphysics resting on a biological basis, that is the proof of the truth of philosophical theism, and of the fundamental ideas of Christianity."

Mr. Cook has been accused of "the too hasty crystallization of immature thoughts into a theological system to be defended against all comers," and this is, possibly, a just accusation, for how can even such a brain as Joseph Cook's arrive at "maturity of thoughts" on so wide a range of subjects as he has compassed in so few years? But no one can deny that he has stimulated the thoughts of the whole civilized world, and, "there must be accorded to him the faculty of lending popularity and attractiveness to philosophic problems and scientific phenomena usually dry and abstruse."

Mr. Cook has been called a natural orator. "Dr. George M. Beard, a fellow student and friend of Mr. Cook's, says: 'Admirers of his oratory may be interested to know that in his early boyhood he was accustomed to practise extemporaneous speaking in the open air, in company with a friend. Their habit was to write down a number of topics on slips of paper, put them in a hat, draw one at random, and speak upon it a specified number of minutes. . . He has all the physical qualities of an orator . . but no man of his age I am sure has studied oratory more thoroughly than he!'" Having travelled all over the world, he puts on the first page of his "Occident": "The sky is roof of but one family. I will be citizen of the whole earth."

To show his earnestness and position on the doctrines of future probation, take this, the opening sentence of his "Occident":

"Give me no guess for a dying pillow. Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right arm drop from its socket rather than that either should be employed under the head of any man, woman, or child, as a support in death, a mere conjecture, however plausible, which may nevertheless, prove to be false."

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN IN PAGAN LANDS.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

When in the Southern Pacific Ocean, I was pacing the deck of my ship, and looking toward the Fiji Islands, I was told on indisputable authority, that in this paradise of the great deep young girls were once fattened and sold in the public market as stall-fed cattle, for food. We are informed by entirely trustworthy African travellers that sometimes when a king of the tropical regions of the Dark Continent dies, a river is turned out of its course by artificial means; a deep and broad excavation dug in its dry channel; a score or more of the king's male servants beheaded, at the edge of this pit, and another score of women called his wives, put into the pit alive; a platform of wood constructed above them; other wives placed on the platform alive, and clasping his limbs from the four corners of the support on which he lies as a corpse, and then the earth is shoveled into the pit upon all this mass of humanity and the river is brought back to its course. In India I have seen worse things than these. You think I am declaiming; but the exact statistical fact is that between Cashmere and Ceylon, according to an authentic and most recent official statement, which I hold in my hand, there are 21,000,000 of widows, and half of these were never wives. Even under the rule

of a Christian empress, paganism makes the condition of widows in India yet so desolate that it is a common remark among Hindus that the old form of immolation by fire was preferable as a fate for a young woman, or even for an old one, than widowhood. Distressing beyond our conception must be a life compared with which suttee is a blessing, and yet suicides are occurring in India almost every week, prompted only by the terrible sufferings incidental to enforced widowhood.

The mischief begins with child marriages. On the great theme of woman's work for woman in Asia, notice, first, the evils in her condition, and, next, the remedies for them. First among these monstrous mischiefs I mention child marriages and desolate enforced widowhood for life. How early may a Hindu girl be married? At eight years; perhaps earlier. She may be betrothed, possibly, when she is in her cradle. Her intended husband is often an aged Brahmin, who soon dies. But the Hindu rule is that, if the person to whom the girl is betrothed, and whom it may be, she has never seen, dies, the girl must remain a widow for life. The theory is that it is honourable in a woman to do all she can for the preservation of the health and the advancement of the temporal and spiritual prosperity of her husband. If evil befalls him a suspicion falls upon her; if he dies, the extreme Hindu teaching that it is right to treat her with disrespect, and that all the honour you give the husband should rebound into dishonour shown to his widow. The multitude of widows who never were wives shows how many persons betrothed have been separated by death before marriage occurred.

It would require weeks for me to picture in detail the desolation of enforced widowhood among orthodox Hindus. In the first place, the widow must "eat her jewels." She must take off her ornaments and sell them to maintain herself. At least this is expected of her in the more bigoted populations. I do not affirm, by any means, that these rules of the pagan orthodoxy are always carried out to-day with the higher classes of Hindus; but with 250,000,000 of people in Hindustan, there are, excluding Mohammedans, probably 150,000,000 among whom the rules are very thoroughly followed. When the widow has "eaten her jewels," she may be supported by the family to which she belongs; but not before. Even when the time comes in which she may legally be supported, she is expected to practise very frequent fasts. The rule is that she shall take but one meal a day. Whether ill or well, when her fast-day occurs, she must abstain wholly from food for twenty-four hours. She shaves her head. A Hindu woman is naturally proud of the glorious ornament of her black

tresses, and, when she loses them and all her ornaments, she is degraded in social standing—not in the sense of dropping into infamy, but she becomes almost a thing in a family. She is really the drudge of the household in which she obtains a precarious support. She may be kicked and cuffed; she may be thrust into corners with the rats and bats and the rubbish of the house; she may be made to undergo the severest physical labour of which she is capable. All this, in most cases, does not touch at all the pride of the head of the household nor his sympathy. She is a widow; she is a thing.

Twenty-one millions of widows in India! Half of them never wives! All of them doomed by custom to lives such as these. I affirm that this series of facts is more horrible than cannibalism in the Fiji Islands, for that was a temporary affair and passed away swiftly. It is more horrible than the occasional occurrence of such a scene as I have described out of the records of tropical Africa. Here are 250,000,000 of human beings in an Oriental empire, permeated by civilization to a great extent; here is a people under British power; here are subjects of Queen Victoria living lives to which suicide by fire in many cases are preferred. All through Northern India I saw little white stone monuments at various spots on hill-slopes, and in the vicinity of temples, and occasionally by the sea-shore, to those who had performed suttee; that is, to widows who had burned themselves on the funeral pyres of their husbands. A certain honour was attached to this act. A lady well acquainted with the opportunities of observation which I had in the East, was told by a cultured Hindu gentlemen in Bombay that suttee is in very many cases undoubtedly preferable to enforced widowhood, and that, as the government forbids suttee and does not forbid enforced widowhood or child marriages, an old remedy for one of the miseries of Hindustan has been taken out of the hands of its population. A remark of that kind may be a bubble, indeed; but it shows which way terrible currents of distress run. Suttee has destroyed its thousands, but the custom of child marriages its tens of thousands.

The British Government ought to prohibit child marriages, as it did suttee. It should prohibit them, as it did the crushing of men and women under the wheels of the Car Juggernaut. It should prohibit them, as it did the exposure of the aged and of the very sick on the banks of the Ganges, and the filling of their mouths and nostrils with the sacred mud, even before life was extinct, and occasionally, no doubt, for the purpose of bringing life to an end. Just as the British Government has prohibited thuggery and hook-swinging, so the best reformers are now claim-

ing it might and ought to prohibit the child marriages, which are the pedestal on which enforced widowhood stands.

If the noble women of the various American Women's Missionary Societies should unite with their English and Scottish coadjutors in sending to Her Britannic Majesty a memorial urging the prevention of child marriages in India by the law of the empire, they would, in my judgment, be doing not only a benevolent, but also a timely and dignified act.

It is impossible to speak frankly on many delicate portions of my theme; but who doubts that child marriages explain a portion of the physical weakness of the Hindus? Who doubts that this race, which came from the north-west side of the Himalaya Mountains and belongs to the same stock with ourselves, would be developed under far more favourable circumstances for the production of strength if child marriages were abolished? Who doubts that medical science ought to be carried to the doors of Hindu households by women?

A man is not consulted as a physician by a woman in a Hindu household. You find some of the poorer classes of the Hindus ready to go to the hospitals that the missionaries open and obtain medicine; but, as a general rule, a Hindu woman had rather die than receive assistance from a man as a physician, at least, if the assistance requires that he should enter the zenana, the sacred female apartments of the Hindu home. An American medical missionary was not long ago called on to save the life of a wife of a prominent Hindu gentleman, after the native physicians had failed to be of service. He could not see the patient; he was refused admission to the zenana. Finally, as the case was urgent and the head of the household had a somewhat unusal freedom from Hindu prejudices, the physician was permitted to go into the room where the woman lay ill. She stretched her arm through a curtain. He was not allowed to feel the pulse; but the husband felt it, under the direction of the physician, and thus a certain amount of information was obtained in dubious style. A slit was cut in the screen, and the poor patient made to protrude her tongue through it; and so the physician obtained further knowledge as to her physical state, prescribed the proper remedies, and her life was saved. But that husband would rather have seen his wife on her funeral-pile than have allowed this missionary to see her. Who can remedy these terrible mischiefs endured by women in Asia, except female medical missionaries? They are wanted all through India. They are wanted in large numbers. They are wanted for zenana work, in teaching, for all kinds of instruction in mission schools and secular establishments of various kinds. An angel from heaven itself, as has been often

said, would not be welcomed in many Hindu zenanas more cordially than a well-instructed female physician.

There comes a new life into the household, and in those sacred hours when a mother trembles between this world and the next, she is usually treated like a thing, even in the best orthodox Hindu-pagan families. She is put into the worst room, probably, and for days and weeks no one is allowed to go near her. The air of the room may be like that of a miniature Black Hole of Calcutta, and yet there is no attempt made to purify it. She has only coarse food. Any touch of this mother by other members of the household is pollution. Many lives have been lost simply by this barbaric exposure under circumstances when all human instincts called for the use of the highest medical skill. Send India, then, medical missionaries, equipped with the best learning of our Occidental science. Send medical missionaries, females, with their hearts aflame with the gospel, and, beyond any doubt, you will be doing for India what Christ our Lord meant that His disciples should do, when he said to them: "Heal the sick, preach the gospel." The two duties go together, and we are to follow them to the ends of the earth.

It is only possible here and now for me to mention among the evils of woman's condition in Asia, and ask you to keep long and often in your thoughts, the almost total neglect of the education of daughters, the arbitrariness of divorce, the bondage to coarsest physical toil, infanticide, especially in China, the binding of the feet of Chinese women, the vices of the scoundrel whites in the sea-ports of the Orient, and, lastly, polygamy.

Consider, my friends, how vast Asia is, and how populous with brothers and sisters, and little children, as innocent and sunny-eyed as yours. After five lectures, in four consecutive days, under a vertical sun, and to great assemblies, in the rustling paradise of Ceylon, I left that island on the last day of March, a little over a year ago, and soon found myself in the mighty port of Singapore, near the Equator. Blue Sumatra lay in the distance; Borneo, with its pagan tribes and its birds of paradise, was not far away. British fleets were there, almost a squadron of powerful vessels, and I saw a similar sight in the majestic harbour of Hong Kong. British power is visible in half the outlooks on any coast of the globe, in the ocean highways in the Eastern hemisphere. And so pausing at Canton and giving a lecture, I drifted, after nearly a month's voyage, into Japan—an idyl of nature seen in the idyllic season of May. There was much, of course, to give cheerfulness; much, of course, to awaken encouraging thought as to the future of Asiatic reform; but, as I coasted along Ceylon, and the Malay peninsula, and vast China, day after day,

I seemed to hear across the roar of the waves the turbulent sound of the billows of humanity, breaking with a wail on the stern coasts of our yet barbaric days. Three hundred million billows in China, half of them women; two hundred and fifty million such billows breaking on the shores of India, multitudes upon multitudes coming out of the unseen and storming across the ocean of time to break on the shores of eternity; and the sound of that sea was a wail from servile labour, the dwarfing of the loftiest capabilities of the soul, through ignorance and false faiths, infanticide, polygamy, concubinage, enforced widowhood, and many a nameless condition preventing the development of woman into that angelic thing she is by nature, even without education. I heard the wail of the hosts until I found myself resolved, whatever else I might do or might not do, to echo the sound of that ocean in the ears of Christendom, until, if God should permit, some adequate enthusiasm for the reform of woman's condition in Asia is awakened in the Occident. I wish every city of 20,000 inhabitants in America and Europe would send one female missionary into pagan lands.

Your sisters, your brothers! Come near enough to them, and they seem quite human. The last meal I took in China was with a magnificent native, who had founded a Christian College and was a millionaire. He had bird's-nest soup for breakfast, each cup of which cost five dollars, and each guest had two cups; a house more palatial than I ever saw in Boston. A man of vigour, as well as of refinement, of large quantity, as well as excellent quality; speaking English brokenly; but a prince in his manners. I saw a large number of persons of that type. General Grant is said to have made the remark that the ablest men he saw abroad were Bismarck, and Gladstone, and Li Hung Chang, prime minister of China. I found China close at hand, looking as if she might be able ultimately to insist on the keeping of treaties with even domineering Britain and haughty America.

Notice, my friends, eight remedies for the evils of woman's condition: zenana teaching by female missionaries; homes for temporary assistance to women; female medical missionaries; female schools; admission of women to university examinations; abolition of child marriages by law; a pure gospel taught to the whole community; native helpers in abundance; new fashions set by imperial courts and by the upper classes.

The Empress of Japan, who is childless, is making herself the patroness of female education. Most of the great missionary bodies are opening vigorous schools for young women. The Parsees of Bombay, a remnant of the old Persians, are beginning to educate their daughters almost as thoroughly as their sons.

All through Asia the cry is rising that women must be taught the elements of education. The most surprising and, perhaps, the most significant increase in missionary work in India, in the past decade, has been in the department of woman's work. Not only have four new ladies' societies entered the field since 1871, but there has been an amazing development of indigenous workers. In 1871 there were 947 native Christian female agents engaged in missionary work. In 1881 there were no less than 1,944. The number of European and Eurasian ladies reported is 541. The successors of Lydia and Priscilla and Phœbe and Persis and the daughters of Philip already outnumber the 586 men who not many years ago monopolized the use of the title—missionary. The progress of zenana work has been most astonishing. Ten years ago Bengal had more zenana pupils than all the rest of India put together. Now the north-west provinces have the largest number of this class of pupils. The total number of female pupils has increased from 31,580 to 65,761. A new leader of reform has lately appeared in India, in the person of a learned young Brahmin widow, Ramabai, whose eloquence holds great audiences spell-bound in Bombay and Poonah and other important cities, as she dwells on the evils of child marriages, the education of females, the re-marriage of widows, and the folly of the caste system. Since the Ganges began to roll, no such figure as Ramabai has been reflected in its waters! Japan, however, has gone further of her own impulse in the direction of education for woman than any other Asiatic nation, and the reform has there the patronage of the highest persons in the court. It will not go backward. Put female education in Japan into the hands of Almighty God, and under His guidance the reform in that empire may become the day-star of the amelioration of woman's condition throughout the millions of Asia. This wail of the billows of humanty in India, in Ceylon, in the Malay peninsula, in Asia at large, especially in China, in the East Indies, in the Fiji Islands, and even in the Dark Continent, may one day turn into a shout of rejoicing. Provided only that the Occident does its duty, this transition may be swift; but, if the wail goes on for a century or two more, I believe it will sound in our ears at the Judgment Day. We have power to send medical missionaries to these populations; we have power to send both secular and sacred education to women throughout Asia; and he who knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is a sin. Let this wail sound in the ears of sensitive women! Let it sound in the ears of strong men! Let it fill the whole atmosphere of Occidental Christendom, until we are aroused to make God's opinion our own as to what should be done for women in Asia, Africa, and all the isles of the sea!

THE EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOUGLAS, D.D., LL.D.

It is recorded of Dr. Chalmers, the prince of the Scottish pulpit, that the inspiration and charm of his ministry did not so much consist in any grace of person or art of delivery, as in the fact that whatever subject he touched, he raised it—he ennobled and sublimated it by the mastery of that intelligence which was the wonder of his age. In a higher sense and more prominent degree this was the attribute, the distinguishing attribute, of the Pauline mind. Take for example the words of our text, with what comprehensive dignity are they endowed. Though penned some two thousand years ago, yet they seem to anticipate every objection raised by modern thought against the fundamentals of our Christianity. "Is there a God in the universe? and, if so, can His character be known?" are the questions of the hour. Our text affirms in the pronoun He that God is, while the exceeding riches of grace and kindness adore and beautify His character. Is man a spirit, destined to the immortal? or is he nothing but organized matter, doomed to extinction amid irretrievable decay? Extinction! Our text asserts that he shall abide through the ages to come, blossoming by grace and kindness into higher conditions of being. And then, is it not baseless credulity to believe that God is sympathetic and helpful to man? Baseless it is not, since the revelation of Christ Jesus and His kindness authenticate divinest compassion with our race. Thus we see that the inspired intellect of Paul anticipated and answered here the crucial questionings of our times. Now, beneath and behind all this I ask you to observe that the great underlying thought of the text is the transcendence of man as first in the thinkings, and work of God, as he should be first in the thought and work of the ministry.

It is a familiar objection advanced by the sceptic science of the day, that Christianity altogether over-estimates the importance of man, that it is essentially an egotistic system assigning to him a place peerless in our known universe, whereas he is but a feeble thing, vanishing before the magnitudes in time and space. Now, in vindication of the transcendence of man, I ask you to ponder the twofold proposition: 1st, that the workings of God in the ages of the past find their ultimate purpose in the advent of man; and,

* "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."—Ephesians ii. 7.

2nd, that the workings of God in the ages of the future will find their ultimate design in the eternal development of man.

THE ADVENT OF MAN.

1. That the workings of God in the ages of the past had for its ultimate design the advent of man. When the botanist plants what is to you an unknown seed, you cannot tell what will be the nature of its wood, the form of its leaf, its blossoms or its fruit, and thus it is with every work of man. You can never determine its end from the sign of its beginning.

Yonder, in a vacant lot in our city, is a man. With rod in his hand he is measuring out its areas. He commands, and men begin to excavate; he commands, and in remote quarries workmen are fashioning the stones; he commands, and the forests of the Ottawa give their timber. What meaneth all this activity? Wait. A stately building begins to rise. At his bidding art fills the windows with tinted glass, and skill develops an instrument with its thousand melodies, while tapestries adorn the interior of the edifice. What was the ultimate design in that artistic mind? To create a building stately and magnificent, arched and aureoled? What was the ultimate design? It was the adjustment of that building for the physical convenience of man, in which he might catch the inspiration of the place and ascend to the worship of the Divine. Time explains the design.

Now, I ask you to turn from the works of man to the works of God, which will demand the ages to come to determine their final meaning. You will bear with me while I here take an unusual liberty. I would for the moment close this Book of Inspiration and open the book of nature. I would dispense with the teachings of Moses, Isaiah and Paul. I would leave these and invoke the leadership and guidance of those great masters of science who are solving the problems of the universe. I would do this, and I want just here to say that the pulpits of Methodism ever desire to be in accord with all true science. Come then with me. Under the guidance of these masters we roll back the surface of the earth, and what do we find? An orderly arrangement of rocks. Leaves are they in God's great volume of the cosmos. Turn over the first of these stony leaves and you come to a mighty strata of death. There is not a slab of marble, not a fragment of chalk or shale but is built up of animal remains belting this world with decay and making it a vast charnel house of death.

Turn over the leaf and you come to the great primitive granites, which give evidence of having been fused and twisted and crys-

tallized by fire. Thus far we are conducted by science, and now on the adventurous wings of inductive thought we are carried into the eternities of the past and reverently take our stand beside the Infinite Creator and primal cause of all. He thinks, the ideal of the universe is born. He speaks, and a fiery mist comes into being. He commands, and every atomic element begins to move, to vibrate. He ordains, and that elemental mist rolls itself into fiery orbs, that begin their flaming march along the infinities. Before this display of Almighty energy we stand with tremulous heart, and in reverent spirit exclaim: "The thunder of His power, who can understand?"—thankful that "this awful God is ours—our Father and our love."

Turning now to the history of our own planet, through long millenniums it is believed to have cooled and condensed. By the ministries and interaction of air, fire and water, its rocky elements are dissolved into the soils of our earth. Behold now the first of the great life epochs of God. The mystery of life is revealed in its vegetating form. The earth is mantled in green and enamelled in beauty. Beauty, did I say? Yes, when the daffodil, and the heliotrope, and the many-tinted rose, and the festooning vine blossom into splendour, while the eucalyptus tree and the Calivera pines wave their leafy crown in the summer air. Oh, the graciousness of our God, in putting the impress of beauty on every form in nature.

But was it the ultimate purpose of God's creative work to make this world merely a garden ambrosial without an eye to take in the beauty, without a sense to inhale the fragrance, without intelligence to apprehend its order? It could never be. Behold again, another and higher epoch of God. The silences of this world are broken by the aboundings of animal life. Listen to the mocking-bird and to the song of the amorous nightingale, to the chorus of the mighty army of the living. From the leviathan downwards what infinite kindness is manifested in ordaining the laws of paternity, in waking the mother love, so that the seal of the North Sea will weep for the sufferings of her young, and the very tiger of the jungle will fondle with her cubs.

But was this world built up for no higher purpose than to be the hunting ground of the leopard and the eagle, where animal forms should appear and then vanish away? A grander design than this was in the original thinking of God. Who is that? do you see him? Walking amid the trees of the garden with erect form, with the uplifted brow, with kindling eye, with intelligence on every line of the countenance, with a mind that apprehends the design of nature and a heart that throbs with emotion? Who is

that? Behold the mystery is explained, the ultimate design of God's purpose is made manifest. This world was made for man. For him the tulip is striped and the amethyst warbler sings. For him "the last sunshine of expiring day in summer's twilight weeps itself away." For him the mountains defile into lines of grandeur and the hanging heavens in their galaxied splendour tell their tale of infinite power. Contemplating the scene, he rises to a conception of a Father Divine and stands confessed as transcendent over all. Transcendent over all? Yes; for what is opening before the research of our age? Young man, read Norman Lockyer on the chemistries of the sun. Every gas and element on this earth is found there, and it is believed that the substance of our world is that of all worlds; that the history of this earth will be duplicated throughout the universe; that the order of life here will be the order in all worlds, finding its consummation in the form and likeness of man.

Why does speculative thought tend in this direction? Why? Because man is made in the image and likeness of God, and can anything in His universe be found better than His image? Out of the eternities there comes the echoing cry, "Nothing, nothing can ever surpass the image of the Divine."

And then, as the final possibility beyond which God Himself can never pass, He takes man into the bonds of a union with His essence—a bond which shall be perpetuated forever.

Oh, strong Son of God, the Alpha and Omega in the universe, we now understand in higher measure than ever before the deep significance of the question thou dost ask, "What shall a man, transcendent man, give in exchange for his soul?"

THE ETERNAL DEVELOPMENT OF MAN.

2. The working of God in the ages to come will find their ultimate design in the eternal development of man.

The history of our humanity is a volume, held by two golden clasps, bound at one end by the Paradise of Eden, bound at the other by the eternal life of Heaven, while the literature it contains tells out the mystery, the grandeur and the Divine uplifting, which marks His immortal being.

How low and inadequate are the conceptions which obtain relative to man. You see him in the arenas of life, walking in the street, toiling in the shop or office, handling the materialities of commerce, absorbed in the littlenesses of domestic conditions. All is animal and material. It is a question of food, of raiment, of shelter, of immunity from want, and this is the realm in which

most men habitually live and move. If the capacities of man were limited to the animal and material how could we vindicate his radical transcendence? But our nature has a diviner side.

Would you see the transcendence of man? Look at his physical being. When God made the lower animal forms, such as lizards or fishes, He gave, says Agassiz, but a single segment of brain power. When God brought forth the higher mammalia, as seen in the domestic animals, he added another and active segment to the brain. When God introduced man, He completed the arch and crowned him with the finished dome of thought, so that he stands as the highest and final type of organized life on this earth. Behind this organized, this visible man, there is the great invisible, invisible as God Himself.

Invisible man! What is that? We call it spirit. Spirit? You cannot see it. You cannot handle it. You have no chemistries that will detect it. How do I come to the knowledge of matter? It is by my senses, revealing its form, its size, its colour. How do I come to the knowledge of spirit? It is by the consciousness of thought, of will and of emotion within my being. It is this spiritual nature, this august and unseen personality that constitutes the essential royalty, the jewel of the man.

Where do you dwell? You say, "in this house or in that street." Nay, that is not the place of your abiding. You dwell in the tabernacle of the body. Its every member and organism is your servant. You are behind the eye, and look out upon the plenitudes of nature. You are behind the ear, and catch up the tones of friendship or wake to the raptures of melody. You employ the tongue to tell your tale of love or sorrow and articulate the thought that outreaches to the Infinite, while the hand that creates works of utility or of art is but the slave of the autocrat that dwells and dictates from within. Survey the process of man's development. A child comes into being—a Toronto babe. At first it is only a palpitating fragment of living matter. You look into the eye, it is vacancy, but in a given time, a light comes into that eye, a point of intelligence flashes there, which indicates that the inborn dweller has come to consciousness and has begun his march on to the immortalities. In twenty swift-winged years the child is a man, with mind kindled and cultured with all knowledge, from the highest heavens where God doth dwell down to the atomic dust beneath his feet. In fifty years the child is rounded out into finished proportions with the light of eternity on his brow, a being of stupendous beginnings, which will demand the forever for his development. O mother, do you realize that the infant lisper who looks up in your face is immortality in your arms?

Would you see the transcendence of man? I ask you to go back in thought to the hour when man appeared as the consummating touch of God's creative work. On the authority of God's Word we believe that man began not lowly, but lofty. Not that he climbed out of the slimy depths and struggled through the monad, the mollusk and the monkey to manhood. The theory that intelligence and moral consciousness came out of such materialistic beginnings is an outrage on reason and all true science, and, says Prof. Calderwood, will doubtless in time be modified or disappear. Man began so high, so divine was the impress which he bore, that for his coming the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy. But how stupendous was his descent, how appalling his ruin no tongue can ever declare. In the Duke of Argyle's great work on the "Unities of Nature," we learn that man is the only discordant anomaly in the universe. Worlds swing in their orbits without collisions. Plants and trees of the like species harmonize with each other. The very hyena is kindly to its kind. But when you come to man, you find that whether as nations, tribes or individuals, the destruction of man by man is the great historic record. I am not citing Scripture, but science, when I say that intellectual and moral manhood, like a mighty dismantled, roofless, deserted temple, stands ruined and degraded.

Ring out the fall of a Nineveh, Babylon or Thebes, with their royal splendour. Wreck, if you will, the astonishing magnificence of unintelligent creation and leave it void. The ruin of any man, any poor drunkard or victim of vice, with archangel powers and Titan forces that can defy the Infinite is a calamity greater far.

Oh, regal man, son of the morning, with the nimbus of divinity around thy brow, how art thou fallen, utterly fallen!

Would you see the transcendence of man? We close the chapter of ruin and despair and open the vision of the coming redemption. Simultaneous with the apostacy of our race omnipotent provision was made for his recovery. The very death of the Triune God of love was moved to achieve his deliverance. In the epochs of the past the Persons of the Godhead took our humanity by the hand and led it up the hills of time out of the barbaric into the civilized, waking those great powers of his nature which had been slumbering through the ages. As sure as God gave skill to Bezalul to fashion the curious work of the tabernacle, he gave science to the dwellers on the banks of the Nile. As sure as God directed the Hebrew temple-builders, He fired the barbaric Greeks with a sense of beauty as expressed in Corinthian architecture, in Phidian sculpture, in the raptures of Homeric verse and in the rhythm of that language which God

elected to be the vehicle of His most spiritual revelation, and to which we still go back to come nearest to the thinkings of God—the wondrous language of the Greek. As sure as God gave wisdom to Solomon He gave direction to the band of robbers on the banks of the Tiber how to aggregate Roman power and formulate those philosophies of justice and law to which tribunals still appeal. Intellect! Knowledge! These alone can never save.

Never, says Paul, for the world by wisdom knew not God, and without God we must abide in moral ruin.

Would you see the transcendence of man?

Sing, O heavens and rejoice, O earth, the Lord hath spoken. "I dwell with the humble and with the contrite. Behold the tabernacle of God is with man" in the person of Emanuel—God with us.

"No man hath seen God at any time, the only begotten of the Father, He hath declared Him."

Oh, divinest moment in the history of the universe, when the incarnate Jesus became the interpreter of God and the deliverer of man. Deliverer? Tell me, if you can, the price which must be paid to become a reformer or deliverer of man. To attain the adoration of future generations, to ascend the altars of history, to reach the apotheosis of immortality, your deliverers have to sweat great drops of blood in their Gethsemanes, to endure insult in courts of justice, to receive the buffet of infamy from an insolent populace, to drain to the dregs the cup of gall and ingratitude, to wear the crown of thorns and stretch their limbs upon a cross amid the cries of "Away with him!"

In diviner sense and superlative degree amid the agony and wailing of "Lama sabacthani, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me," the Ancient of Days, the Son of the Father, walked alone the royal road, the via dolorosa, to achieve our deliverance from curse and shame. Dead! cried the Roman guard, as he thrust his gleaming spear into the silent heart. Dead! sobbed the daughters of Jerusalem in their grief. Dead! dead! as an atonement.

> "Stung by the scorpion, sin,
> My poor expiring soul
> The balmy sound drinks in,
> And is at once made whole.
> See there my Lord upon the tree,
> I hear, I feel He died for me."

Beneath the shadow of the cross we trusting stand, justified, accepted, reconciled to God.

Would you see the transcendence of man?

Thou mystic Spirit Divine, that moved upon the face of the water, bringing order out of chaos, and renewing the face of the earth, we glorify Thy mission and ministries to man as the

sequel of the cross. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Sons of God, gifted with fellowship, with the power of all-commanding prayer. And this is Thy work, Thou adopting and indwelling spirit of all grace.

Can you count the stars of heaven? Can you number the drops of the ocean? As soon as tell out our sonship's great inheritance in the thirty thousand promises of this Book which are applied and sealed by the Spirit Divine. Who was with you when you hung over the sufferer and closed the eyes in death, when with desolated heart you felt lone and forsaken? Who whispered to thy spirit, "Be of good cheer, I will be with thee and comfort thee?" Who surrounds our pathway with those softening and helpful influences that sweep like tidal waves toward a nobler life?

But lately in our city a worthy father lay shrouded in death. When his prodigal boy looked into the serene face of that father whose heart he had well-nigh broken and beheld his sorrowing mother, overwhelmed with grief he fell upon his knees and sobbed out his anguish, while the mother clasped him around the neck and rained her mother tears upon his head. Who was there to help that prodigal homeward to goodness and to God? It was the Spirit Divine.

Dew of the night, unseen by mortal eye, falling through the centuries, ever falling, on the continents and islands of the sea, lifting up the drooping blade, brightening the face of the hidden flower, freshening every plant and leaf and robing universal nature in new life and beauty. Dew of the night, what art thou but a symbol of that Spirit of God who along the ages to come will ever lift to a nobler life and to a grander destiny the sons and daughters of our race? Oh, redeemed man, redeemed from barbaric degradation, in his physical; redeemed from mind limitation, by the opening up of universal nature, so that the very forces electric, that laugh at time and distance, are his servants. Redeemed into the beauty of holiness, the likeness of Jesus; redeemed, till the elastic soul, disdaining the limitations of the earthly, looks up with longing aspiration for an immortal state, and "still it doth not yet appear what he shall be."

Would you finally see the transcendence of man? Go back to the Toronto babe of whom I spoke. In sixty years the lattice is drawn, the crape is on the door. You say he is gone. Gone where?

> "Out into the cold, into the black-blue air,
> Into no man knows where,
> Into nothing or despair."

Nothing or despair! This is unknown in the Gospel of our Christianity. We know, says Paul, that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Some years ago I stood by the dying couch of a well-beloved friend. As he was approaching his end, he turned and asked, "Oh, can you tell me where I am going, where, where? I replied, "One thing I do know, you are going to be with Christ, for He hath said, 'Where I am there also shall My servant be.'" He answered, "That is enough, enough for me," and with a sublime confidence went to the bosom of his Lord.

Where heaven is we cannot tell, but of this we are assured, it will be the scene of eternal development. Yes, along the ages to come the exceeding riches of grace and kindness through Jesus Christ will lead our redeemed humanity up the Alpine heights of eternity, where the secrets of God's universe shall be disclosed, where the vision of God and of the saint shall open out to us such ascending avenues of thought, of holiness and of joy, and then when millions of ages have come and gone again and again, it will still be the unfolding of the exceeding riches of grace through Christ Jesus for ever and ever.

"In hope of that ecstatic bliss
We now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down
And smile at toil and pain."

Oh, when I look out upon this world, when I see men and women bowed with sorrow, mothers weeping for their children, and weary men in this weary world struggling to keep their hold of life, in my impatience I am ready to cry out, "Great God, why hast Thou made such a world, so full of sin, of suffering and of sorrow?" But then, a little beyond, the tents are taken down. I see the white-robed company, which no man could number. I see them; "they have come out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and therefore they are before the throne." When I see this my exulting soul cries out, "Thou art worthy O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power, for Thou hast created and everlastingly redeemed and glorified Thy favourite creature, man." My friend, holding this transcendent nature, will you be there?

I have heard of a dream where the dreamer thought he was falling—falling out of light into twilight, falling out of twilight into darkness, falling out of darkness into outer darkness; falling, ever falling. And as he descended his voice came up from the

depths, saying, "When shall I reach the limits of my fall?" and the answer that went down was, "Reach it! never, never, never."

As sure as there is a possibility of ever ascending higher and higher toward God, there is a possibility of falling, ever falling, from God into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure—insensible.
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell."

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near—this night, in this house.

By the transcendence of man, I argue the greatness of the ministry, whose mission it is to seek and save the lost. I charge you to become enamoured with the work of soul-saving. Let this be your master-passion, your soul-enthusiasm, and then in the coming time the joy of the apostle will be yours; ransomed hosts gathered by your ministry will be your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. Remember, remember our theme, that in the universe of God, in the ages to come, we will know nothing outside of divinity more transcendent than man.

A PERSIAN LEGEND.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A Persian legend thus doth run:
The white-robed priests who serve the sun,
In long procession ready stand,
Each with a torch in his right hand.
A flame upon the altar burns;
The nearest lights—then backward turns,
And to his brother giveth light.
Till countless torches, burning bright,
Make the dark night like dawning day,
While to the sun the robed priests pray.
We serve the Ever-living One:
The Persian worships the bright sun;
Yet from his legend let us learn
How brother should to brother turn,
And with a brother's loving heart
Of his own blessedness impart.
Who helps to light another's path
Of heaven a double portion hath.

"JACK" THE FISHERMAN.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

I.

Jack was a Fairharbour boy, a fisherman, and the son of a fisherman. Jack was born at sea. His father was bringing his mother home from a visit at a half-sister's in Nova Scotia. She was coming home, partly because Jack's father came for her, and partly because he happened to come sober, which was a great point, and partly because the schooner had to sail, which was another—she was coming home, at all events, when a gale struck them. It was an ugly blow. The little two-masted vessel swamped, in short, at midnight of a moonlit night, off the coast, just the other side of seeing Cape Ann light. The crew were picked up by a three-master, and taken home. Aboard the three-master, in fright chill and storm, the little boy was born.

Jack's father kept sober till he got the mother and the child safely into the little crumbling, gray cottage in half of whose meagre dimensions the family kept up the illusion which they called home. Then, for truth compels me, I must state that Jack's father went straightway out upon what, in even less obscure circles than his, it is customary to call "a tear." "I've stood it as long as I ken stand, and I'm goin' on a tear—I'm agoin' on a netarnal tear," said Jack's father to his oldest dory-mate, a fellow he had a feeling for, much as you would for an oar you had handled a good many years.

In fact that proved to be, in deed and truth, an eternal tear for Jack's father. Drunk as a fisherman could be—and that is saying a good deal—he reshipped that night, knowing not whither nor why, nor indeed knowing that the deed was done; and when he came to himself he was twelve hours out, on his way to the Banks of Newfoundland; and the young mother, with her baby on her arm, looked out of the frosty window over the foot of her old bedstead, and watched for him to come, and did not like to tell the neighbours that she was short of fuel.

She was used to waiting—women are; Fairharbour women always are. But she had never waited so long before. And when, at the end of her waiting, the old dory-mate came in one night and told her that it happened falling from the mast because he was not sober enough to be up there; Jack's mother said she had always expected it. But she had not expected it, all the same. We never expect trouble, we only fear it. And she had put the baby on the edge of the bed and got out upon her knees upon the floor,

* Abridged from the volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and laid her face on the baby, and tried to say her prayers—for she was a pious little woman, not knowing any better—but found she could not pray, she cried so. And the old dory-mate told her not to try, but to cry as hard as she could. And she told him he was very kind; and so she did. For she was fond of her husband, although he got drunk; because he got drunk, one is tempted to say. Her heart had gone the way of the hearts of drunkards' wives: she loved in proportion to her misery, and gave on equation with what she lost. All the woman in her mothered her husband when she could no longer wifely worship him. When he died she felt as if she had lost her eldest child. So, as I say, she kneeled with her face on the baby, and cried as if she had been the blessedest of wives. Afterward she thought of this with self-reproach. She said one day to the old dory-mate:

"When my trouble came, I did not pray to God, I'd ought to have. But I only cried at Him."

Jack had come into the world in a storm, and he began it stormily. He was a big, roaring baby, and he became a restless boy. Jack needed a man to manage him. He smoked at six; he lived in stables and on the wharves at eight; he came when he got ready, and went when he pleased; he obeyed when he felt like it and when he was punished, he kicked. Once, in an imaginative moment, he bit her.

She sent him to pack mackerel, for they were put to it to keep soul and body together, and he brought home such habits of speech as even the Fairharbour woman had never heard. From her little boy, her baby—not yet old enough to be out of short trousers, and scarcely out of little sacks, had he been yours, my lady at the pretty age when one still fastens lace collars round their necks, and has them under shelter by dark, and hears their prayers, and challenges the breath of heaven lest it blow too rudely on some delicate forming fibre of soul or body—from her little boy, at eight years old, the mother first learned the abysses of vulgarity in a sea-port town.

At his worst Jack regarded her as a species of sacred fact, much like heaven or a hymn. Sometimes on Sunday nights he stayed at home with her; he liked to hear her sing. She sang "Rock of Ages" in her best black alpaca with her work-worn hands crossed upon the gingham apron which she put on to save the dress.

But ah, she said, Jack needed a man to manage him. And one day when she said this, in spite of her gentle unconsciousness, or because of it, the old dory-mate to whom she said it said he thought so too, and that if she had no objections he would like to be that man.

And the Fairharbour widow, who had never thought of such a thing, said she didn't know as she had; for nobody knew, she said, how near to starving they had come; and it was something to have a sober man. So, on this reasonable basis, Jack acquired a step-father, and his step-father sent him straightway to the Grand Banks.

He meant it well enough, and perhaps it made no difference in the end. But Jack was a little fellow to go fishing—only ten. His first voyage was hard: it was a March voyage; he got badly frostbitten, and the skipper was rough. He was knocked about a good deal, and had the measles by himself in his berth; and the men said they didn't know they had brought a baby to the Banks, for they were very busy and Jack lay and cried a little, and thought about his mother, and wished he hadn't kicked her, but forgot it when he got well. So he swaggered about among the men, as a boy does when he is the only one in a crew, and aped their talk, and shared their grog, and did their hard work, and learned their songs, and came home with the early stages of moral ossification as well set in upon his little heart as a ten-year-old heart allows.

The next voyage did not mend the matter; nor the next. And though the old dory-mate was an honest fellow, he had been more successful as a dory-mate than he was as a step-father. He and Jack did not "get on." Sometimes Jack's mother wondered if he had needed a man to manage him; but she never said so. She was a good wife, and she had fuel enough, now; she only kissed Jack, and said she meant it for the best.

When he was twelve years he came home from a winter voyage one night, and got his pay for his share—boy's pay, yet, for a boy's share; but bigger than it used to be—and did not go home first, but went rollicking off with a crowd of Portuguese. It was a Sunday night, and his mother was expecting him, for she knew the boat was in. His step-father expected him, too—and his money; and Jack knew that. His mother had been sick, but Jack did not know that; she had been very sick, and had asked for him a great deal. There had been a baby—born dead while its father was off-shore after cod—and it had been very cold weather; and something had gone wrong.

At midnight of that night some one knocked at the door of the crumbling cottage. The step-father opened it; he looked pale and agitated. Some boys were there in a confused group; they bore what seemed to be a lifeless body on a drag, or bob-sled; it was Jack, dead drunk.

It was the first time—he was only twelve—and one of the Fairharbour boys took the pipe from his mouth to explain.

"He was trapped by a Portygee, and they've stole every cent of him, 'n kicked him out, 'n lef' him stranded like a monk-fish, so me and the other fellers we borryed a sled and brung him home, for we thought his mother 'd rather. He ain't dead, but he's just as drunk as if he was sixty!"

The Fairharbour boy mentioned this circumstance with a kind of abnormal pride, as if such superior maturity were a point for a comrade to make note of. But Jack's step-father went out softly, and shut the door, and said:

"Look here, boys—help me in with him, will you? Not that way. His mother's in there. She died an hour ago."

And so the curse of his heredity came upon him. She never knew, thank heaven. She had asked for Jack, it seemed, over and over, but did not complain of him for not coming, she never complained of Jack. She said the poor boy must have stayed somewhere to have a pleasant time; and she said they were to give her love to him, if he came in while she was asleep. And then she asked her husband to sing "Rock of Ages" for her, because she did not feel very strong. He couldn't sing—more than a halibut, poor fellow; but he did not like to disappoint her, for he thought she looked what he called "miser'ble;" so he sat down by the bed and raised his hoarse, weather-beaten voice to the tune of Martyn, as best he could, and she said once more that he was to give her love to Jack; and went to sleep afterward; and by-and-by they could not wake her to see her boy of twelve brought to her drunk.

If the curse of his ancestry had come upon him, its compensatory temperament came too. Jack had the merry heart of the easy drinker.

Born with his father's alcoholized brain-cells, poor baby, endowed with the narcotined conscience which this species of parentage bequeaths, he fell heir to the kind of attractiveness that goes with the legacy.

He was a happy-go-lucky fellow. Life sat airily on him. He had his mother's handsome eyes dashed with his father's fun; he told a good story; he did a kind deed; he was generous with his money, when he had any, and never in the least disturbed when he hadn't. Every crew wanted him. Drunk or sober, as a shipmate he was at par. It was usually easy for him to borrow. The fellows made up his fines for him, there was always somebody to go bail for him when he got before the police court. Arrested perhaps a half-dozen times a year, in his maddest years, he never was sent to the House in his life. There were always people enough who thought it a pity to let such a good fellow go to prison. He had—I was going to say as a matter of course he had—curly hair. One should not omit to notice that he was splendidly tattooed. He was proud, as seamen are, of his brawny arms, dashed from wrist to shoulder with the decorative ingenuity of his class. On his left arm he bore a very crooked lighthouse rising from a heavy sea. This was considered a masterly design, and Jack was often called upon to push up his sleeve and explain how he came by the inspiration.

Upon the other arm he wore a crucifix, ten inches long; this was touched with blood-red ink; the dead Christ hung upon it, lean and pitiful. Jack said he took the crucifix against his drowning. It was an uncommonly large and ornate crucifix.

Jack was a steady drinker at nineteen. At twenty-five he was what either an inexperienced or a deeply experienced temperance missionary would have called incurable. The intermediate grades would have confidently expected to save him.

Of course he reformed. He would not have been interesting if he had not. The unmitigated sot has few attractions even for

sea-faring society. Jack was always reforming. After that night when he was brought home on the bob-sled, the little boy was as steady and as miserable as he knew how to be for a long time; he drew the unfortunate inference that the one involved the other. By the time his mother's grave was green with the scanty Fairharbour church-yard grass, rank weeds had overgrown the sorrow of the homeless boy. He and his step-father "got on" less than ever now, as was to be expected; and when one day Jack announced with characteristic candour that he was going to get drunk, if he went to Torment for it, the two parted company; and the crumbling cottage knew Jack no more. By-and-by, when his step-father was drowned at Georges', Jack borrowed the money for some black gloves and a hat-band. He had the reputation of being a polite fellow; the fishermen spelled it t-o-n-y.

Jack, as I say, was always reforming. Every temperance society in the city had a hand at him, when they failed they turned him over to the churches. One ardent person, a recent convert, coaxed him into a weekly prayer-meeting. It was a very good, honest, uninteresting prayer-meeting, and there were people sitting beside him with clean lives and clear faces whose motives Jack was not worthy to understand, and he knew enough to know it. Jack was terribly bored. He ran his hands through his curls, and felt for his tobacco, and whispered to the young convert to know if there weren't any waits in the play so a man could get out without hurting anybody's feelings. But just then the young convert struck up a hymn, and Jack stayed.

He liked the singing. His restless, handsome face took on a change such as a windy day takes on toward dusk, when the breeze dies down. When he found they were singing "Rock of Ages," he tried to sing it too—for he was a famous tenor on deck. But when he had sung a line or two—flash! down in one of the empty pews in front, he saw a thin old lady with blue eyes, sitting in a black alpaca dress with her hands clasped on her gingham apron.

"That's my mother. Have I got the jim-jams?" asked this unaccustomed worshipper of himself. But then he remembered that he was sober. He could sing no longer after this, but bowed his head and looked into his old felt hat, and wondered if he were going to cry, or get religion. In point of fact, he did neither of these things, because a very old church-member arose just then, and said he saw a poor castaway in our midst to-night, and he besought the prayers of the meeting for his soul. Jack stopped crying. He looked hard at the old church-member. He knew him; had always known him. The fisherman waited till that prayer was through—it was rather a long prayer—and then he, too, sprang to his feet. He looked all around the decorous place; his face was white with the swift passion of the drinking man.

"I never spoke in meetin' in my life," said Jack in an unsteady voice, "I ain't religious. I drink. But I'm sober to-night, and

I've got something to say to you. I heard what that man said. I know him. He's old Jim Crownoby. I've always knowed Jim Crownoby. He owns a sight of property in this town. He's a rich man. He owns that block on Black Street. You know he does. You can't deny it. Nor he can't neither. All I want to say is, I've got drunk in one of them places of his, time and again; and if there ain't anybody but him to pray for my soul I'd rather go to perdition.

Jack stopped short, jammed on his hat, and left the meeting. In the shocked rustle that followed, some one had the tact to start "Rescue the perishing," as the fisherman strode down the broad aisle. He did not go again. The poor young convert followed him up for a week or two, and gave him an expensive Testament, bought out of an almost invisible personal income, in vain.

"I've no objections to you," said Jack, candidly; "I'm much obliged to ye for yer politeness, sir. But them churches that subleases to a rum-seller, I don't think they onderstand a drinkin' man. Hey? Don't he do the heft of the payin' and the tallest of their crowin', consequent? Thought so. Better leave me go, sir. I ain't a pious man; I'm a fisherman."

"Fishes," said Jack, "is no fools."

He gave voice to this remark one day in Boston when he was twenty-five years old. He was trying to entertain a Boston girl; she was not familiar with Fairharbour or with the scenery of his calling; he wanted to interest her; he liked the girl. He had known her a long time; as much as three months. When the vessel came into Boston to sell halibut, he had a few days there, drifting about as seamen do, homeless and reckless; dashing out the wages just paid off, in ways that he sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot, and that usually left him without a dollar toward his next fine when he should be welcomed by the police court of his native city on returning home.

Jack thought, I say, gravely of this girl. She was a pretty girl, and she was very young. She had a gentle way, with Jack; she had trusted him from the first, and he had never once been known to disturb her trust. That was the pleasant part of it.

On this evening that we speak of, Jack was sober. He was often sober when he had an evening to spend with the Boston girl; not always—no; truth must be told. She looked as pretty as was in her that night; she had black eyes and a kind of yellow hair that Jack had never seen crinkled low on the forehead above black eyes before. The girl's name was Teen. Probably she had been called Christine once, in her country home; she even told Jack she had been baptized.

"I wasn't, myself," said Jack; "I roared so, they darsen't do it. I was an awful baby."

"I should think likely," said Teen, with candour. "Do you set much by your mother?"

"She's dead," said Jack, in a subdued voice. Teen looked at

him; she had never heard him speak like that. So is mine," said the girl.

The two took a turn in silence up and down the brightly lighted street; their thoughts looked out strangely from marred young faces; they felt as if they were in a foreign country.

"Was you always a fisherman?" asked Teen, feeling, with a woman's tact, that somebody must change the current of the subject.

"I was a fisherman three generations back," Jack answered her; "borned a fisherman, you bet! I couldn't 'a' ben nothin' else if I'd drownded for it. It's a smart business. You hev to keep your wits about you. Fishes is no fools."

"Ain't they?" asked the girl, listlessly. She was conscious of failing in conversational brilliancy; but the truth was, she couldn't get over what they had been saying: she was always sad when she remembered her mother. Jack began to talk to her about his business again, but Teen did not reply; and when he looked down at her to see what ailed her, there were real tears rolling over her pretty cheeks.

"Why, Teen!" said Jack.

"Leave go of me, Jack," said Teen, "and let me get off; I ain't good company to-night. I've got the dumps. Leave go of me, and I'll go home."

"I won't leave go of you!" cried Jack, with a sudden blazing purpose lighting up all the corners of his soul. It was a white light, not unholy; it seemed to shine through and through him with a soft glow like a candle on an altar. "I'll never leave go of you, Teen, if you'll say so. Will you marry me?"

"Marry you?" said Teen.

"Yes, marry me. There, now! It's out with it. What do you say to that, Teen?"

With one slow finger-tip Teen wiped away the tears that fell for her mother.

"I wouldn't cry about it, Teen. You needn't have me if you don't want to."

"But I do want to, Jack."

"Honest?"

"Honest it is, Jack."

"Will ye make a good wife, Teen?" asked Jack.

"I'll try, Jack."

"Will you swear it, Teen?"

"If you'd rather, Jack."

"What'll you swear by, now?" asked Jack. "You must swear by all you hold holy."

"What do I hold holy?" mused Teen.

"Will you swear," continued Jack, seriously, "will you swear to me by the 'Rock of Ages'?"

"What's that?" asked the girl.

"It's a hymn-tune. I want you to swear me by the 'Rock of Ages' that you'll be that you say you will, to me. Will you do it, Teen?"

"Oh yes," said Teen, "I'll do it. Where shall we come across one?"

"I guess I can find it," Jack replied. "I can find 'most anything I set out to."

So they started out at random, in their reckless fashion, in the great city, to find the "Rock of Ages" for the asking.

Jack led his companion hither and yon, peering into churches and vestries and missions, and wherever he saw signs of sacred things. Singing they heard abundantly in the gay town; songs merry, mad, and sad; but not the song for a girl to swear by, that she would be a true wife to a man who trusted her

Wandering thus, on their strange errand whose pathos was so far above their own dream or knowledge, they chanced at last upon the place and the little group of people known in that part of Boston as Mother Mary's meeting.

The girl said she had been there once, but that Mother Mary was too good for her; she was one of the real kind. Everybody knew Mother Mary and her husband; he was a parson. They were poor folks themselves, Teen said, and understood poor folks, and did for them all the year round, not clearing out, like rich ones, when it came hot weather, but stood by 'em, Teen said. They kept the little room open, and if you wanted a prayer you went in and got it, just as you'd call for a drink or a supper; it was always on hand for you, and a kind word sure to come with it, and you always knew where to go for 'em; and Mother Mary treated you like folks. She liked her, Teen said.

"I guess, she'll have what I'm after," said Jack. "She sounds like she would. Let's go in and see."

So they went into the quiet place among the praying people, and stood staring for they felt embarrassed. Mother Mary looked very white and peaceful; she was a tall, fair woman; she wore a black dress with white about the bosom; it was a plain, old dress, much mended. Mother Mary did not look rich, as Teen had said. The room was filled with poor creatures gathered about her like her children, while she talked with them and taught them as she could. She crossed the room immediately to where the young man stood, with the girl beside him.

"We've come," said Jack, "to find the 'Rock of Ages.'" He drew Teen's hand through his arm, and held it for a moment; then moved by some fine instinct mysterious to himself, he lifted and laid it in Mother Mary's own.

"Explain it to her, ma'am," he said; "tell her, won't you? I'm going to marry her, if she'll have me. I want her to swear by somethin' holy she'll be a true wife to me. She hadn't anything particularly holy herself, and the holiest thing I know of is the 'Rock of Ages.' I've heard my mother sing it. She's dead. We've been huntin' Boston over to-night after the 'Rock of Ages.'"

Mother Mary was used to the pathos of her sober work, but the tears sprang now to her large and gentle eyes. She did not speak to Jack—could not possibly, just then; but, delaying only for the

moment till she could command herself, she flung her rich, maternal voice out upon the words of the old hymn. Her husband joined her, and all the people present swelled the chorus.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in Thee;
. . . .
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

They sang it through—the three verses that everybody knows—and Jack and Teen stood listening. Jack tried to sing himself: but Teen hid her face, and cried upon his arm.

"Thou must save," sang the praying people; "Thou must save, and Thou alone!"

The strain died solemnly; the room was quiet; the minister yonder began to pray, and all the people bowed their heads. But Mother Mary stood quite still, with the girl's hand trembling in her own.

"Swear it, Teen!" Jack bent down his curly head and whispered; he would not shame his promised wife before these people. "Swear by that, you'll be true wife to me!"

"I swear it, Jack," sobbed Teen. "If that's the 'Rock of Ages,' I swear by it, though I was to die for it, I'll be a true wife to you."

"Come back when you've got your license," said Mother Mary, smiling through her tears, "and my husband will marry you if you want him to."

"We'll come to-morrow," Jack answered, gravely.

"Jack," said Teen in her pretty way—for she had a very pretty way—"if I'm a good wife to you, will you be kind to me?" She did not ask him to swear it by the "Rock of Ages." She took his word for it, poor thing! Women do.

Mother Mary's husband married them next day at the mission meeting; and Mother Mary sat down at the melodeon in the corner of the pleasant place, and played and sang Toplady's great hymn for them, as Jack had asked. It was his wedding march. He was very sober and gentle—almost like a better man. Teen thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen.

"Oh, I say, Teen," he nodded to her, as they walked away, "one thing I forgot to tell you—I'm reformed."

"Are you, Jack?"

"If I ever drink a drop again, so help me"— But he stopped.

"So help you, 'Rock of Ages'?" asked the new-made wife. But Jack winced; he was honest enough to hesitate at this.

"I don't know's I'd darst—that," he added, ruefully. "But I,m reformed. I have lost all hanker for liquor. I shall never drink again. You'll see, Teen."

Teen did see, as was to be expected. She saw a great deal, poor thing! Jack did not drink—for a long time; it was nearly five months, for they kept close count. He took her to Fairharbour,

and rented the old half of the crumbling cottage where his mother used to sit and watch for him on long, late evenings. The young wife did the watching now. They planted some cinnamon rose-bushes by the doorsteps of the cottage, and fostered them affectionately. Jack was as happy and sober as possible to begin with. He was proud to have a home of his own; he had not expected to; in fact, he had never had one since that night when his mother said they were to give her love to him, if he came home while she was asleep. He had beaten about so, sleeping for the most part in his berth, and sailing again directly; and the kitchen fire a luxury greater than a less good-looking man would have deserved. When he came home, drenched and chilly from a winter voyage, and Teen took the covers off, and the fiery heart of the coals leaped out to greet him, and she stood in the rich colour, with her yellow hair, young and fair and sweet as any man's wife could look, and said she had missed him, and called him her dear husband, Jack even went so far as to feel that Teen was the luxury. He treated her accordingly; that was at first. He came straight home to her; he kept her in flour and fuel; she had the little things and the gentle words that women need. Teen was very fond of him. This was the first of it—I was going to say this was the worst of it. All there was of Teen seemed to have gone into her love for Jack. A part of Jack had gone into his love for Teen. Teen was very happy, to begin with. The neighbours came to see her, and said, "We're happy to make your acquaintance." And her mother came on to make her a little visit; and Teen cried her soul out for joy. She was very modest and home-keeping and loving; no wife in the land was truer than this girl he had chosen was to the fisherman who chose her. Jack knew that. He believed in her. She made him happy; and therefore she kept him right.

All this was at first. It did not last. Trouble came, and poverty, and children, and care, and distaste. Jack took to his old ways, and his wife to the tears that they bring. The children died; they were poor sickly babies who wailed a little while in her arms, and slipped out because there wasn't enough to them to stay. And the gray house was damp. Some said it was diphtheria; but their mother said it was the will of God. She added: Might His will be done! On the whole she was not sorry. Their father struck her when he was in liquor. She thought if the babies lived they might get hurt. A month before the last one was born she showed to Jack's biographer a bruise across her shoulder, long and livid. She buttoned her dress over it with hasty repentance.

"Maybe I'd oughtn't to have told," she said. "But he said he'd be kind to me."

Jack was very sorry about this when he was sober. He kissed his wife, and bought a pair of pink kid shoes for the baby; which it never grew large enough to wear.

Alcoholized brain-cells being one of the few bequests left to

society which the heirs do not dispute. Jack went back to his habits with the ferocity that follows abstinence. Hard luck came. Teen was never much of a housekeeper; she had left her mother too early; had never been taught. Things were soggy, and not always clean; and she was so busy in being struck and scolded, and in bearing and burying babies, that it grew comfortless beside the kitchen fire. The last of the illusions which had taken the name of home within the walls of the crumbling half-cottage withered out of it, just as the cinnamon roses did the summer Jack watered them with whiskey by a little emotional mistake.

In all her sickness and trouble and slackness, and in going cold or hungry, and in her vivid beauty that none or all of these things could quench, Teen had carried a sweet dignity of her own as the racer in the old Promethean festival carried the torch while he ran against the wind. Jack knew—oh, yes, he knew. But he grew sullen, suspicious. When he was drunk he was always jealous; it began to take that form. When he was sober he still admired his wife; sometimes he went so far as to remember that he loved her. When this happened, Teen dried her eyes, and brushed her yellow hair, and washed up the kitchen floor, and made the coffee, and said to the grocer when she paid for the sugar:

"My husband has reformed."

One night Jack came home unexpectedly; a strange mood sat upon him. He had been drinking heavily when he left her, and she had not looked for him for days; if he sailed as he was, it would be a matter of weeks. Teen went straight to him; she thought he might be hurt; she held out her arms as she would to one of her children; but he met her with a gesture of indifference, and she shrank back.

"She's here," said Jack "Mother Mary's in the town. I see her."

"I wish she'd talk to you," said Teen, saying precisely the wrong thing by the fatal instinct which which so often possesses drunkards' wives.

"You do, do you?" quoth Jack. "Well, I don't. I haven't give her the chance." He crushed on his hat and stole out of the house again.

But his mood was on him yet. He sulked and skulked about the streets alone for a while; he did not go back to the boys just then, but wandered with the apparent aimlessness in which the most tenacious aims are hidden. Mother Mary and her husband were holding sailors' meetings in the roughest quarters of the town. There was need enough of Mother Mary in Fairharbour. A crowd had gathered to hear the novelty. Fairharbour seamen were none too used to being objects of consideration; it was a matter of mark that a parson and a lady should hire a room from a rich fish-firm, pay for it out of their own scanty pockets, and invite one in from deck or wharf, in one's oil-clothes or jumper, to hear what a messmate of Jack's called a "high-toned

prayer." He meant, perhaps, to convey the idea that the petition treated the audience politely.

Jack followed the crowd in the dark, shrinking in its wake, for he was now sober enough not to feel like himself. He waited till the last of the fellows he knew had gone into the place, and then crept up on tiptoe, and put his face against the window of the salt-cod warehouse where the little congregation was gathered, and looked in. The room was full and bright. It wore that same look of peace and shelter which he remembered. Mother Mary stood, as she had stood before, tall and pale in her black dress, with the white covering on her bosom. Her husband had been speaking to the fishermen, and she, as Jack put his gnarled hand to his excited eyes and his eyes to the window-glass, turned her face full about, to start the singing. She seemed to Jack to look at him. Her look was sad. He felt ashamed, and cowered down below the window-sill. But he wanted to hear her sing—he had never heard anybody sing like Mother Mary—and so he stayed there for a little while, curled against the fish-house. It began to rain, and he was pretty wet; Jack felt that he cut a poor figure even for a drunken fisherman; all the self-respect that life had left him shrank from letting Mother Mary see him. Jack would not go in. A confused notion came to him, as he crouched against the warehouse, in the showers, that it was just as well it should rain on him; it might wash him. He pushed up his sleeves and let the rain fall on his arms. So he crouched listening. The glimmer from the prayer-room came across the fisherman's bared right arm, and struck the crucifix. Jack had the unconscious attitude of one sinking, who had thrown up her arms to be saved.

At this moment Mother Mary's yearning voice rang out above the hoarse chorus of the fishermen, whose weather-ragged and reverent faces lifted themselves mistily before her, as if they had been the countenance of one helpless man:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

"Oh, my God!" cried Jack.

THE FRUIT.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XIII.—JOE RISES IN ESTEEM.

"Now then, Perkins, if ta hes any questions to ask, thou may git all ta can out o' me."

The two men were walking and smoking in the beautiful alleys of the rose garden. Two world-worn beings they looked, amid the unspeakable freshness and loveliness which surrounded them.

"Well, Mr. Braithwaite—"

"Ay, thou hed better call me Mr. Braithwaite, I am got to where it's t' right thing to do. A man wi' t' overcharge o' Bevin and Bradley on his mind, deserves a bit o' respect, I think."

"Did I understand you to say that you had the charge of the Bradley estate, sir?"

"I'm not going to mell in thy business, so thou need not look so turkey-gobbler like. I'm taking my daughter's place, not thine. That is, I'm taking Joe's place; and, I must say, not a minute before t' right time. There's four houses on Kattal Moor unlet for two years; now then, how does that come about?"

"If you have any right to ask—"

"To be sure I hev, did ta iver know me bother my head about other folks' concerns? But if ta wants to, thou can draw me up a power of attorney."

"Then I answer that I cannot force people to rent houses They are there, if they want them."

"But thou could do summat to mak' people want them. Tell Darley to tak' his paint pots there, to-morrow, and hev t' garden palings put up, and t' flower beds weeded, and t' window glass put in; mak' them look comfortable, and they'll rent; I'll be bound they will. There's more o' t' same kind too. That mill on Sorbey beck has been empty for five years."

"As a mill; that's likely; but I'll tell thee what! T' Wesleyan Methodists want a chapel at Sorbey—I know they do, for they came to me for a subscription. Offer them t' building on a long lease. They'll nobbut hev to put t' seats in and paint it up a bit. Give 'em their own terms if they are any way near t' figure."

"That is a good idea, Mr. Braithwaite."

"Ay, I think it is. I mostly know what I'm doing. And I don't want a mill there; it won't suit my plans. If they say t' building is too big, thou may tell them that ta knows there will be plenty o' men and women to crowd it before varry long."

"Whativer does ta mean?"

"I understand my awn meaning, which is more than many folks do. Now, thet is all about Bradley at this time, only I'd

advise thee to keep a sharper lookout for Bradley, for I'll tell thee one thing, I sall keep a varry sharp lookout for thee."

Perkins laughed, but not very pleasantly. "I know what your lookout is, Mr. Braithwaite. I'm not a bit afraid of it. What is all this I hear about Mr. Joe?"

"What has ta heard?"

"That he hed deserted his wife and child. I heard also that you hed followed him to Liverpool, but could not induce him to come home."

"Thou hes been fooled wi' a pack o' lies. Who told them to thee?"

"I am not at liberty to name names."

"Ay, but ta will hev to name names to me. We aren't going one step further till ta does." And Amos was so red and belligerent-looking that Perkins thought it wisest to answer:

"If you insist on knowing, it was Tommy Arncliffe of t' Bell Ringer's Inn."

"I'll sue him for defamation o' my son's character. Thou may lay t' damages at £10,000.

"Nonsense, Braithwaite. It isn't slander saying what you've heard to your lawyer. I'm Arncliff's lawyer. I could not, and would not, be witness against him."

"Hes ta heard any one else say such things?"

"I'm not varry likely to tell thee now what I hev heard. But it is easy to see that there is something more than usual at Bradley, and of course people, knowing how I stand to Bradley, will ask me questions. I think it's only fair that I should know how to answer them."

"Now thou talks common sense. If any one asks you where Mr. Joe is, tell them he is with his godfather, Samuel Yorke, of Spinning-Jenny Street, Manchester. They'll mebbe ask, too, why he is there, and ta can tell them he hes gone to learn Yorke's business. Thou can add thet his awn family approve he hes done, and thet I hev promised to tak' his place as far as I can, till he gets through his 'prenticeship. If they want to know any more, send 'em to me. I'm none too old to thresh a few ideas into their bones, that won't go in through their ears.

"Mrs. Braithwaite, at any rate, seems quite happy and satisfied."

"Mrs. Braithwaite is an extraordinary woman, sir. How owd Bradley iver came to have such a daughter caps me. She must hev taken after t' mother. And Mrs. Braithwaite is quite set up with her husband's energy, and his determination to go in for making money."

"Still, you can't help people wondering why Mr. Joe did not go to his own father, if he wanted to be a spinner."

"Nobody can help being born meddlers and foolish busybodies. Does ta think I want another woollen mill so near my awn? Does ta think I want my son for a business rival? Does ta think I want to hear old customers say, 'If ta can't let me hev this yarn at such a figure, I sall go to thy son for it?' But a cotton mill! That is thread of a different colour. I'd like to hev a cotton mill

about as far off as Bradley. It won't do me a mite o' harm. It will be rather a good thing for my property; it'll raise t' price of it, and I hev, as ta knows, a goodish bit o' property in that direction."

"Mr. Braithwaite, give me your hand. You are the most far-seeing and sensible man I happen to hev among my clients and acquaintances. I respect you, sir."

"I thought ta would choose to find out t' truth about me, some-day or other. Now we'll walk a bit down t' park. I want to hev a talk wi' thee about it." Rather reluctantly Perkins acquiesced. He did not relish this interference, but if Amos was acting for the lady of the manor he was in no way over-stepping his power; and it became Perkins' duty to listen to his instructions. Still, Amos was undoubtedly irritating. He was not conscious of his authoritative air, nor of that excessive faithfulness to Edith's interests which was natural to the newness of his relationship to her; but Perkins was conscious of it. In his heart he was calling him very uncomplimentary things as they returned from their walk.

It was then twilight, and they met Edith in the hall as they entered it.

"Go into the parlour, Mr. Perkins," she said; "we shall have tea directly; and, father, you must please come with me a few minutes."

She put her arm through that of Amos and took him with her up the stairway. Perkins stood a moment, watching with amazement and some scorn, the old man's excessive politeness, and the air of pride and satisfaction which he unconsciously betrayed. Then he sat down in the parlour, and watched the footman bring in some exquisite tea-cups of royal Worcester upon a silver salver. He reflected, that though he had frequently taken tea at Bradley, the royal Worcester had never been brought out in his honour. The circumstance, slight as it was, gave him the key of the position. It was evident that Amos had come to Bradley as a favoured ruler, and that it would be to his interest to endorse all that Amos desired. Since he could not supersede him, the next best move was to work with him.

In the meantime Edith had taken Amos to a large, lovely room, profusely ornamented, and draped with pale pink. In the very centre of it stood a little cot, a drift of snowy linen and lace, and fast asleep within it the loveliest of babies.

"Look at little Joe, father!"

"My word! Hey, Edith, he is a beauty!"

And the proud mother, and equally proud grandfather, stood silent a few minutes before the small monarch, and then tip-toed themselves gently out of his presence. The innocent babe, the lovely mother, the shrewd, world-worn old man—what telling contrasts they unconsciously made!

After tea, Perkins rose to depart. "Take a seat in my gig," said Amos. "We'll tie thy horse behind it."

"Father, you are surely not going to Bevin to-night?"

"Why, yes, my lass. I niver thought of any other thing, but going back to-night."

"But I must go to church to-morrow; I was not there last Sunday, and I really cannot go unless you go with me."

"Oh, but ta knows, I niver go to church. I hev got out of t' way of such doings. Aunt Martha will go wi' thee, I'll warrant."

"I shall go to t' Wesleyan Chapel, Amos. It is thy place to go wi' Edith. I don't see how ta can get off going."

Perkins was listening with an amused face to this discussion, and his smile decided Amos. "Varry well," he answered, "I'll go; I'm t' right person to go, I dare say, and there's varry few that wouldn't like to be in my place, I'm sure."

"So Perkins rode home alone, and the next morning Amos escorted his daughter-in-law to Bradley Church. They made a little sensation when they entered, for Amos Braithwaite was a well-known man, even far beyond Bradley. And he was, also, a much respected man. His public and commercial character stood very high, and his domestic and religious character was so comfortably negative that no one felt compelled to regard him through it.

Perhaps the service did not do him much good, as it only intensified his complacent satisfaction with himself; but he paid scrupulous attention to it, and he left a golden token of his presence in the offertory plate, which was gratifying to the churchwardens. As he was coming out of church, while waiting in the crowded porch for the Bradley carriage, he had one of those small social triumphs to which he was keenly sensitive. The Hon. Mr. Latrays, M.P., for whose election Amos had done a great deal, came forward and accosted him with much apparent pleasure. Edith asked the stranger to dinner, and the invitation was at once accepted; and it is certain that things of far greater importance would not have given Amos half the pleasure that driving away with the M. P. by his side did.

It was a Sunday full of satisfaction to him. Mr. Latrays remained all night at Bradley, and on Monday morning went back to Pevin with Amos, in order to examine some improvements in the machinery of Bevin mill. They had had long and delightful discussions on all the subjects so perennially interesting to men of the world. Amos had again done himself justice, and had been complimented on his noble daughter and grandson, and almost extravagantly so upon the extraordinary self-denial of his energetic son.

"How few men in England, owning a place like this," said Mr. Latrays, with a grand sweep of his white hand—"how few men would ever have thought of learning the working-man's needs and feelings by entering personally into his labours and limitations. Your son will make an irresistible Radical candidate, sir, I assure you."

This was a view of Joe's conduct which had never before struck his father, but he immediately recognized its importance, though

he contented himself with looking wise and sympathetic, and saying nothing. For he remembered that Perkins had once spoken of Joe running on the Radical side of politics, and he admitted to himself that Perkins was a far-seeing man, with a faculty of allying himself with good fortune, and drifting towards successful sides.

Aunt Martha's departure followed close on that of Amos. She had determined to sell her furniture and go back to Bevin Hall. "I lived with him twenty years, and I can live with him twenty more," she said to Edith. "Besides, I hev thee to help me, now, and when thou says yes he seems to hev forgotten to say no, though contradiction used to be natural as breathing to him."

"And you will not be so lonely, Aunt Martha, for little Joe and I will come every week to see you; and also you will be among all your old acquaintances at Market Bevin."

"I hev been a bit lonely sometimes," said Martha.

"And in any dispute I shall always agree with you. When there are two women against one man, he can't impose very much on either of them."

"As to that, it's mebbe better to hev one man ordering around than to hev to fight for your own with ivery penny tradesman you deal wi'. I hev hed a hard time wi' butchers, and grocers, and milkmen. At Bevin they know they'll hev to settle wi' Amos, and they're particular both as to quality and quantity. Bless your heart, Edith, there's no one in this world more to be pitied than a lone woman trying to mak' her awn living. If she's clever, all the fools hate her; if she isn't clever, then they cheat her. I've seen worse folks than Amos Braithwaite since I began to tak' lodgers, and I'm not sorry to be going back to Bevin."

"When may I come and see you there?"

"I sud think a week from next Wednesday, I sall hev some comfortable place for thee."

But Martha found things much worse than she had expected. The whole house had to be refurnished, and she was astonished to find that Amos took quite eagerly to the idea. He took pleasant counsel with the two women about it, and let Edith drive him here and there in search of papers, and damasks, and new ornaments. In a few weeks the old house was thoroughly renovated and refurnished, and Edith could go there and drink tea in as handsome a parlour and out of as exquisite china as at Bradley.

In the same interval, Joe and Edith were getting into closer sympathy with each other than they had ever before known. Long, loving letters, in which each told the other, not only the minutest incidents of their daily lives, but also their struggles with discouragements, weariness, their longings, resolves, successes and failures; led them gradually to understand how much of nobility there had been in each heart, unguessed by the other. Every such letter was a link of the chain binding them more closely together. They grew familiar with each other, accus-

tomed to saying affectionate words, not ashamed to confess how sadly they had undervalued their past, how eagerly they looked forward to their future. Joe was as anxious for his letters as the most eager lover, and though Samuel Yorke had been quite right in saying that Joe would be too tired to want anything but his bed, he nevertheless found writing to his wife as refreshing as sleep.

After a while, Edith began to read portions of Joe's letters, describing his life and work, to Amos as he smoked his pipe by the parlour fire, or strolled with her in the garden after dinner. They were certainly very fine letters, and both the wife and father grew to wonderfully respect the writer. Edith always praised them extravagantly; Amos said very little, but as he stroked his chin complacently he congratulated himself upon having such a remarkably clever son.

One day, Joe had been sent to Liverpool to buy cotton. He had gone frequently with his godfather, but this time he had been trusted to use his own judgment. The result had been very satisfactory; and Joe's letter described so vividly the cotton exchange, with its crowd of eager merchants and cautious buyers, that Edith could not wait for her usual visit. She ordered her carriage and went at once to Bevin Hall.

Amos was much impressed by the letter, for he knew, if Yorke trusted Joe to buy cotton, he had great reliance on his abilities, and the witty, pithy descriptions of life and character interested him very much. When Edith had left, he remained a long time silent, occasionally lifting his eyes to Martha, who was busy hemming some of the fine damask just bought. Finally, he took his pipe from his mouth, and said:

"Martha, we hev been a bit in t' dark about Joe. He seems to be a varry unusual young man."

"Speak for thysen, Amos. I allays said Joe was a varry unusual young man. If he sud go to Parliament and sit at t' Queen's right hand, I sud not feel a bit of surprise at it."

"Joe tak's after me a good deal. I used to hev just such ideas about men and things as he hes."

"Thee!"

"To be sure I hed. But I niver hed any education, and I couldn't write them down on paper, and I niver hed any one to talk to."

"Tell the truth, Amos. Thou wert far too busy making money to either write or talk; and if such thoughts iver did come into thy head, thou sent them packing to the tune of £. s. d. I'll warrant thou did."

"I say Joe takes after me, Martha."

"Joe takes after his mother. He's got all t' talents he hes from her."

"I say Joke takes after me."

"When he settles down to money-making, he will take after thee; not until then, Amos."

XIV.—CALUMNY.

"There's noan sa blind but they can see
Sum fawts i' other men;
I've sometime met wi' folk 'at thought
They saw sum i' theirsen."

Occupation is the best armour of the soul, and these affairs had kept Edith busy during the first weeks of her separation from Joe. At the very time when that fateful journey to Manchester took place, she had been trying to decide upon some plan for the summer.

But the first decision Edith came to, when she was left to her own decisions, was, that she must remain in her home. Under her own roof, with such protection as her husband's relatives could give her, she felt sure no one would dare to interfere in her personal affairs or darken her good name.

Her very position made her fearless of offence on this ground. Over her manor her sway was in a measure absolute. No one had ever presumed to discuss her doings. Even her marriage had provoked no adverse criticisms. She could scarcely imagine people interfering in her private affairs, much less making her in any way conscious that they had been guilty of such presumption.

And in another way, Amos was quite as proud and comfortable. It was a well understood thing in his circle that those who meddled with Amos Braithwaite would be apt to get more than they looked for. Amos never forgave such interferences, and he had arrived at a position which generally enabled him to make prompt and severe reprisals. If Luke Bradley had been alive in those days, he would have found a quarrel with Amos Braithwaite a very serious matter. So Amos, during these summer months, had gone on re-furnishing his house, and devoting all his spare hours to his daughter-in-law, without any idea that people were expressing themselves in no very flattering terms concerning them.

True, Perkins had told him what Arncliff had said, and even intimated that others had ventured on similar opinions; but Amos had understood that all such adverse criticism referred to Joe; and he was not very sure but Joe deserved it; though he always concluded such a private admission with the muttered threat—"Let me hear tell o' them saying aught against Joe. My word! but I'll mak' 'em sorry for it."

However, when the summer was over, when the rector and his wife returned from Norway, and Lady Wilson from the Rhine, and Lady Charlton from the Scotch Highlands, and other lesser social lights from the English watering places, it was not long before Edith was compelled to notice how far she had fallen in the sight of such exclusives.

And, as it happened, the first Sunday when Edith met all these

adverse critics in church, was just the very first Sunday Amos had been prevented from accompanying her. She had become by this time so accustomed to Joe's absence that it had ceased to be a matter of consideration with her how it affected others than herself. She had not even now the slightest objection to appear in her pew alone. She was perfectly satisfied with the position and prospects of her affairs, and she had quite forgotten, or quite ignored, the fact that society considered she owed some explanation, perhaps even some apology to it, for circumstances so unusual. Coming out of church, the rector's wife was the first of her own set whom she encountered. But she dropped her short sentence as if each word had been iced, and turned away with an "excuse me," which palpably meant, "I consider your attentions something very like an impertinence."

Many eyes had watched this interview. It was rigidly copied by some, while others took it as a license for still more marked disapproval, so that the aisle and porch of Bradley Church was a place of intolerable humiliation to Edith that day.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she cried in the solitude to which her wounded feelings drove her,—"Oh, Joe, Joe, if you had been here!"

For long it was all she could say, all she could think of, if only Joe had been there. And it is in precisely such trials as these that women suffer without help. Even very good women, socially wronged and humiliated, do not feel as if they have any right to carry such troubles to the ear of God Almighty. A sort of false shame holds them back. "How can God care whether Mrs. A—— or Lady B—— speaks to me or not?" If Edith had put her thoughts into words, they would have been on that wise.

But God does care. No matter how small the thorn that hurts the feet of His child, He cares about the wound. He knows that it is precisely these small thorns that cause the bitterest, often the most depressing, suffering.

So Edith chafed and suffered all that day, as she had never suffered in her life before. Yet, though she wrote a long letter to Joe, she had the wisdom and patience to say nothing of her trouble. Her heart ached for his love and his protection, but why should she ask him to leave plans and projects for their future which were full of profit and pleasure? She would not trouble herself, and certainly she would not trouble Joe about their liking or their disliking.

Still, she did not sleep at all that night; and the whispering of evil thought about her made her ears tingle and her heart ache. Edith knew, as certainly as if she had been actually present, how her name and her affairs were thrown from one spiteful mouth to another.

It was a dreary day, also, one of those wet days which at the end of September are so unspeakably dreary. The servants who had been going out were disappointed, and they contrived to infuse some of their own discontent through all the house.

"What a perfectly wretched day it has been!" said Edith, as she at length recognized the fact that the whole cross, weary

household had gone to sleep. "To-morrow morning, wet or fine, I shall go and tell father every thing. There is one comfort about him; he always knows what to do, and he is not afraid to do it."

The next morning was bright and lovely, with just a suspicion of frost in the air. Edith had partially recovered her mental strength and tone; and her rich and careful toilet was in sympathy with the mood of self-assertion which had followed her collapse of the previous day.

When she arrived at Bevin Hall it was about noon. A few minutes after Edith's arrival, he came in dusty and hungry, and in one of his crossest moods.

"Oh," said Edith, rising up impetuously, "I am so glad to see you, father."

"Happen ta is, but, to tell t' truth, I'm none so glad to see thee at this time of t' day. My mind is full o' yarns and Israel Sutcliffe. Sutcliffe has been up to meanness, and I'll hev to teach him that honesty is t' best policy, even if a man thinks of it as low down as that."

"I am sorry you are busy, for I am in trouble, and I counted on your help."

"Why, then, folks that count on me aren't apt to find me worth naught. Whativer trouble is ta in now? Joe and thee again?"

"Father! Joe never gave me any trouble."

"Oh, he didn't! Then I'm far mistaken. I might hev known, though, thou would go back on me. That's what folks get, and deserve to get, who meddle with man and wife. Who's troubling thee, then? Perkins, I'll be bound. If it's him, he'd better take care; I'd like a fight wi' him, oncommon well."

"It is not Perkins, father. It is the rector's wife, and Lady Wilson, and Lady Charlton, and Mrs. Lumley, and Mrs. Pennington—"

"Will ta be quiet? What am I to do between thee and a lot o' women? I know a deal better than to touch a job o' that kind."

"But you must make them behave themselves, father."

Then Amos laughed with a heartiness that finally made both Martha and Edith join him. "Mak' t' rector's wife, and Sir Thomas Wilson's wife, and Major Pennington's wife, and Squire Lumley's wife behave themselves! Why, my lass, I niver managed to mak' my own wife do as I wanted her to do, and—"

"Thou had better say nothin' about my sister Ann, Amos."

"And how does ta think I can manage other men's wives? Thet is a bit o' wool above my spinning, Edith, or mebbe I'd like to try it."

"Listen, father." Then she described to him, as well as she could, the ordeal through which she had been made to pass on the previous day; and soon she saw from the gathering colour in his face, and the quick, passionate flashes in his eyes, that he was catching fire at her anger.

He was eating his dinner as he listened, a process usually thought to induce kindly feeling; but Amos rose from the table

full of wrath. And when Edith added, with a look of reproachful love, "You see, father, it is partly your fault, because if you had been with me no one would have dared even an insulting glance." Amos was deeply roused.

"My lass," he answered, "I'm sorry I didn't let ivery thing go, and tak' thee to church, as I sud hev done. And thou art right; I'll tak' varry good care neither man nor woman insults thee as long as I hev t' charge in Joe's place. Go thy ways home, and do just as thou hes allays done; and go wheriver ta likes to go, and leave t' rest to me. My word! If they want to talk badly about thee, they'll hev to pay a high figure for it—thet is their husbands will, for I'll tak' it out o' them ivery way. I'll warrant I can mak' both a horse-whip and a lawyer's bill varry unpleasant things."

Then he went off to his mill again, and the man who was wanting time on his yarns, and the hands whose pieces had a flaw in them, had a bad settlement that afternoon with Amos.

That night he was usually silent over his pipe, but Martha let him alone. She knew that sooner or later he would seek her advice. About eight o'clock he sent a note to Perkins, and then he turned to her and said,

"Martha, thou ought to know what mak' of stuff is in women. What does ta think they hev been saying about our Edith?"

"Why then, Amos, I don't hev to guess what they hev been saying. Eliza Yates hes a sister living at Lady Charlton's; and Eliza heard a good bit from her."

"Does ta mind telling me?"

"Why, Amos, there's no good in repeating ill words."

"I'll be bound thou repeated them to Edith?"

"No, I didn't. What does ta tak' me for? Does ta think thou hes a monopoly of all t' sense and kindness there is in this part o' Yorkshire? But if ta wants to know how women talk, I'll tell thee. One said there was no wonder that Edith and thee suited each other so well, two bad-tempered, self-willed tyrants that niver let poor Joe Braithwaite hev a thought o' his own nor a half-penny o' his own to spend.

"They ought to be ashamed o' themselves! Such lies."

"They said, too, that thou hed driven Joe from Bevin, and that Edith had driven him from Bradley."

"As if Joe was such a feather-weight fool as to be driven from pillar to post by an owd father and a young wife—he would deserve it."

"Driven from both places wi' tempers, and black looks, and ordering ways as no man could stand."

"Well then, aught else?"

"Ay, Jeremiah Wade told some one, who told Major Pennington, that he had been in Samuel Yorke's factory, and hed seen Joe in a flannel shirt and blue apron, working in a dye-vat—and his wife living in t' lap o' luxury, as they say—and such and such like."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, it's all nonsense. Ta knows Eliza heard some queer talk about thy friend Mr. Latrays being there so often; and Mr. Latrays hed said in a room full o' company at Sir Thomas Wilson's that he considered Mrs. Joe Braithwaite a most remarkably beautiful woman."

"Ay, that 'ud hurt 'em badly, no doubt. So she is! A most remarkably beautiful woman. Mr. Latray thinks right. He thinks as I do. So Mr. Latrays said she was beautiful, right to their faces. He shall hev my vote as long as I live.

"And ta sees, Amos, he kind o' slighted other ladies in praising her so much; and people thought it varry improper of him. It was foolish, I'll say that mysen."

"It was honest, and true, and friend-like. If Jack Latrays wants a thousand pounds for his next election he can hev it."

"People thought his praise of her very improper, Edith being, they said, as good, or as bad, as a deserted wife."

"Deserted wife, indeed! She nowt of t' sort! I'll mak' them eat their own words, and it will be a meal as will mak' them a bit sick, I think. What else did they say?"

"Well, they gave thee thy character too. Lady Charlton thought there had been a mistake, and that Edith would hev done better if she hed married t' father instead of t' son. Oh, ta knows how they would talk, what's t' good of saying more?"

"No, thet's enough, I'm sure! Did ta hear tell of t' men saying either this or that?"

"Squire Lumley said Edith had a temper like that biting, kicking hunter of his that he calls Satan, but I know how that comes. He hed too much wine at t' last Hunt Ball, and he spoke to Edith, and she said a few words to him that he well deserved from every woman. But he is taking it out of her to-day."

"Never mind! I'll tak' it out o' him to-morrow. He went off this summer about t' time Joe went, and he doesn't know, happen, that Edith hes me at her back. But I hev some paper o' his, and I know where to buy plenty more, and if he doesn't mind I'll hang a red flag out o' his windows varry soon. Men that owe money should keep a civil tongue in their heads. I'll teach Lumley that lesson, if he niver learns another."

THE MOMENTS.

THE past is beyond control;
Leave it and go thy way;
To-morrow gives no pledge to thee;
Thy hope lies in to-day.

Even to-day is not all thine;
Its ending none can tell.
God gives the moments one by one;
Take them and use them well.

OUR SABBATH.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE Sabbath in this country is no better kept than it should be; indeed, so far from this being the case, there are many things connected with it which call for humiliation and reform. There is, no doubt, much labour performed on the Sabbath that might be avoided, and classes of toiling people are deprived, either in whole or in part, of the rest and the religious privileges which they have a right to enjoy on that day. But in comparison with other countries, while we have no cause for pharisaical self-laudation, we have a right to be devoutly thankful for the manner in which the divine institution is observed among us. There is nothing in this country, and especially in this city, which makes so deep and favourable an impression upon the minds of visitors from abroad, and sojourners among us, as the comparatively orderly and quiet character of our Sunday, and the largeness of the proportion of our people who, as a consequence of this, are found attending the places of worship. There is probably no other country under the sun that is so well supplied as this is with churches, and, so far as we are aware, there is none where they are so well filled every Lord's day. And this is doubtless owing, more largely than to anything else, to the reverence in which this sacred day is held among us.

But eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty—as it was affirmed to be by a distinguished statesman,—but of everything else in this world, that is of real value and importance. This is true of the Sabbath, which is fraught with so many and such incomparable blessings. If we are to keep it, it must be sacredly guarded; and this is rendered all the more necessary by the very progress of the age, and the circumstances of the times. A larger proportion of the western world, especially, live on water and on wheels than ever before. Steamboats and railroads have interlaced and bound together distant localities and communities, and made them reciprocally dependent upon one another to an extent that was never realized before. The life-blood of commerce flowing through these great arteries and veins becomes almost too imperative in its flow to be interrupted in deference to any institution, whether human or divine. The moving mass includes not only the perishable but the living, and rapid transit is not only a matter of convenience, but often a matter of necessity, in order to avoid loss and to prevent suffering. And mammon, ever on the alert to find means to further its own interests and accomplish its own designs, is prompt to take advantage of these works of mercy and of necessity to get a great deal done upon the Sabbath that is neither merciful nor necessary.

The result is that Sabbath observance is no longer the simple question with us that it once was. It has come to partake to a greater extent than ever before of the general complexity of our social and commercial life. In order, therefore, to deal with it as it should be dealt with, requires a degree of intelligent discrimination which it never called for before. And both the delicacy and the difficulty of the problem is increased by our international relations. Our great railways and canals, though theoretically ours, practically, scarcely belong less to our neighbours than they do to ourselves. And, of course, international courtesy requires in the arrangement of a matter in which they are interested almost equally with ourselves, that they should have something to say. The transmission of mails, though not perhaps a matter of necessity, is a matter of such urgency that it is not easy for those in authority to resist the pressure brought

upon them to provide for it on the Sabbath as on other days of the week. Then, furnishing the regular food supply for the great cities, as, for example, the supply of milk, creates a sort of *quasi* necessity for the means of transit at least in the early hours of the Lord's-day. Then the enormous extent of our modern cities—a matter which is only beginning to touch us in this country—raises the clamour for cheap and expeditious means of communication on all days of the week.

These are only a few of the perplexing elements which have been imported into this difficult question by the progress of events. They are mentioned here not for the purpose of entering upon their discussion, but simply to indicate the perplexity of the problem, and the intelligent discrimination required in its practical solution. At the same time, what has been said shows the many points at which encroachments may be, and are likely to be, made upon the sanctity of the Sabbath, and which must be carefully and sacredly guarded if this part of our glorious heritage is to be preserved in its integrity.

Of course, the State can do but little in respect to this matter without the Church. Besides, there is an aspect of the Sabbath with which the Government of the country has nothing to do. It is the duty of the State to guard the rights and privileges of all classes of the people, among the rest the right to rest on one day out of seven, and to spend it as their respective consciences may dictate, without suffering loss of employment or any other disability on account of their so doing. And the legislation which has taken place during the last few years in this Province, and the bill bearing upon this subject, introduced into the Dominion Parliament by Mr. Charlton, though its consideration was unfortunately postponed in consequence of the pressure of other matters, show that our public men are alive to this matter, and if they do not always act with the promptness and decision with which they ought to act, it is probably because there is not, or they think there is not, the degree of intelligent conviction on the subject that there should be. Under a representative form of government, such as ours is, it is useless to expect the men in authority to go farther in these matters than the sentiment and feeling of the people will warrant them in going. And it is the function of the Church to form that state of public opinion which will furnish the right sort of legislation on this and all other matters in which morals are concerned.

Besides, the religious observance of the Sabbath is a matter which belongs exclusively to the Church. With it the State has no right to meddle. The more these two great forces are kept within their own respective spheres the better will it be for both the one and the other, and the more likely are the great interests committed to their charge respectively to be effectually promoted. We are pleased, therefore, to observe that the Ministerial Association of this city, instead of consenting to bring pressure upon the Government in order to have street parades, with brass bands and other noisy demonstrations on Sunday, prevented by law, resolved to bring the full power of the pulpit to bear upon the subject, taking it for granted that if the Government did not go as far as it ought in this matter, the cause was not in any disinclination on the part of the men entrusted with the management of our public affairs, but in the apathy of the people. It was a happy thought with the Association to set apart a day for the special discussion of this important subject, and we venture to believe that, in this, it has set an example worthy of being followed in other localities. The simultaneous presentation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and its proper observance, to the Christian congregations of the entire community, if it is done with intelligence and earnestness, can scarcely fail to produce a profound impression. But whether it is done simultaneously or not, the pulpits of the land must give no uncertain sound upon this subject, and it must be set prominently before the people

ever and anon if our Sabbath is to continue what it has been, and especially if it is to be so improved as to become all that it should be.

In the cities of the United States the sanctity of the Sabbath has had no greater enemy than the Sunday newspapers, occupying the hours of the sacred day, and flooding the minds of their readers with secular thought. We are, fortunately, free from this evil—long may we remain so. The running of the street cars on the Lord's-day, under the specious plea of facilitating attendance at the house of God, there is reason to believe, would be used chiefly as a means for godless amusement. With the wide distribution of churches throughout our cities, the need of street cars for that purpose is quite unnecessary.

Few things will so contribute to break down character and estrange from moral living, and from the house of God, as a neglect to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Under the plea of business necessity, in some places the post office is opened for at least a part of the Sabbath. That this plea is utterly groundless may be seen from the fact that in London, the commercial metropolis of the world, the post office is closed, the letter carrier enjoys his day of rest, and, so far as mail delivery is concerned, the busy wheels of work stand still. If this can be done in London, where is it that it cannot be done? There is an injustice to God-fearing men who wish to keep holy the Sabbath in opening the post office on that day. If the mails are delivered, the unscrupulous merchant, who has no respect for the commandment of God, has the advantage of being able to forestall his more scrupulous fellow merchant, and—so keen is the competition of modern trade—of tempting him to adopt the same business methods, to the breaking down of other religious barriers and institutions. The best friend of the workingman is he who most strictly seeks to maintain the sanctity of the Sabbath. If its hours of rest be invaded on the plea of giving him recreation and pleasure, soon the greed of mammon will seek to employ those sacred hours in the drudgery of toil.

There is a moral sublimity in the fact that throughout our land on the blessed seventh day the weary wheels of toil stand still and attest the recognition of the divinely appointed day of rest, a day set apart for the moral and physical welfare of man, as well as for the worship of Almighty God.

WILL O' THE WISP.

BY H. STAFFORD.

The night had entered through the open gate
That Eastward stands eternally ajar
To Light and Darkness, and a traveller,
Lost from the beaten track, was wandering late
In the black wilderness. He paused to wait
The fortunate coming of some shining star
Or crescent moon, when, weirdly, from afar
The Will o' the Wisp allured him to his fate.

The sky, alas, is full of evil lamps,
And life of ill philosophies and creeds,
As false as that torch in the dismal swamps:
Ye who find life a losing of the way
Be falsely guided not, but wait the Day,
Though long in coming, for it only truly leads.

CHICAGO, 1890.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, NEW YORK.

BY EDWARD BARRASS, D.D.

METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, NEW YORK.

THE history of Methodism in the New World is replete with interest. Its progress has been marvellous, and its present position may well call forth the inquiry, "What hath God wrought?" Among all the factors which have contributed to the success of Methodism, not the least important is the Book Concern.

This institution was commenced in 1789. The first Book Steward, as the agent was then called, was John Dickens, who began the enterprise with a capital of $600, of which he was the lender. Philadelphia was the seat of the "Concern," but for some time its career was far from successful, inasmuch as that at the end of nine years debt had accumulated to the amount of $4,500 and at the same time Mr. Dickens died. No blame was attached to him for the lack of success.

Rev. Ezekiel Cooper was elected successor to Mr. Dickens and found himself in an unenviable position, but in two years he reduced the debt one-half. Some wanted the "Concern" to be removed to Baltimore, and doubtless would have succeeded, but for the opposition of Mr. Cooper, who did not want to remain in the city of Brotherly Love, where he had endured much anxiety, but had succeeed not only in making the Concern solvent, but had secured a net capital to meet all demands.

New York was chosen as the home of the Book Concern, but it does not appear that any of the citizens of the "empire city" were anxious about receiving it. The "Concern" has now become one of Mammoth dimensions, but for several years it was only a sojourner and had no certain dwelling-place. In 1830 five lots were purchased in Mulberry Street, on which premises were built, which were occupied from 1833 until 1869, and was continued as a printing-house until 1890. In three years after the Mulberry House was opened it was burned to the ground at a loss of $250,000. Only a small amount of insurance money was received, but the Methodist people

contributed $89,996.98 to aid in erecting a new structure.

From this time the "Concern" has had a career of unparalleled prosperity. In 1820 a branch house was opened in Cincinnati, which was a small room fifteen by twenty feet; the agent combined in himself the functions of manager, buyer, stock-keeper, salesman, entry-clerk, book-keeper, packer, and shipping clerk." In 1839, this house was made independent of New York House, and is now known as the "Western Book Concern," with depositories at Chicago and St. Louis. The Western House has had its share of disasters. It lost by fire in Chicago in 1871, $102,221.48, and paid as the result of the suit of the Methodist Episcopal Church South $92,926.61. It now has a net capital of $739,161.18, and during the last quadrennium the sales amounted to $2,582,464.91.

The New York Book Concern has has had more than twenty agents, all of whom, except Dr. Lanahan and the present incumbents, are dead. Five of the number became Bishops. All were ministers except one, the late Mr. J. M. Phillips, who, with the exception of Rev. T. Charlton, was the longest in office.

It has sometimes been said that the Methodist Episcopal Church has been exceedingly wise in its selection of men for the office of Bishop. Of all the honoured men who have held the office of Bishop not one has ever been charged with the smallest breach of morality. No stain has ever been brought upon the Church by any act of personal indiscretion. A similar remark might truthfully be made respecting the Book Agents. Considering that with one exception they were all taken from the ministerial ranks, it is marvellous that they have displayed such rare business ability. The wonderful success of the "Concern" is largely to be attributed to the business talents of the honoured men who have sustained the position of book agents.

So far as we know there has always been the best of understanding between the agents, of whom there have always been two since 1804. During one period an unhappy difference broke out between the incumbents which occasioned much strife and litigation and led to a lengthened controversy in the Church. The referee to whom the whole business was consigned for thorough examination, reported that only in one department "were there irregularities and evidences of slight loss," and he was of opinion that "it is a matter of wonder that in so large business as the "Book Concern" has been doing for so many years, the frauds and irregularities after scrutinizing examinations are so small—smaller than would be found, on the average in houses of equal business and employing as many persons."

The "Concern" has depositories in the following cities: Boston, Pittsburg, Buffalo, San Francisco, Syracuse, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburgh and Detroit, besides those heretofore named connected with Western House. In addition to all these there are numerous book-stores sanctioned by the annual Conferences where all the publications of the "Book Concern" are always kept for sale, so that every means is adopted to circulate good books and spread religious knowledge among the people.

The object contemplated by establishing the "Book Concern" was not primarily to make money, though money has been made. The capital has increased since 1836, from $281,650.74 to $1,653,197.76, in addition to which more than $2,000,000 have been paid to various objects by order of the General Conference, which would make the total profits amount to $3,371,567.02. Including the two houses, the profits have exceeded $4,000,000 since 1836. One writer questions "whether there is a religious publishing establishment in the world that can furnish such a record."

A fear of extending this paper beyond a reasonable limit compels the writer to omit many valuable statistics respecting the "Concern," but, the reader may consult this MAGAZINE for April, 1890, page 379, where he will find much interesting information.

The year 1888 will be memorable in the annals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as at the General Conference of that year the corner-stone of the grand building was laid which is now known as the headquarters of Methodism in New York, situated on Fifth Avenue.

The magnificent structure "is a solid building of granite, brick and iron." It has been erected at the cost of $1,000,000 (including cost of site) by money received by the sale of the premises on Mulberry Street, and Broadway. The Missionary Society has its offices here. All the publications such as Christian Advocates, Sunday-school publications, Methodist Review, and all the volumes of books are edited, printed and bound in this establishment, and on the day when it was dedicated there was not one cent of debt to trouble the agents, so that with the unparalleled facilities for publishing valuable literature may we not hope that there will go forth from this important centre a constant stream of pure intelligence which will be felt to the ends of the earth for generations yet to come.

The writer of this paper acknowledges his indebtedness to several articles in the *Methodist Review*, also to Atkinson's "Centennial History of Methodism."

THE FOUNDERS OF CANADA.*

It is somewhat remarkable that one of the most voluminous of historical works ever written is devoted to the period of the French *regime* in Canada. The noble series of books enumerated below is not exceeded in extent nor, we think, in fidelity to truth, in careful research, in ability and interest by the great works of Gibbon, Grote, Hume, Macaulay, and several others of the master-pieces of history. Every Canadian, who can afford the time and the modest cost of the books, should study the fascinating story of the founding of Canada by the brave pioneers of empire whom the genius of Parkman has made to live and move and act again in the pages of these goodly volumes. We have in previous numbers of this MAGAZINE reviewed most of this series, except the volume on Frontenac, to which we purpose to give a brief space. The success of the book is shown by the fact that the copy before us is the eighteenth edition.

Frontenac was one of the most conspicuous actors in the long conflict between France and England for the possession of the New World. He played his part in one of the most critical periods of that conflict, the latter quarter of the seventeenth century. He was a soldier, of old and noble family, brave but haughty, and alternately condescending and overbearing, generous and violent, pious and vindictive. His imperious temper soon involved him in disputes with Laval, now raised to the dignity of bishop, and with the Intendant, and rendered his whole administration of tumult and strife. The chief glory of Frontenac's administration was the spirit of daring exploration and discovery by which it was characterized. The pathfinders

* *France and England*, in the New World, by FRANCIS PARKMAN.

1. The Pioneers of France in the New World.
2. The Old Regime in Canada.
3. Jesuits in North America.
4. La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.
5. Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.
6. Montcalm and Wolfe. 2 vols.
7. Conspiracy of Pontiac. 2 vols. each.
8. The Oregon Trail.

The Series of 10 vols , 8vo, cloth, in box, $15.

Boston: Little & Brown. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

of empire in the New World were the Jesuit missionaries. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over this great continent from the forests of Maine to the Rocky Mountains, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi. Paddling all day in their bark canoes, sleeping at night on the moss-covered rock, toiling over rugged portages or through pathless forests, pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold; often dependent for sustenance on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their name; lodging in Indian wigwams, whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes, and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; they yet persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, the avancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

During the ten years of Frontenac's first colonial administration, his haughty and overbearing manners involved him in perpetual disputes with the Bishop, the Intendant, the Council, the Jesuits—in fact, with all who opposed his often arbitrary will. He maintained his position chiefly through his relationship to Madame de Maintenon, and through the influence of his wife, a reigning beauty at the court of Louis XIV.

The veteran soldier, now nearly seventy years of age, was reappointed governor in 1684, and was hailed as the deliverer of Canada. He arrived at a critical period. The peril of the colony was increased by the declaration of war between France and England. In midwinter, Frontenac organized three expeditions to ravage, with fire and sword, the British colonies. In May, 1690, a congress of colonists, the first ever held, assembled at New York to concert a scheme of combined action. A vigorous attack on Canada, both naval and military was devised. Frontenac was now startled at learning that an English fleet under Sir William Phips was carefully sounding its way up the St. Lawrence. Early in the morning of October fifth, the snowy sails of the fleet were seen by the anxious watchers on the ramparts, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levi. Anchoring near the town, Phips sent a haughty summons to surrender in the name of William of Orange, King of England. Led blindfolded into the council chamber of the Chateau of St. Louis, the envoy, laying his watch upon the table, demanded an answer in an hour. "I will answer by the mouth of my cannon," defiantly replied the choleric Frontenac, and he soon opened a damaging fire on the fleet. Phips ineffectively attempted to reply. His assaulting party of twelve hundred men was repulsed with loss. Nine vessels of Phips' squadron were wrecked in his retreat. This signal victory was commemorated by a medal bearing the inscription FRANCIA IN NOVO ORBE VICTRIX, KEBECA LIBERATA, A.D. MDCXC; and by the erection of a church dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire," still standing in the Lower Town.

With the aid of their Iroquois allies the English made another dash at Montreal, and the remorseless savages infested the French settlements along the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence, and the Ottawa. A reign of terror and sorrow, of desolation and death prevailed. "No Frenchman shall have leave to cut a stick," threatened the revengeful Mohawks; "they shall find no quiet even in their graves,"—and to a fearful degree they made good their threats. Along the frontier every house was a fortress, and every household was an armed garrison. Many were the deeds of daring done by lone women in defence of their hearths and babes, and pitiful the sufferings they endured. The footprints of civilization were marked with blood. The deadly ambush lurked on every side, and the death-dealing bullet from the unerring marksman concealed in the thicket menaced the starving peasant if he attempted to sow or reap his scanty acres. The culture of the soil was impossible, and famine threatened the land. In both New England and New France a lavish paper

currency was issued, and crippled trade languished almost to extinction. Society was returning to a state of savagery. Christian men, despising the vast heritage of virgin soil with which the great All-Father had dowered His children, red or white, in their mutual jealousy, and hatred, and unhallowed greed for gain, hounded their savage allies at each others' throats, and, a tariff of prizes was offered for human scalps —from ten to fifty louis by the English, from ten to twenty by the French. Amid such horrors were the foundations of the Canadian nationality laid.

The treaty of Ryswick, signed September twentieth, 1697, put an end to the war in the Old World and the New, and restored to France and England the respective possessions held at its outbreak. The bloodshed and pillage, the wretchedness and ruin of eight long years counted for nothing; and the irrepressible conflict for the possession of a continent had to be fought over again and again. Frontenac soon after died at Quebec in the seventy-eighth year of his age. He was respected or admired by his friends for his energy and daring of character, and feared or hated by his enemies—and he had many—for his stern and haughty manners and cruel temper in war. His lot was cast in troublous times, and he had at least the merit of preserving to France the colony which he found on the very verge of ruin.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The May meetings were numerous and well attended, some travelling hundreds of miles to be present. On behalf of foreign missions, there was the usual Chinese breakfast meeting, the annual missionary meeting in Exeter Hall, at which the opening prayer was offered by the Rev. E. R. Young, and an adjourned meeting was held in City Road Chapel. Preparatory sermons were preached and the claims of missions presented.

It was a matter of universal regret that the income was deficient. Several returned missionaries took part in the various meetings, and related in a graphic manner what was being done in the "regions beyond."

Probably the most enthusiastic May meetings were those held in connection with the "Forward Movement." From some of the speeches made there is evidently great need for the work to be extended. Rev. Peter Thompson said, "that in the whole of England every ninth person who dies is a pauper," in the whole of London every seventh person who dies is a pauper, but in St. Georges-in-the-East, every second person who dies is a pauper, and why, because there is a public-house to every 360 persons."

The Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund is doing a good work. Two chapels have been opened, three re-opened, and three others nearly ready for occupancy, with twelve sites on which to build. In 1861 there were only sixteen commodious metropolitan chapels, now there are ninety-six.

From the returns published respecting the membership of the Church, there is a net increase of 2,573 members. There have been 5,368 deaths; eighty-five young men were recommended as candidates for the ministry.

Rev. Owen Watkins hopes soon to have fifty native students preparing for the work of the ministry in the Transvaal, Africa.

Primitive Methodist.

In eighty years this denomination has reported a decrease of members at twelve of its annual Conferences. To the surprise of everybody, the Conference of 1890 is of the number. Some of the districts report large increases, but these have been more than counterbalanced by heavy decreases in other parts of the Connexion. Several ministers will apply for a superannuated relation at the approaching Conference; some have travelled more than forty years.

The Superannuation Fund is in a perilous condition. Had it not been for the grant of $4,500 received from the Book Room profits it would have been impossible to provide for the deficiency. To place the fund in a safe condition an additional amount of $4,000 is required annually.

During the past ten years $1,688,-545 debt have been paid off the churches. It is estimated that the Connexion owns $17,000,000 of church property.

Mrs. Shaw, of Gateshead, who died a short time ago, bequeathed $5,000 to the Primitive Methodist churches in the locality.

The profits of the Book Room for the past year exceed $20,000, being an advance of the former year.

We are glad to learn that John Cowan, Esq., has been appointed Justice of the Peace. He is the first Nonconformist in the city of Durham who has thus been honoured. The present writer knew him in boyhood.

The last General Mission Committee resolved to procure land for a college in Nanking, China. Noble men in Boston, Mass., intend to provide for the literary department, which they intend to call "Sleeper-Hall," in honour of Hon. Jacob Sleeper. Mrs. Philander Smith, of Oak Park, Ill., intends to erect another building which will be like that already built at the expense of the same lady in Tokyo, Japan.

Bishop Fowler, through whom the Chinese project was inaugurated, has also succeeded most marvellously in educational work in Nebraska, where the Lincoln College now rejoices in a fine paid-for building worth $100,000, a campus of forty acres, not far from the capitol building, and an endowment of $100,000. There are in reserve 500 lots, which may presently yield $750,000 or even more. A gentleman has recently died in Kansas city and left $25,000 on condition that the 500 lots shall be preserved.

Bishop Hurst is actively engaged on behalf of a university at Washington. The Bishops at their late meeting resolved that at least $2,000,000 and suitable buildings should be procured before the university is put in operation.

Methodism has lately made gigantic strides in Michigan. A Deaconess Home, located in the delightful "Cass Farm" region of the city of Detroit, has been formally dedicated. There are four resident deaconesses, with a number of visiting and nurse deaconesses.

At the recent Wyoming Conference Dr. Van Schvick, Presiding Elder, gave the following statistics in proof of the advance made in his district during the previous five years:

"There had been 9,777 conversions; paid for pastors, presiding elders, and bishops, $224,198; paid superannuated preachers, $9,249; for Missions, $45,756; Woman's Foreign and Home Missions, $6,545; Church Extension, Freedmen, Educational, Sunday-school Union, Tracts and Bible Society, $12,731; other collections, $11,777; Sunday-school expenses, $28,171; current expenses, $55,111; building and improving churches and parsonages, $110,324; old indebtedness on churches and parsonages, $59,621; furnishing district parsonages, $392; Preacher's Aid Society, estimated $9,000. Total, $572,872.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The General Conference met during the month of May in St. Louis, which was the eleventh quadrennial gathering of the Church. One of the General Superintendents, Bishop McTyiere, had died since the last General Conference. The Board of Bishops recommended that one

should be elected to fill the vacant place, but the Committee on the Episcopacy thought that two were required. The Conference concurred in this opinion, and Dr. Haygood and Dr. Fitzgerald were duly elected, though neither of them were members of the General Conference. They are both eminently qualified for the important position to which they have been elevated.

For the first time in the history of the Church a fraternal delegate was present from the Parent Body of Methodism, in the person of the Rev. D. J. Waller, who ably represented those who sent him. Rev. Dr. Bristol and ex-Governor Patterson represented the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. S. G. Stone, D.D., was the fraternal messenger from Canada, and delivered an admirable address.

The Church appears to be in a prosperous condition. Three missionary secretaries were elected, viz., the present incumbent, the Rev. Dr. John, and Rev. Drs. Coke Smith and Morrison. One is intended to attend to the office and the others are to attend the Conferences and the Church at large.

Rev. Dr. Barbee was re-elected Book Agent, and Mr. D. M. Smith was elected assistant.

Rev. Dr. Hoss was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and Rev. Dr. Bounds, assistant.

Our old friend, Dr. W. P. Harrison, was re-elected Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He was also Secretary of the General Conference. Rev. Dr. Cunningham was re-elected Editor of the *Sunday-school Magazine*, with $2,500 appropriation to spend in payment of such services as may be found necessary.

A new Editor, Rev. Dr. Walker, was appointed to conduct the *Pacific Christian Advocate*. Rev. Dr. McAnally was one of the wonders of the Conference. He is eighty years of age, and yet he edits *St. Louis Advocate*.

It was voted to postpone the subject of Methodist union in Japan.

The Conference closed May 27th, which was the nineteenth day.

The Methodist Church.

Victoria University has had a prosperous year. The degree of B.A. was conferred on thirty, six the degree of B.D., six others M.A.; thirty received M.B. and C.M., ten M.D. and thirty-eight L.M. Rev. W. A. Strongman, Guelph Conference, was honoured with the title of LL.D. The same degree was also conferred on E. H. Harris, M.A., Ph.D. The Rev. W. McMullen received the degree of D.D.

There were two unusual graduates, viz., Mr. Juyo Kono, a young Japanese, who received the degree of B.A. and a gold medal for general proficiency. He is the first Asiatic scholar ever presented for laureation at a Canadian University. He is a native of Tokyo and a gentleman of high rank. Miss E. O. Woods also received the degree of B.A., and is the first lady graduate of Victoria University to receive a gold medal.

At the recent examinations at Osgoode Hall for solicitor and barrister, Mr. C. W. Kerr, B.A. (1887), son of Vice-Chancellor Kerr, obtained second place in a large class for the former and first place for the latter. Mr. J. R. L Starr, B.A. (1887), son of Rev. J. H. Starr; F. L. Webb, B.A. (1887), and Mr. W. J. Williams, son of Dr. W. Williams, Bay of Quinte Conference, all creditably passed the same examinations. These are great honours for Victoria's sons.

The Alumni Association at its late meeting appointed a committee to prepare a jubilee volume for the semi-centennial of the university.

Deloraine Mission, Manitoba Conference, has taken itself from the list of missions, and henceforth will be known as a self-sustaining circuit for two men.

A copy of the Japan *Gazette* has come to hand. It is full of news. A lengthened report is given of the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Her Royal Highness laid the foundation stone of St. Hilda's Hospital. Among those who were present were the Rev. Dr. Cochran and Dr. Macdonald. The Japanese civil authori-

ties are doing their best to discover the murderers of our Missionary, the Rev. T. Large, more than $1,000 has been expended by the detectives and two men have been arrested. The *Gazette* contains a report of a lecture by Dr. Eby, which fills seven columns. The theme is "The Social Evil" in Japan. The Doctor takes a lecture by a medical doctor on the same subject as his text. Those who know Dr. Eby will readily believe that he speaks plainly. It is amazing that any member of "the healing art" can lend himself to the defence of the degrading subject on which he treats. Dr. Eby demolishes his arguments, and at the same time describes the monster vice in hideous terms, and quotes facts taken from authentic sources to confirm all that he states. The moral tone of Japan must indeed be fearful, and our heroic brother has done well to sound a bugle-note, which we hope may cause all Christians to combine to put down an evil of such enormity.

A second new church has been dedicated at Woodstock. Five years ago a small frame church was erected as a result of a new mission, and now a beautiful brick church has been built capable of seating 1,200. It is pleasant coincidence that the Rev. Dr. Stone preached the dedication sermon at both churches.

Rev. David Savage proposes to continue his tent meetings this season. This agency is being extensively used in Michigan.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. George Hughes, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, died at Carlisle, April 19th. He spent forty-three years in the ministry. He was laborious to the last, and on the Sabbath prior to his death he preached twice.

Rev. John Myers, of the United Methodist Free Churches, has finished his course. He held a prominent place in the denomination. He was one of a deputation who was sent out to visit the missions in Jamaica, and was one of the best debaters in the Church. His death is greatly lamented by those who knew him best.

Rev. Dr. Wylie, the well-known Protestant champion, has recently passed away, at the age of 82. He was in the midst of literary work when the summons reached him. All through his long career he received the esteem and confidence of the general Christian public. He was a man of extensive reading, and was an able controvertist.

Mr. Fletcher Harper, of the firm of Harper & Brothers, and a son of Fletcher Harper, the youngest of the four original brothers who established the well-known publishing house of that name, died a few weeks ago after a lingering illness, at the age of 61 years.

Rev. A. Mackay, the famous missionary, died of fever at Uganda. He was a true Scotchman, and bravely endured many of the severest vicissitudes that fall to the lot of a missionary. He was a hero of the highest type, and might truly be classed among the number of those of whom the world was not worthy.

Rev. Calvin Shaw, of the Toronto Conference, died May 27th. He commenced his ministry in the late Methodist New Connexion, in 1857. He was a man of fine spirit and was never disposed to push himself into pominence. His family received a liberal education, and some of them occupy good positions in society.

Mrs. German, wife of the Rev. O. German, missionary at Whitefish Lake, recently passed away. She was a great sufferer from cancer, which baffled all the medical skill that could be secured. She was for some time in the hospital at San Francisco. Her death is a sad bereavement to her husband and four children.

Book Notices.

The Life and Times of General John Graves Simcoe, First Governor of Upper Canada. By D. B. Read, Q.C. 8vo., pp. 304. Toronto: George Virtue, publisher, Price, cloth, $3.50.

The accomplished author of this book has previously rendered valuable service to his country by his admirable volume of "Lives of the Judges of Upper Canada and Ontario." The present work is of still broader and more general interest. It traces with graphic pen the principal events in the founding of Upper Canada. It is well to revive the memory of those heroic days. No country ever had a more noble and illustrious band of pilgrim fathers than those true-hearted U. E. Loyalists who forsook lands and home, and braved the perils of the wilderness that they might found a new province, where they might worship the God of their fathers under the old historic flag which they loved so well, and for which they had fought and bled. Our author traces the heroic exploits of the "Queen's Rangers," under General Simcoe, during the revolutionary war, and describes the exile for consciences' sake of the pilgrim fathers of Upper Canada, recounts the founding of the first capital at Newark, the historic Niagara, the exploration of the western peninsula, the removal of the seat of government to York, and other events in the early history of the Province. It is well for the people of this "Queen City" to look back at its early beginnings and to discern the elements of the moral strength of the Province in the elevated and patriotic character of its original founders. A trustworthy account is also given of the ill-fated Major André, and of the able forest statesman, Captain Brant. Fine steel portraits of Simcoe and Brant are given, also portraits of Sir George Yonge, after whom Yonge Street was named; of Captain Brant; Major André, from a pen sketch made by himself the morning of his execution; several engravings made from water-colour drawings of Canadian scenery, by the wife of Governor Simcoe on first coming to Upper Canada with the Governor in 1791, and other sketches.

The Provincial Letters: the Moral Teachings of the Jesuit Fathers opposed to the Church of Rome and the Latin Vulgate. By Blaise Pascal. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book-rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 400; price $1.50.

The most illustrious name in the noble muster-roll of Port Royal is that of Blaise Pascal. He united in his own person the wit of Rabelais, the sublimity of Milton, and the terse vigour of Junius. He seized the French language when it was little better than a barbarous dialect, and made it classic forever. Such an achievement is accomplished only by men of the loftiest genius—by a Dante, a Luther, or a Shakespeare. The inimitable wit of his Provincial Letters stung to the very quick the Jesuit party. The sublimity, the pathos, and the piety of his lofty "Thoughts" on "the greatness and the misery of man," on God, and on eternity, awe and thrill the soul of every reader. Never did so precious a literary freight come down the stream of time in so crazy a bark, and with so narrow an escape from shipwreck. They were written on scraps of paper or the backs of letters, often amid paroxysms of pain, frequently breaking off in the middle of a sentence or of a word. These Sibylline leaves were then filed on a wire for future arrangement. This, however, was prevented by the hand of death, which cut off their distinguished author at the early age of thirty-nine.

Dr. Briggs has done good service to the cause of Protestantism by reprinting in such handsome style these classic letters, which overwhelmed with ridicule the Jesuits two centuries ago, and led to their banishment from France and Canada. The study of this book will be an admirable antidote to the revived aggressions of this unscrupulous order which has won renown and execration in every land.

The Mormon Delusion; Its History, Doctrines, and the Outlook in Utah. By Rev. M. W. Montgomery. Pp. 352. Congregational Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price cloth, 75 cents.; paper, 50 cents.

In this book we have Mormonism brought down to date. Other books on this same topic, more or less valuable, have appeared at different times; but they are incomplete in that they deal only with certain periods of Mormon history, or with special phases of the Mormon problem. This is an all-round treatment of the whole subject, which is peculiarly satisfactory in the full information which it gives. But the book is not pleasant reading. There is hardly a page which does rouse one's righteous wrath. From the first imposition of the Book of Mormon as a divine revelation down to the Mountain Meadows massacre, the story is one that stirs one's deepest indignation.

After a perusal of all the facts contained in this volume, the wonder increases as to how such a barefaced fraud ever could have gained any following. The founder of the Mormon Church, Joseph Smith, self-styled a prophet, as a boy was dull-eyed, vagabondish, and remarkable only for his exaggerations and untruthfulness. He began his prophetic career, by telling fortunes for pay, locating underground veins of water with a forked stick, and disclosing the places where hidden treasures were buried. From first to last he was a conscienceless impostor, pretending to work miracles, to receive revelations, and, although often exposed, still securing fresh dupes and widening his sway.

That which Joseph Smith began, Brigham Young carried on with a still stronger hand.. Joseph Smith but laid the foundations; Brigham Young built the mighty superstructure. More unscrupulous, more daring, more a leader, more despotic, Brigham Young, during his life, compacted the believers in Mormonism into an organization which implicitly obeyed his will. No matter how horrible the deed, he had but to indicate his wish, and it was done.

It needs that just such facts as are narrated in this book should be known everywhere in order that public sentiment shall dictate to the authorities at Washington such radical and continued action as shall eradicate this evil entirely. The book is published at an unremunerative price, because of the fact that it is desired that it shall be widely read and scattered as an educative document.

The Dream of Agnoscens: a Poem of the Times. By William Hudson. London: Huxtable and Galway. Pp. 245, price $1.10.

This is a very remarkable book. It is cast in the form of a dramatic poem of very free construction. It is largely lyrical in form, and introduces scenes in the invisible world, in a west-end club, in a wayside inn, in a country mansion, in Westminster Abbey, in Whitechapel, in a hospital, in Tartarus, in Paradise and in Heaven. Among the characters are representatives, past or present, of Agnosticism and Pessimism, of Prayerless Culture and the Worship of Humanity, of Godless Evolution and the Worthlessness of Life, and of the Criticism that destroys confidence in teachers as well as faith in God.

The design of the poem is to restate the doctrines of Providence, the ministry of angels, and the mystery of sin; to exhibit the profanity of irreverence, the necessity of revelation, and the insufficiency of opinion; to illustrate the power of revealed truth, the grace of the Christian life, and the victory of faith;

and to bring into view the certainty of the promises of God; and there is added a speculative glance in the glories of the future.

There is much of human interest, and at times a vein of sublimity in the book, and it is a timely message to young inquirers.

By Canoe and Dog-Train Among the Cree and Salteaux Indians. By Egerton Ryerson Young, Missionary. Pp. 367. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

The Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young has little need of an introduction to the Canadian public. We have heard and read his stirring stories of missionary trial and triumph till our hearts have thrilled within us and we have rejoiced in the trophies of the Gospel of Christ. We are glad that in the providence of God he has been called to recount these *gesta Christi*—these achievements of Christ—in the fatherland whence came the first Methodist missionaries to the Indian tribes of our great North-West. This book recalls the heroic days of those pioneer missionaries. And not a whit behind them was our brother who followed in their footsteps and endured hardships and privations even greater than their's. We remember how our blood stirred as we read in the *Guardian* years ago the account of his perils in the wilderness, and he concluded his narrative with the characteristic remark, "nevertheless I think this mission the best in the whole world." That sentence is the key-word of this book. It voices his spirit of consecration and of rejoicing that he was permitted to do and dare and suffer for the cause of his Divine Master; and to help to lay, broad, and deep and stable, the foundations of empire in the Great Lone Land of far north-western Canada.

This book, while of intense interest to the people of the Old Land, will have still greater interest to the people of Canada. We know the man; we know his work; we know something of the country in which he laboured, and of the tribes whom he helped to raise from pagan savagery to Christian civilization. All these give it patriotic interest to us that it cannot have to others. The fascinating narrative, the tales of "hair-breadth 'scapes" by land and by water, in winter's frost and summer's heat, the accounts of the triumphs of grace in the Indian's wigwam, and of the fidelity in the faith of the red sons of the forest, will thrill our hearts with missionary enthusiasm. The admirable printing and illustration of the volume will make it as attractive to young as to the old. We bespeak for it a place in every Sunday-school library and at many a domestic fireside.

Selected Sermons and Lectures. By the late William Stephenson. With portrait. Pp. 192. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 75 cents.

The many friends of the late William Stephenson will be glad to have this interesting *souvenir* of his life and labours. Few men had a wider range or warmer circle of friends. In Kingston, Woodstock, Simcoe, Toronto (east and west), in Hamilton and New York, he occupied foremost pulpits. He was a man of brilliant parts and rare eloquence. Here are all the characteristics of the man. In some of the sermons there is a fine vein of pathos, as that on the "Death of God's saints," and on "The soul recalling its old songs." The lectures are, a stirring one on "Martin Luther," one on "Woman, her Position and Influence," and one in lighter vein on "Curiosity and Curious People."

Noon-Day Addresses Delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester. By the Rev. W. L. Watkinson. London: C. W. Kelley. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 35 cents.

This volume is another result of the forward movement in English Methodism. These sermons are just such as are adapted to catch the ear of busy men at a busy hour of the day—full of pith and vigour, and admirably suited as well for closet reading.

Kilgarvie. By Robina F. Hardy, Author of "Jock Halliday," etc. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

Any one who has a drop of Scottish blood in his veins will read this book with delight, and even if he have not, he cannot resist the spell of its blended humour and pathos. The pictures of grave Dr. Grierson, the village pastor, and his winsome wife; of the dour and grim mistress of the kitchen; of the honest carrier, Gibbie Gow, and his shrewish wife; the sad fortunes of the "big house," castle Kilgarvie; the austere Lady Lindores; the deeply wronged and deserted Italian wife—magnanimous, devoted, self-sacrificing to the last; and the helpful motherly "Marget" Oliphant—these are all distinct and valuable additions to our acquaintance with human nature, and with village life in the "Auld Kingdom of Fife." This charming book beguiled for the writer a weary day of illness, and gave an abiding memory of God's providential guidance and overruling that makes us thank the author for her helpful story, and the publishers for the handsome way in which it is presented.

The Gospel Commentary: A Complete Connected Account of the Life of Our Lord woven from the Text of the Four Evangelists, with Notes, Original and Selected. By James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) and Lyman Abbott, D.D. Pp. 837. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulburt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.50.

We often lose much of the vividness and life-like colouring of the life of our Lord from our habit of reading it not as a whole but piecemeal, chapter by chapter, isolated from the rest of the sacred text. This book obviates that difficulty by bringing into one connected and flowing narrative the accounts given by the different evangelists of the life of Jesus. A copious selection of notes from several scores of writers make this a very compendious and useful commentary. Excellent indexes make it more easy of reference.

The Puritan Spirit. An Address. By Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D. Pp. 72. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Publishing Society. Price 75 cents.

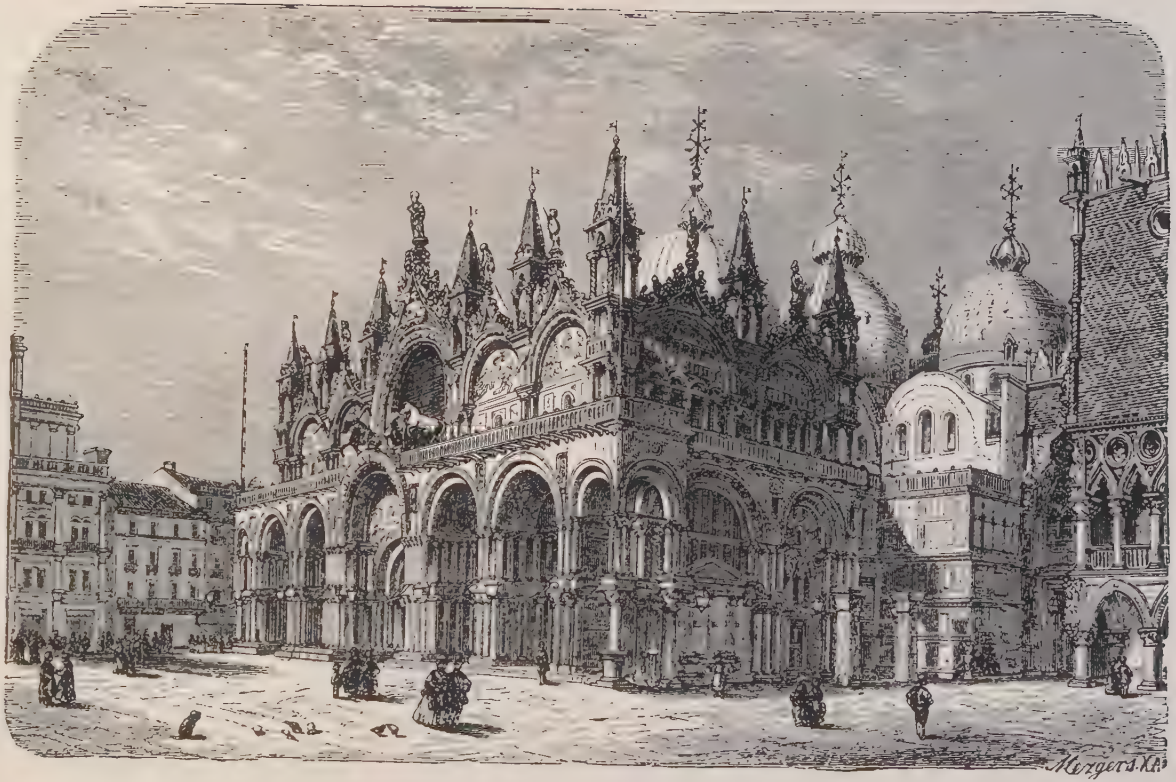
This oration is already famous. The handling of the subject by Dr. Storrs was simply masterly. There has been no such an all-round setting forth of the Puritan character. Dr. Storrs' analysis of it is discriminating, as well as eloquent; it is just—not merely laudatory. His portrayal henceforth will dominate our conception of the Puritan. The book has an excellent portrait of Dr. Storrs, and a picture of the famous St. Gauden's statue of the Puritan.

The One Gospel; or, The Combination of the Four Evangelists in One Complete Record. Edited by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. 12mo. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

This is a similar book to that last noted, but without any indication of which of the Gospels the several passages are taken from, and without note or comment. Both books use the authorized version.

Literary Notice.

Dr. Holmes, in "Over the Teacups," in a recent *Atlantic*, talks about modern realism, and says that the additions which have been made by it "to the territory of literature consist largely in swampy, malarious, ill-smelling patches of soil, which had previously been left to reptiles and vermin." After falling afoul of a romance which has been lately quoted by a brother-author as "a work of austere morality," he says, "Leave the descriptions of the drains and cesspools to the hygienic specialist, and the details of the laundry to the washerwoman." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.



ST. MARK'S CHURCH, VENICE.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

August, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

"THE CITY OF THE SEA."

ITALIAN FISHING FLEET.

DOGE'S PALACE AND PRISON.

As we glide slowly along the iron way toward the Adriatic, eagerly scanning the horizon, a dark blue line of towers and churches, seeming to float upon the waves, comes gradually into view; and with a leap of the heart we greet the famous "City of the Sea." We quickly crossed from the mainland, by a bridge over two miles long, to the far-famed Queen of the Adriatic.

As we emerged from the noisy station the commissionaire of the hotel Victoria was awaiting us, and we were speedily placed in comfortable gondolas, manned by picturesque gondoliers at bow and stern. With our five gondolas and two for the baggage we made quite a procession.

It is very odd, instead of being driven to one's hotel in a noisy fiacre or rumbling omnibus, to be borne over the water streets, as smoothly as in a dream. In the strange stillness there was a sug-

gestion of mystery, as though the silent gliding figures that we passed were not living men of the present, but the ghosts of the dim generations of the shadowy past. The lines of Rogers irrepressibly sprung to the lips:

> "There is a glorious City in the sea.
> The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
> Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
> Clings to the marble of her palaces.
> No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
> Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
> Invisible; and from the land we went,
> As to a floating city—steering in,
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
> So smoothly, silently."

Of course, the great event is a row on the Grand Canal. One has only to step to the door and hold up his finger, when a gondolier with the stroke of his oar brings his bark to one's feet. The charm of those sails along that memory-haunted water-way, whose beauties are portrayed in every gallery in Europe, will never be forgotten. Onward we glided silently,

> "By many a dome
> Mosque-like and many a stately portico,
> The statues ranged along an azure sky;
> By many a pile of more than Eastern pride,
> Of old the residence of merchant kings,
> The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
> Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
> As though the wealth within them had run o'er."

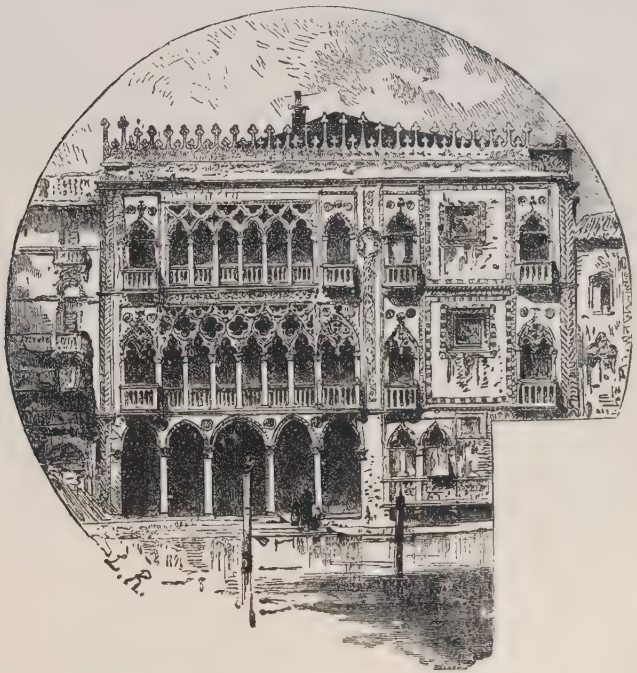
Others are of a faded splendour, wan, and seem to brood sadly over their reflection in the wave. Here are the old historic palaces, whose very names are potent spells—the Palazzi Manzoni, Foscari, Dandolo, Loredan, once the abodes of kings and doges and nobles. Here swept the bannered mediæval pageants as the doges sailed in gilded galley to the annual marriage of the Adriatic. There is the house, says tradition, of the hapless Desdemona. Now we glide beneath the Rialto, with its memories of Shylock the Jew and the Merchant of Venice.
And

> "Now a Jessica
> Sings to her lute, her signal as she sits
> At her half-open lattice."

It was very amusing as we sailed along the canals on Saturday afternoon, which is a holiday, to see fathers and mothers teaching

the children to swim. Little bits of things were sent off with a short board to rest on and a long cord around the body to keep them from drifting too far away. The doors open directly upon the water. One wonders that half the children do not get drowned.

The great centre and focus of Venetian life is the Piazza of St. Mark. It is a large stone-paved square, surrounded by the marble palaces of the ancient Republic. The only place in Venice large enough for a public promenade, it is crowded in the evening by a well-dressed throng of diverse nationalities, many of them in picturesque foreign costumes, listening to the military band,

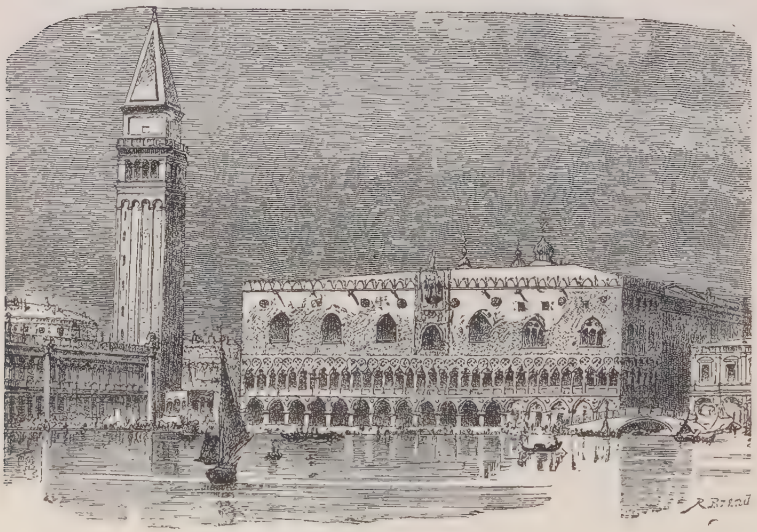


THE GOLDEN HOUSE, VENICE.*

*The "Golden House," so called on account of the richness of its decorations of 14th century style. It is now much faded. See Byron's lines :

"City of palaces, Venice, once enthroned
Secure, a queen 'mid fence of flashing waters,
Whom East and West with rival homage owned
A wealthy mother with fair trooping daughters.
What art thou now ? Thy walls are gray and old :
In thy lone hall the spider weaves his woof,
A leprous crust creeps o'er the House of Gold,
And the cold rain drips through the pictured roof."

sipping coffee at the cafés, or lounging under the arcades. Among the throng may be seen jet-black Tunisians with their snowy robes; Turks with their fez and embroidered vests; Albanians, Greeks and Armenians; English, French, German, Russian, Austrian, and American tourists. The women of Venice have very regular features and fine classic profiles, a circumstance which is attributed to the large infusion of Greek blood arising from the intimate relations for centuries of the Republic with Greece and the Levant. They wear a graceful mantilla over their heads, in quite an oriental manner; and a dark bodice, scarlet kerchief, and frequently a yellow skirt and blue apron—a bright symphony of colour that would delight an artist's eye.

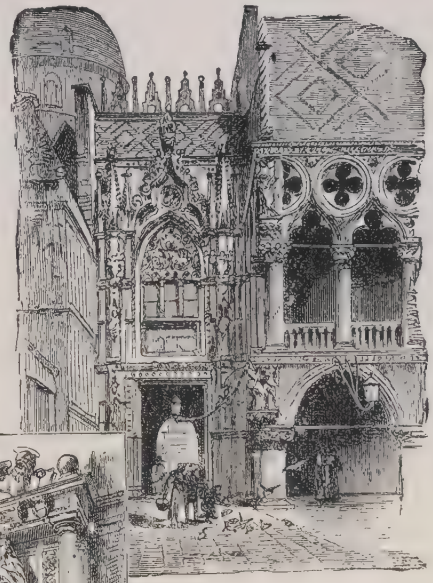


THE CAMPANILE AND DOGE'S PALACE.

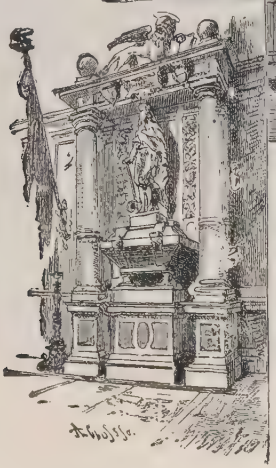
A curious illustration is here given of the permanence of European institutions and customs. An extraordinary number of pigeons will be seen nestling in the nooks and crannies of the surrounding buildings, perched on the façade of St. Mark, billing and cooing, and tamely hopping about almost under the feet of the promenaders. The ladies of our party were delighted with this charming experience. At two o'clock every day a large bell is rung, and instantly the whirr of wings is heard, and hundreds of snowy pigeons are seen flocking from all directions to an opening near the roof of the municipal palace, where they are fed by public dole. This beautiful custom, recalling the expression of Scripture, "flying as doves to their windows," has been observed

during six stormy and changeful centuries. According to tradition, the old Doge Dandolo, in the thirteenth century, sent the tidings of the conquest of Candia by carrier pigeons to Venice, and by a decree of the Republic their descendants were ordered to be forever maintained at the expense of the State.

The glory of this stately square, however, is the grand historic church of St. Mark. (See frontispiece.) All words of description must be tame and commonplace after Ruskin's glowing pen-picture of this grand and glorious pile:



DOGE'S PALACE.



DOGE'S TOMB.

"A multitude of pillars and white domes, clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light; a treasure heap it seems, partly of gold, and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, their bluest veins to kiss,—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand; their capitals, rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross; and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of lan-

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

guage and life—angels and the signs of heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth ; and above these another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers —a confusion of delight amid which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breath of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion lifted on a blue field covered with stars ; until at last, as if in ecstacy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky, in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Above the great portal ramp the Greek bronze horses brought by Constantine to Byzantium, by Dandolo to Venice, by Napoleon to Paris, and restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis. As we cross the portico we step upon a porphyry slab, on which, seven centuries ago, the Emperor Barbarossa knelt and received upon his neck the foot of Pope Alexander III., who chanted the while the versicle, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." "To St. Peter I kneel, not to thee," said the Emperor,

stung with the humiliation. "To *me* and to Saint Peter," replied the haughty Pontiff, pressing once more his foot upon his vassal's neck. The proud monarch was then obliged to hold the stirrup of the priest as he mounted his ass, not "meek and lowly," like his Master, but more haughty than earth's mightiest kings.

In that same porch the Doge Dandolo, "near his hundredth year, and blind—his eyes put out—stood with his armour on," ere with five hundred gallant ships he sailed away, in his hand the gonfalon of Venice, which was soon to float in victory over the mosques and minarets of proud Byzantium. Here

> "In an after time, beside the doge,
> Sat one yet greater, one whose verse shall live
> When the wave rolls o'er Venice—
> The tuneful Petrarch crowned with laurel."

Let us enter the church. A vast and shadowy vault opens before us. The mosaic pavement heaves and falls in marble waves upon the floor. "The roof sheeted with gold, and the polished wall covered with alabaster," reflect the light of the altar lamps, "and the glories around the heads of the saints flash upon us as we pass them and sink into the gloom." The austere mosaics, some dating back to the tenth century, made the old church during long ages a great illuminated Bible—its burden the abiding truth, "Christ is risen! Christ shall come!" "Not in wantonness of wealth," writes Ruskin, "were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dyes of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven—'He shall return to do judgment and justice.'" The old church was to the unlettered people a visible "image of the Bride, all glorious within, her raiment of wrought gold."

We lingered for hours, spell-bound, studying the antique frescoes of patriarchs, prophets, kings, apostles, martyrs, angels and dragons, forms beautiful and terrible, the whole story of the Old and New Testament, the life and miracles of Christ, and the final glories and terrors of the Apocalypse; and listening the while to the chanting of the priests and the solemn cadence of the organ and choir. On the high altar are reliefs of the eleventh century, containing nearly three hundred figures; and alabaster columns, according to tradition, from the temple of Solomon, through which the light of a taper shines; and underneath are the so-called tomb and relics of St. Mark. We stood in the ancient pulpit, descended into the dim, weird crypts, and climbed to the corridor

that goes around the building within and without, and felt to the full the spell of this old historic church. We never heard more impassioned preaching than from a very homely and very red-headed friar in its ancient pulpit.

At twilight, in St. Mark's, the scene was very impressive. The sweet-voiced organ filled the shadowy vaults with music. The tapers gleamed on the high altar, reflected by the porphyry and marble columns. A throng of worshippers knelt upon the floor and softly chanted the responses to the choir. And at that sunset hour the fishermen on the lagunes, the sailor on the sea,

THE RIALTO AND GRAND CANAL.

the peasant on the shore, the maiden at her book, the mother by her babe, pause as they list to the vesper-bell and whisper the angel's salutation to the blessed among women.

In the piazza rises, to the height of over three hundred feet, the isolated square campanile of St. Mark, from which we enjoyed a magnificent sunset view of the city, the lagunes, the curving shore of the Adriatic, and the distant Tyrolese and Julian Alps. A tourist, with an artist's eye and poet's pen, thus describes the beauty of the scene:

"The burning sunset turns all the sky to opal, all the churches to pearl, all the sea to crimson and gold. The distant mountains glow like lines of lapis lazuli washed with gold; the islands are bowers of greenery, springing

from the bosom of the purple waves. Great painted saffron and crimson sails come out from the distance, looking in the sunlight like the wings of some gigantic, tropical bird ; flowers and glittering ornaments hang at the mast-head ; everywhere you hear music and song, the splash of swift oars, the hum of human voices ; everywhere you drink in the charm, the subtle intoxication, the glory of this beloved queen among the nations."

For six centuries and more the gray old tower, which Galileo used to climb, has looked down upon the square, the scene of so many stately pageants. It has witnessed the doges borne in their chairs of state, and borne upon their biers; triumphal fêtes and

ITALIAN FISHING BOATS.

funeral processions; the madness of the masquerade and carnival; and the tragedy of the scaffold and the headsman's axe.

Near the church is the far-famed Palace of the Doges, with its stately banquet chambers and council halls. Ascending the grand stairway on which the doges were crowned, were the venerable Faliero in his eightieth year was executed, and down which rolled his gory head, and the Scala d'Oro, which only the nobles inscribed in the Golden Book were permitted to tread, we enter the great galleries filled with paintings of the triumphs of Venice, her splendour, pomp, and pride, and portraits of seventy-

six doges. Here is the largest painting in the world, the "Paradise" of Tintoretto, crowded with hundreds of figures. The halls of the Senate, the Council of Ten, and of the Inquisitors of the Republic, with their historic frescoes, their antique furniture and fine caryatides supporting the marble mantels, and their memories of glory and of tyranny, all exert a strange fascination over the mind.

Crossing the gloomy Bridge of Sighs, we entered the still more gloomy prison of the doges, haunted with the spectres of their murdered victims. There are two tiers of dungeons—one below the level of the canal, whose sullen waves could be heard by the prisoner lapping against the walls of his cell. The guide showed the instruments of torture, the hideous apparatus of murder, the channels made for the flowing blood, the secret openings by which bodies of the victims were conveyed to the canal, and the cell in which the Doge Marino Faliero was confined. In the latter, he said that Byron once spent forty-eight hours, that he might gain inspiration for his gloomy tragedy upon the subject. The guide took away his taper for a time, that we might realize the condition of the unhappy prisoner. The darkness was intense, and could almost be felt. A very few minutes was long enough for me.

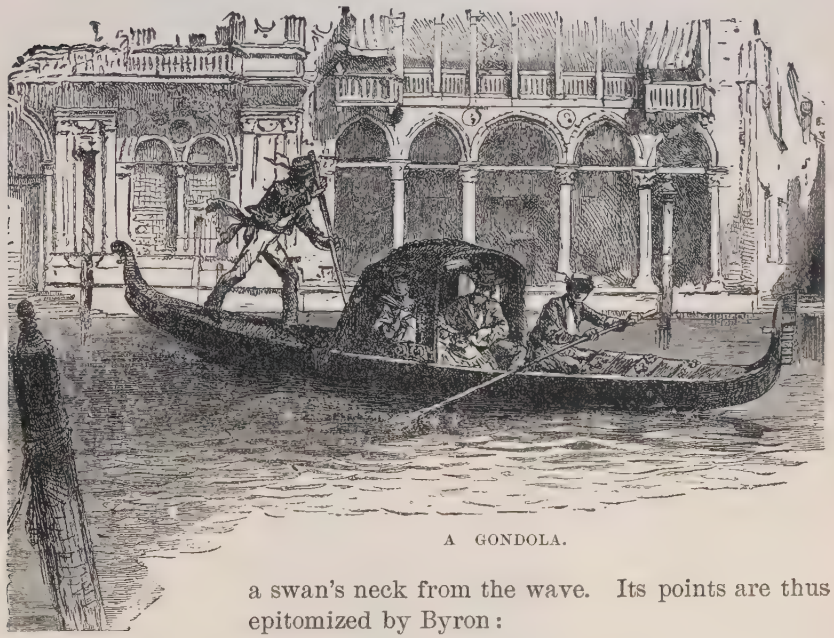
Many of the other churches of Venice, as well as St. Mark's, are of great interest, especially those containing the sumptuous tombs of the doges and the monuments of Titian and Canova. In one epitaph I read the significant words: "The terror of the Greeks lies here."

The people whom we saw in the churches seemed very devout and very superstitious. I saw one woman rub and kiss the calico dress of an image of the Virgin with seven swords in her heart, as if in hope of deriving spiritual efficacy therefrom. I saw another exposing her sick child to the influence of a relic held in the hands of a priest, just as she would hold it to a fire to warm it. Near the Rialto, once the commercial exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," now lined on either side with small huckster shops, we purchased delicious fruit. We visited one of the private palaces on the Grand Canal, whose owner was summering in Switzerland or at some German spa. Everything was as the family left it, even to the carved chessmen set out upon the board. The antique furniture, rich tapestry, and stamped leather arras, the paintings and statuary, seemed relics of the golden time when the merchant kings of Venice were lords of all the seas.

The Venetian glass and mosaic work is of wonderful delicacy

and beauty; and the flowers, portraits and other designs, which are spun by the yard and which appear on the surface of the cross section, are of almost incomprehensible ingenuity and skill. On a lonely island is the cemetery of Venice. How dreary must their funerals be—the sable bark like that which bore Elaine, "the lily maid of Astolat," gliding with muffled oars across the sullen waves.

The gondola, in its best estate, is a sombre-funereal-looking bark, draped in solemn black, its steel-peaked prow curving like



A GONDOLA.

a swan's neck from the wave. Its points are thus epitomized by Byron:

"'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called a gondolier;
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapped in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

There are, of course, no wells in Venice, except an Artesian boring; but in each parish is a stone cistern, which is filled every night by a water-boat from the mainland. The iron cover over this is unlocked every morning by the priest of the neighbouring church; and one of the most picturesque sights of the city is to see the girls and women tripping to the wells, with two brass vessels supported by a yoke upon their shoulders, for the daily supply of water.

An evening sail on the Grand Canal was peculiarly impressive. The light faded from the sky; the towers and campaniles gleamed rosy red, then paled to spectral white; and the shadows crept over sea and land. The gondolier lit the lamp at the little vessel's

THE GRAND CANAL AND CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE.

prow. The twinkling lights from the lattices quivered on the waves, and the boatman devoutly crossed himself where the lamp burned before the rude shrine of the Madonna.

The crescent moon hung low in the deep blue sky and silvered the dome of Santa Maria de la Salute and paved a gleaming path

upon the broad canal; an illuminated gondola, with a singing concert party, floated softly by—the tinkling of a light guitar, the throbbing of a tambourine, the rich baritone and contralto voices blending softly with the lapping of the wavelets against our prow and the drip of the water from the suspended oar. It was like a page from some tale of old romance. In the moonlight the faded old palaces seemed transmuted to alabaster, and on the opposite side of the canal deep mysterious shadows crouched, as if haunted with ancient mystery.

As we traversed the canals, the cries of the gondoliers to pass to the right or left—*premi,* or *stali*—were heard amid the darkness, and great skill was exhibited in avoiding collision. During the night, in the strange stillness of that silent city, without sound of horse or carriage, the distant strains of music, as some belated gondolier sang a snatch, perchance from Tasso or Ariosto, penetrated even the drowsy land of sleep, till we scarce knew whether our strange experience were real or the figment of a dream.

A PLEA.

BY FLORENCE A. JONES.

Such little, restless hands,
So ready to reach out and grasp
The newness 'round them. Life holds much, so much,
And each day brings to light some new, strange thing
That they are tempted hard to touch,
Those little hands, be kind.

Such little, tireless feet,
So eager to explore the world
That lies beyond their threshold. Do not chide,
If they, in wonder, go too fast and far,
The years that meet them will do much to make
Their steps both slow and careful. Then be kind
If they o'erstep the bounds that we have set,
Those little, tireless feet.

Such dear, fond, trusting eyes,
How oft they judge us, and we know it not.
No thought of guile dims their sweet innocence,
In their clear depths are mirrored spotless souls
Fresh from the hand of God. Oh, see to it,
That no wrong word of ours, no hasty act,
Shall leave such stains that all the years to come
Cannot efface them.

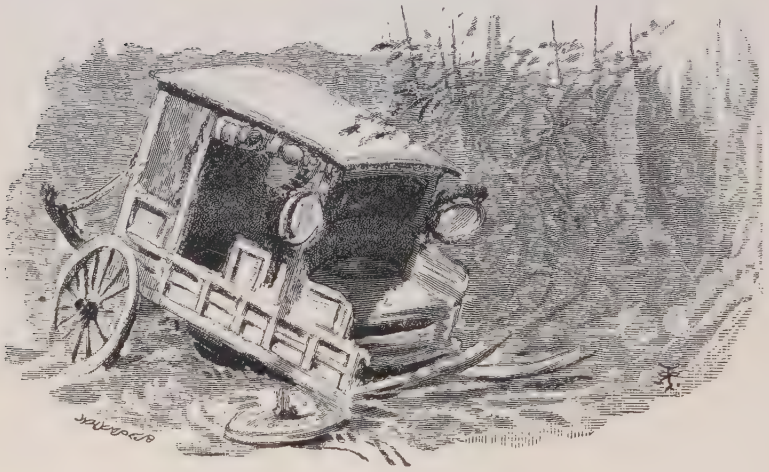
Hampton, Ia.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



A BREAK-DOWN IN THE BUSH.

Monday, May 9th.—At 10 a.m. we made West Cape Howe, Western Australia, our first land since leaving the Allas Strait. It was with great joy and relief, as well as with, I think, pardonable pride in Tom's skill as a navigator, that I went on deck to see these rock-bound shores. It was certainly a good landfall, especially considering the difficulties which we had met with on account of the chronometers. Tom's estimated average run of 1,000 knots per week under sail has come out pretty well, and my own daily estimates of the run have been also surprisingly near the mark. In fact, Tom thinks them rather wonderful, considering that they have been arrived at simply by watching and thinking of the vessel's ways all day and part of the night, and often without asking any questions.

The coast seemed fine and bold, the granite rocks looking like snow on the summit of the cliffs, at the foot of which the fleecy rollers were breaking in a fringe of pale green sea, whilst on the other side the water remained of a magnificent deep ultramarine

colour. By four o'clock we were at anchor in King George Sound, which reminded us much of Pictou, in Nova Scotia.

Albany is a clean-looking little town, containing some 2,000 inhabitants. Carriages were not to be hired, but we found an obliging carter, who had come to fetch hay from the wharf, and who consented to carry me, instead of a bundle of hay, up to the house of Mr. Loftie, the Government Resident. We have decided to remain a week, in order to give me a chance of recruiting. Most of the party stayed on shore to dinner, for the kitchen-range on board the *Sunbeam* had got rather damaged by the knocking about of the last few days. In the course of the afternoon a large sackful of letters and newspapers from England was delivered on board, much to our delight.

Tuesday, May 10th.—A busy morning with letters and telegrams. A little before one o'clock we landed at the pier, where Mr. Loftie met us, and drove us to the Residency to lunch. It was a treat to taste fresh bread and butter and cream once more, especially to me, for these are among the few things I am able to eat. I was sorry to hear that a terrible epidemic of typhoid fever seems to be ravaging this little town. Built as it is on the side of a hill overlooking the sea, and with a deliciously invigorating air always blowing, Albany ought to be the most perfect sanatorium in the world. Later in the afternoon I went for a drive with Mrs. Loftie all round the place, seeing the church, schools, and new town hall, as well as the best and worst parts of the town. It was no longer a mystery why the place should be unhealthy, for the water-supply seems very bad, although the hills above abound with pure springs. The drainage from stables, farm-buildings, poultry-yards, and various detached houses apparently has been so arranged as to fall into the wells which supply each house. The effect of this fatal mistake can easily be imagined, and it is sad to hear of the valuable young lives that have been cut off in their prime by this terrible disease.

In the course of our drive we passed near an encampment of aborigines, but did not see any of the people themselves. We also passed several large heaps of whales' bones, collected, in the days when whales were numerous here, by a German, with the intention of burning or grinding them into manure. Formerly this part of the coast used to be a good ground for whalers, and there were always five or six vessels in or out of the harbour all the year round. But the crews, with their usual shortsightness, not content with killing their prey in the ordinary manner, took to blowing them up with dynamite; the result being that they killed more than they could deal with, and frightened the remainder away.

Wednesday, May 11th.—It had been settled that to-day should be devoted to an excursion by the new line of railway in course of construction. The special train of ballast-trucks which had been provided for us was to have started at ten o'clock. We found a pleasant party assembled to receive us. In due course we were all seated on two long planks, back to back, in open trucks, behind an engine and tender. The morning was simply

AN ABORIGINAL.

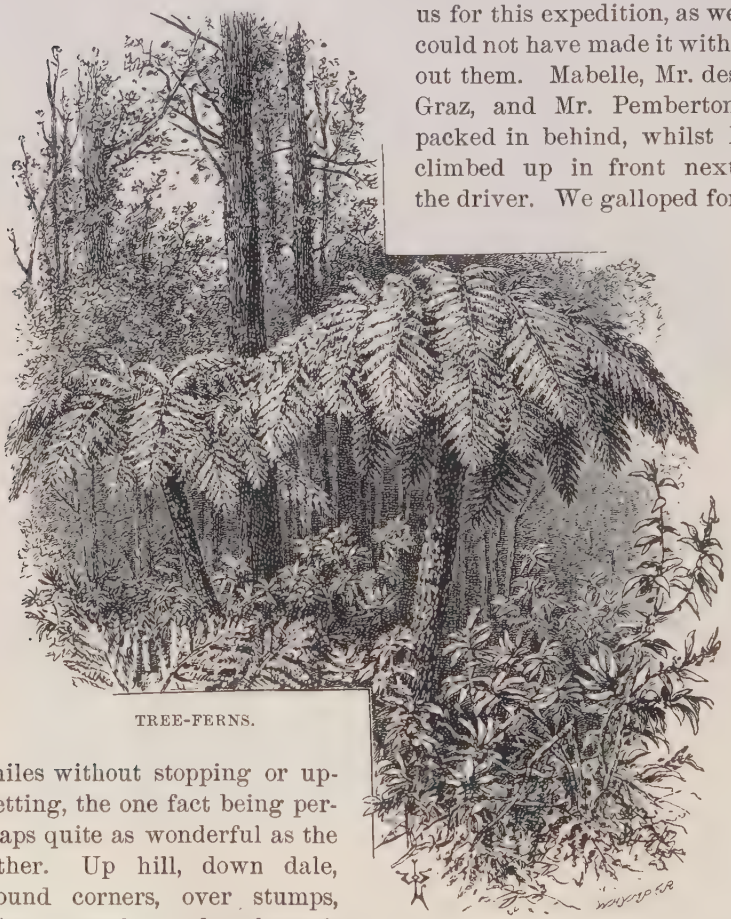
perfect. Our route lay over a sort of moorland, sprinkled with rare flowers, such as we carefully preserve in greenhouses at home. About nine miles out we came to a broad stretch of water. The train stopped for a few minutes to enable us to admire the view and to take some photographs. As we left the moorland and got into the real forest of grand gum-trees the scene became most striking. The massive stems of many of the eucalypti were between thirty and forty feet in circumference and over a hundred feet in height.

We steamed slowly along the lightly ballasted line—only laid yesterday, and over which no engine has yet travelled—two men running on in front to tap the rails and joints, and to see that all was safe. About three-quarters of a mile of rail is laid each day.

We were taken by another branch line to some saw-mills, where the sleepers for the railway are prepared. Here some of us got into a light American buggy, drawn by a fine strong pair of cart-horses, in which conveyance we took our first drive through the bush. To me it seemed rather rough work, for in many places there was no track at all, while in others the road was obstructed by "black-boys" and by innumerable tree-stumps, and we consequently suffered frequent and violent jolts. From the driver—a pleasant, well-informed man—I learnt a good deal respecting the men employed on the line. There are about 130 hands, living up here in the forest, engaged in hewing down, sawing, and transporting trees. These, with the women and children accompanying them, form a population of 200 souls suddenly established in the depth of a virgin forest. They have a school, and a schoolmaster, who charges two shillings a week per head for schooling, and has fourteen pupils. He was dressed like a gentleman, but earns less than the labourers, who get ten shillings a day, or £3 a week. The married men who live in the forest have nice little three-roomed cottages, and those I went into were neatly papered and furnished, and looked delightfully clean and tidy.

From the saw-mills we penetrated farther into the forest, in order to see more large trees cut down, hewn into logs, and dragged away. Some of the giants of the forest were really magnificent. The trees were from eighty to one hundred feet in height, all their branches springing from near the summit, so that the shadows cast were quite different from those one is accustomed to see in an ordinary wood. In the course of our rambles we heard the disheartening intelligence that, owing to some misunderstanding, our train had already gone back to Albany, taking with it not only our luncheon, but all the wraps. Everybody was tired, cold, and hungry, and the conversation naturally languished. At last Mr. Stewart brought the welcome news that the distant snort of the engine could be heard. In due course it arrived, and the basket and boxes containing the much-desired food were quickly unpacked. Never, I am sure, was a luncheon more thoroughly appreciated than this in the depths of an Australian forest. When we started on our return journey it really seemed bitterly cold. Care had also to be taken to shelter ourselves from the shower of sparks from the wood fire of the engine, which flew and streamed out behind us like the tail of a rocket.

Thursday, May 12th.—Half-past nine was the hour appointed for our departure. Mr. Roach, the landlord of the "White Hart," was to drive us in a comfortable-looking light four-wheeled waggonette with a top to it, drawn by a pair of Government horses. The latter are generally used for carrying the mails or for the police service, but the Governor had telegraphed orders that they were to be lent to us for this expedition, as we could not have made it without them. Mabelle, Mr. des Graz, and Mr. Pemberton packed in behind, whilst I climbed up in front next the driver. We galloped for



TREE-FERNS.

miles without stopping or upsetting, the one fact being perhaps quite as wonderful as the other. Up hill, down dale, round corners, over stumps, along rough roads, through heavy sand—on we went as hard as our horses could gallop.

Chorkerup Lake Inn, our first change, fifteen miles from Albany, was reached in rather less than ninety minutes. It is a long, low, one-storeyed wooden building, but everything was scrupulously clean. In a few minutes the table was covered with a spotless cloth, on which fowls, home-cured bacon, mutton, home-made bread, potted butter, condensed milk, tea, and sundry other

articles of food and drink were temptingly displayed. The next stage was a long and weary one of another fifteen miles, mostly through heavy sand. It was a fine warm afternoon, like a September day in England; but the drive was uneventful, and even monotonous except for the numberless jolts.

At the end of the thirty-one miles we came to one of the advanced railway villages inhabited by the pioneers of civilization. A couple of miles farther brought us in sight of a tidy little house and homestead standing in the midst of a small clearing, surrounded by haystacks and sheds, and really looking like a bit of the old country. Right glad we all were to get out and stretch our weary limbs after the shaking and jolting; and still more welcome was a cup of good tea with real cream, home-made bread, and fresh butter, offered with the greatest hospitality and kindness, in a nice old-fashioned dining-room.

If it had been difficult to reach this inn from the high road, it seemed ever so much more difficult to get away from it by quite another route. It was like leaving the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, so dense was the forest and so impossible to find the ancient track, already quite overgrown. The road is cut through a forest of high eucalyptus-trees, varying from 100 to 450 feet in height, and from twenty to fifty, and even seventy feet in girth. At intervals roaring torrents rush down gullies overgrown with tree-ferns. I had always been told that these fern-gullies were charming, but I never thought anything could be half so lovely as this romantic ravine. Across the River Watt is thrown a primitive bridge, consisting of the trunk of a big tree cut into halves. Very slippery and slimy it looked, and I did not feel inclined to attempt the perilous passage. A little perseverance, however, brought us once more to the main road, along which we bowled and jolted at a merry pace.

At length we came to a large homestead and farm, near which a number of sheep were folded. On the opposite bank stood a substantial-looking wooden house, surrounded by a veranda and by a clump of trees, in the middle of what might have been an English park, to judge from the grass and the fine timber. I felt thoroughly chilled, and quite too miserably ill to do justice to any of the many kindnesses prepared, except that of a blazing wood fire.

Friday, May 13th.—It was a cold night, the thermometer falling to freezing-point. The difficulty of housekeeping here must be extreme. It is almost impossible to keep servants in the far-away bush; they all like to be near a town.

About half-past nine Mr. Hassall took me for a drive round the

station and clearing. We saw the remains of the old gold-workings, not two hundred yards from the house. I was told that the land here only carries one sheep to ten acres. On these extensive sheep-walks good dogs are much wanted; but they are very rare, for the tendency of the present breed is to drive and harry the sheep too much. They have one good dog on the run here, who knows every patch of poison-plant between Kendenup and the grazing-ground, and barks round it, keeping the sheep

A FOREST BRIDGE.

off it, till the whole flock has safely passed. This poison-plant—of which there are several kinds, some more deadly than others—is the bane of the colony. They say that sheep born in the colony know it and impart their knowledge to their lambs, but that all imported sheep eat it readily and die at once.

The homestead is a nice, large, comfortable place, with plenty of room for man and beast. An orchard and fruit-garden close by yield tons of fruit every year for the merest scratching of the soil. We had pomegranates at dessert which had been grown and ripened in the open air.

Just before leaving, we had an opportunity of seeing a native lad throw a boomerang. I could not have believed that a piece of wood could have looked and behaved so exactly like a bird,

quivering, turning, flying, hovering, and swooping, with many changes of pace and direction, and finally alighting close to the thrower's feet.

Saturday, May 14th.—When I awoke this morning the fever and ague from which I had been suffering had all disappeared, and, though still very tired, I felt decidedly better for the change and the bush life. I am convinced there is nothing like a land journey to restore a sea-sick person after a voyage.

It was a most disagreeably cold and showery morning when we landed, to photograph a party of natives, and see them throw boomerangs and spears. They were the most miserable-looking objects I ever beheld; rather like Fuegians. The group consisted of two men, dressed partly in tattered European clothes, and partly in dirty, greasy kangaroo-skins heaped one on the top of another, and two women in equally disreputable costumes. One of the latter had a piccaninny hung behind her in an opossum-skin, the little hairy head and bright shining eyes of the child peeping out from its shelter in the quaintest manner. Although the poor creatures were all so ugly, we did our best to take some photographs of them, using a pile of sandal-wood bags as a background. Then we drove up to the cricket-ground to see them throw their boomerangs, which they did very cleverly. The spears were thrown from a flat oval piece of wood, in size and shape something like the blade of a paddle, which sent them forward with great accuracy and velocity. The natives have formed a small encampment not far from here, where they live in the most primitive fashion, very dirty, and quite harmless.

We saw a great flight of black cockatoos yesterday. Cockatoos are very affectionate and loyal to one another—a fact of which those who kill or capture them take advantage; for if they succeed in wounding a bird they tie it up to a tree, where, so long as it continues to cry, not one of its companions will leave it, but will hover around, allowing themselves to be shot rather than desert a comrade. Very different is the behaviour, under similar circumstances, of the kangaroo, in whom I have in consequence lost much of my interest. When hard pressed the doe will take her offspring out of her pouch and fling it to the dogs to gain time for her own escape. The meat of the joeys, as the young ones are called, is by far the best, and tastes something like hare, though it is rather tough and stringy. The flesh of the older animals is more like that of red deer.

Sunday, May 15th.—Such a lovely day—more like an ideal May morning in England than an Australian winter's day. We attended service in a picturesque ivy-covered church.

Tuesday, May 17th.—A lovely morning, perfectly calm. Tom anxious to be off. Mails and farewell messages were accordingly sent on shore. Precisely at eleven o'clock, with signals of "Good-bye" and "Thanks" hoisted at the main, we steamed out of the snug harbour where we have passed such a pleasant week and have received so much kindness. The pilot soon quitted us, and we were once more on the broad ocean. The wind outside was

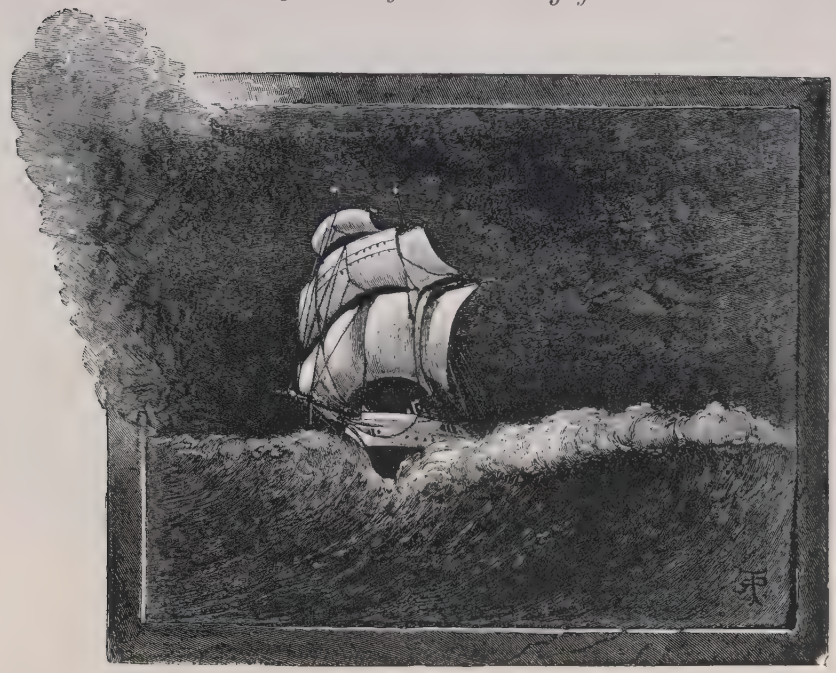
THE PORT WATCH.

dead ahead, and the heavy rollers tumbling in foreboded a still heavier swell as we got further away from the land.

Wednesday, May 18th.—A heavy sea running very high. Although the air was warm I remained in my cabin all the morning, feeling wretched and uncomfortable. The total distance now accomplished since we left England is 9,236 miles under sail, and 7,982 under steam, making a total of 17,218 miles.

Thursday, May 19th.—I had a very busy morning below, writing journal and letters. Sundry unsuccessful attempts were made to photograph the animals, but they seemed to be suffering from a severe attack of the fidgets.

Saturday, May 21st.—The wind continued to freshen, and by 11 p.m. we were tearing through the water before a fair breeze, but knocking about a good deal more than was pleasant.

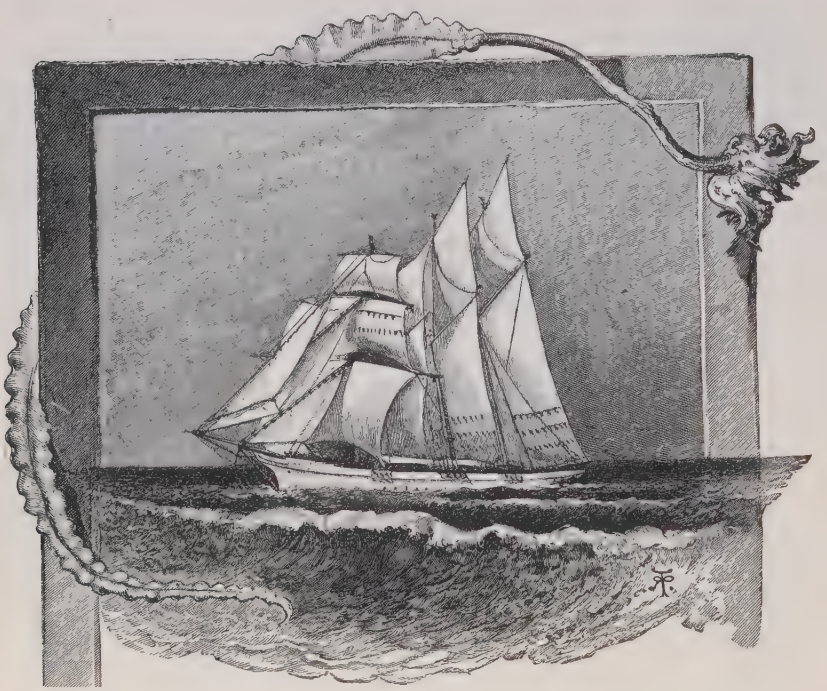


RUNNING DOWN. EASTING.

Sunday, May 22nd.—From midnight until six a.m. the state of things was wretched in the extreme. Sails flapping, the cry of the sailors continually heard above the howling of the wind, and much water on deck. We had service at 11.15, and again at four o'clock. Tom had a very anxious time of it, literally flying along a strange coast, with on one hand the danger of being driven ashore if the weather should become at all thick, and on the other the risk of getting pooped by the powerful following sea if sail were shortened.

Monday, May 23rd.—Precisely at 7 a.m. we made the lights of Cape Borda, on Kangaroo Island, about twelve miles ahead, exactly were Tom expected to find it, which was a great relief to everybody on board, after our two days of discomfort and anxiety.

Tuesday, May 24th.—Having come to an anchor off Glenelg, Tom and Tab went up to Adelaide to attend the Birthday *levée*, and I landed later with the rest of the party at the long wooden pier. Glenelg is essentially a fashionable sea-side place; and though there are a few excellent shops, most of the supplies must come from Adelaide, seven miles off, to which a steam tram runs every half-hour. We saw the suburb of Goodwood a little way off, and soon afterwards the tall spires of the churches and the



CRACKING ON.

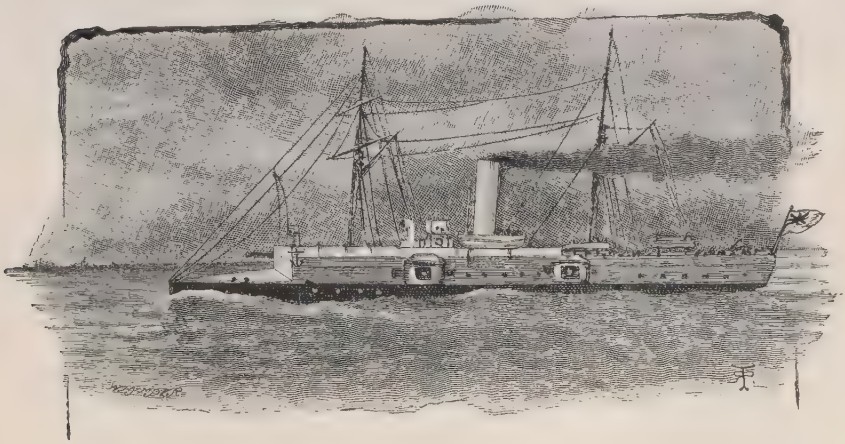
towers of the public buildings of Adelaide appeared. To-day being a general holiday in honour of the Queen's birthday, the houses in the city were decked with flags and the shops closed, which gave it rather a Sunday-like appearance. We drove to Government House, a comfortable residence surrounded by a nice English-looking garden.

Wednesday, May 25th.—At half-past ten o'clock we started on an excursion into the picturesque mountains which lie behind Glenelg. The road soon began to ascend, and before long soon became steep. As we climbed upwards towards Belair the view became so lovely that it was impossible to resist the temptation of adding to our collection by pausing to photograph the scene. The air felt cool and bracing, the sun shone brightly, and the scenery had a thoroughly English character, with pretty hedgerows, and little streams crossed by modern bridges, all of which reminded us pleasantly of the old country. Beneath us lay a complete panorama of Adelaide and its suburbs, covering part of the rich plain at the foot of the opposite blue hills, and skirted by the north arm of the Port river.

About noon we got on board the *Sunbeam* and steamed up to-

wards Port Adelaide, stopping for a time in order to visit the Japanese corvette *Ryujo*, and the South Australian gunboat *Protector*. The shouts of warm greeting increased as we approached the town, till at last it was difficult to turn quickly enough from side to side and respond to the waving hands and cheers and shouts of cordial welcome to the new country. The pier and wharves were densely crowded, and we were scarcely abreast of them before the Mayor and Corporation came on board with an address saying how glad they were to see us in their waters. All this was very pleasant and gratifying; though I must confess that such unexpected kindness produced that familiar feeling known as a lump in my throat. It is always rather touching to hear any one else cheered enthusiastically, and when those nearest and dearest to one are concerned, it is naturally doubly trying.

After a hurried inspection of the yacht by our visitors, and a hasty tea, we were obliged to say "good-bye" to our newly-made friends, for we had to catch the five o'clock train, and there was no time to spare. Passing through the pleasant country, we arrived at the North Terrace station, and reached Government House a few minutes later. In the evening there was a dinner party and a reception, which brought what had been a most agreeable, but for me a very tiring, day to a close.



"PROTECTOR" GUNBOAT.

Better death, when work is done, than earth's most favoured birth;
Better a child in God's great house, than the king of all the earth.

THROUGH YORKSHIRE.

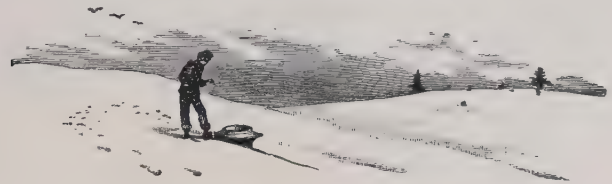
BY FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS.

MALLERSTANG.

Mallerstang, with its high mountain ranges, with the farmsteads and fields on the slopes and in the hollows of the hills, has often called forth the admiration of travellers on the Midland Railway.

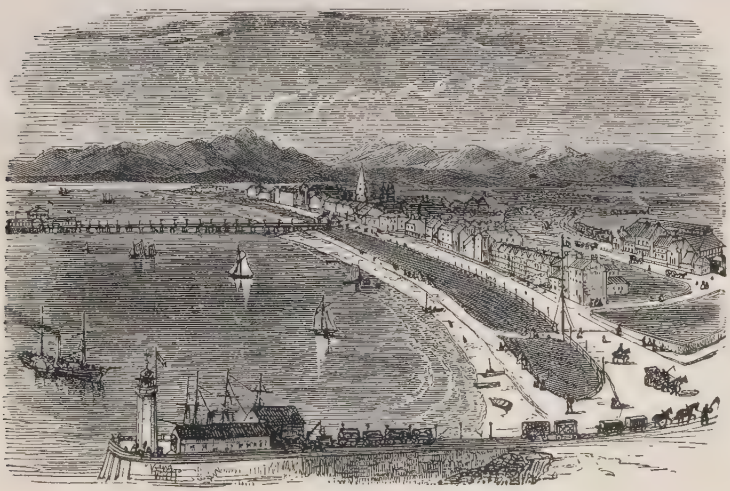
At Dent Station we have on our right a beautiful birds-eye view of the Vale of Dent. Nearly 500 feet below us, anon losing itself among the clusters of trees, winds the river Dee, and also the road to Sedbergh. No busy town is to be seen; nothing but the greenest of green fields, dotted over with herds of cattle, while here and there lie the homesteads, whose inhabitants have that simplicity of life which rural solitudes alone can give. In consequence of the elevation of the hills above Dent, they are subject to snow-storms. On Thursday, the 3rd of March, 1881, a snow-storm began to fall in West Yorkshire, Westmoreland, and around. So furious was the wind that it rocked the trains, even heavy Pullman carriages, as they paused at stations on the Settle and Carlisle Line; and it swept the snow from the upper parts of the great fells "as clean as a broom." "During the day," said the engineer to us, "we kept the line open, but by ten o'clock at

night the drifts entirely blocked the up road. We then worked the traffic for a short distance on the down line till an engine, which had been taken from its train to make a run at the drift, bedded itself so fast in the snow that it could not back out. From



A MIDLAND TRAIN SNOWED UP, NEAR DENT.

that time till Sunday morning it was a continual fight with the drifts to keep the line clear. Two engines with a gang of nearly six hundred men left Dent, and cut the drifts before them to Dent Head, and on their return had at once to repeat the process in order to get back—the drifts of snow filling every gully and cutting to a depth of 30 feet. During Saturday night it alternately

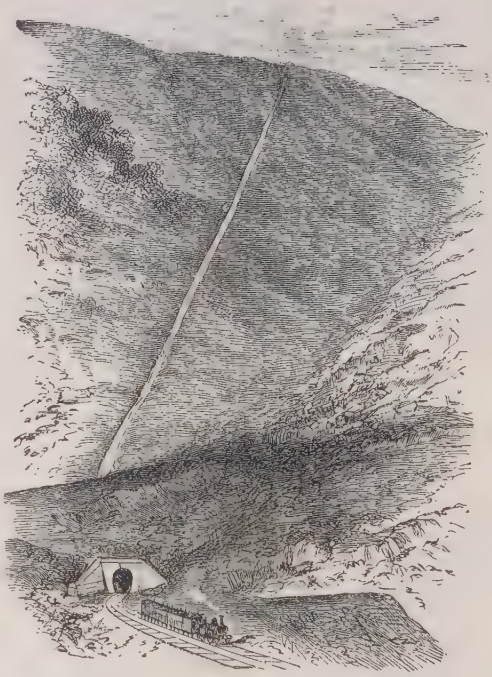


MORECAMBE.

rained and froze, so that the surface of the snow became firm and frozen; and on Sunday morning, when the gale ceased, the masses of snow would bear walking over." The engraving indicates the actual condition of affairs, showing all that was to be seen of an entire train, namely, the top of the engine funnel, the snow around being hard. After the line was reopened, a train of ten

locomotives that had "gone cold"—the trains of which had already been removed by fresh engines—was dug out of a drift 30 or 40 feet deep and drawn away.

Arten Gill Viaduct is 660 feet long, and the rails are 117 feet above the water. We soon reach Dent Head Viaduct, 200 yards long, of ten semicircular arches, rising 100 feet above the public road, and also over a little mountain torrent that falls into the Dee, which runs hard by. The Dee here flows over a bed of black marble. From Dent Station the beautiful valley of the Dent may be explored. Dent was the birthplace of Professor Sedgwick, the geologist; and is the scene of Southey's story of "The Terrible Knitters of Dent." We are now at the entrance of the southern end of Blea Moor Tunnel, which is about the summit level of the line, 1,150 feet above the sea level, a greater elevation than any other railway in England, except the North Eastern railway at Stainmoor. From here the gradient begins to fall towards Carlisle.



BLEA MOOR TUNNEL, NORTH ENTRANCE.

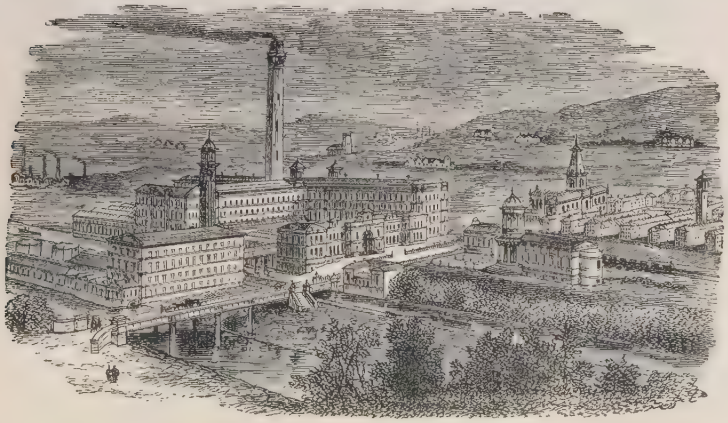
The engineering works connected with the Blea Moor Tunnel, and with the line further forward, by Batty Moss Viaduct—which from foundations to rails is no less than 165 feet high—are full of the deepest interest.

Mr. Sharland, at the commencement of engineering operations in this district, was destined to learn a lesson of the severity of the climate. When he was engaged in staking out the centre line of the then intended Settle and Carlisle on Blea Moor, he was snowed up. For three weeks it snowed continuously. The tops of the walls round the little inn wherein he lodged were hidden. The snow lay eighteen inches above the lintel of the front door—

PIEL PIER, NEAR BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

a door six feet high. Of course all communication with the surrounding country was suspended.

Mr. Ashwell remarks, "I've often seen three horses in a row pulling at a waggon over the moss till they have sank up to their middle, and had to be drawn out one at a time by their



SALTAIRE.

necks to save their lives." And another Midland engineer subsequently remarked that he had watched four horses dragging one telegraph pole over the boggy ground, and the exertion was so great that one of the horses tore a hoof off.

Gordale Chasm is probably unrivalled in England, and even in the Scottish Highlands we could not easily find a scene that would surpass it, in its almost terrific sublimity.

> "Gordale Chasm, terrific as the lair
> Where the young lions couch."—*Wordsworth.*

At Bolton Abbey the scenery around is full of beauty. The tombs of the dead, the ivy-mantled ruins, the lichen-stained wall, the traceried windows, the moss on the stones, the subdued roar of the river, the wash of the waterfall, the rich foliage of the

BRADFORD.

woods upon the hills, the dark cedars, the quiet green meadows, and the encircling hills of Simon Seat and Barden Fell, soothe and charm the mind.

> "This stately Priory was reared;
> And Wharfe, as he moved along
> To Matins, joined a mournful voice,
> Nor failed at evensong."

Saltaire is named after its founder, Sir Titus Salt, Bart. Of the processes carried on in the factory, which covers twelve acres, where 18 miles of cloth a day can be made, we can say nothing; but of the town, the chapels, the baths, the almshouses, the infirmaries, the schools, the club and institute, and the Saltaire Park,

is has been well remarked that the whole is the realization of a great idea, and shows "what can be done towards breaking down the barrier that has existed between the sympathies of the labourer and the employer. Such is Saltaire."

Bradford is said to have derived its name from being a "broad ford" over a marsh. It is the metropolis of the wool trade, and its splendid ranges of warehouses surprise the visitor.

Ilkley is beautifully situated; is a great health resort, and has the advantage of being a pleasant walk, and five miles distant from Bolton Abbey, and all its charming "surroundings."

Just before reaching Leeds we see Apperly and Kirkstall Abbey. The Abbey has been characterized by Whitaker "as a single object, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

Add to all the mellow hand of time—the first of all landscape painters." The church is in the form of a cross, with a square tower at the intersection. The east window is pointed; the west in Norman. Noble remains survive of the nave and aisles, of cloister, court and chapterhouse, of refectory and infirmary.

Of the annals of Leeds it were easy to say much and difficult to say little. It must suffice to say that here Romans smelted iron; that after their departure Leeds became an independent kingdom; that subsequently to the Conquest the place is described in Domesday as "Wasta;" that a great castle was erected here, no trace of which remained when Leland came, and said of the place, that it was "a praty market toune, as large as Bradeford, but not so quick as it." In 1642 it was taken by the Royalists, and retaken by Fairfax.

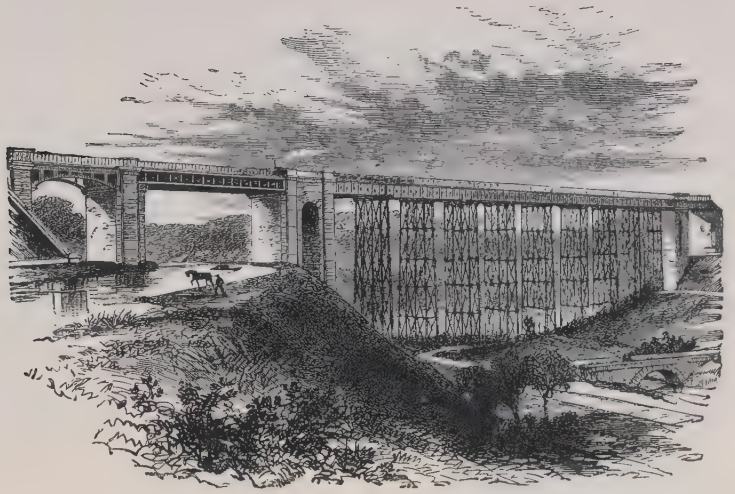
Leeds is the commercial capital of Yorkshire, and the fifth town in importance in the kingdom. The Town Hall, not far from the station, is considered to be the most imposing municipal building in Yorkshire. It forms a lofty rectangular pile of 250 feet by 200 feet. The centre is crowned by a dome. It cost £120,000.

Near Barnsley is a viaduct 1,000 feet long. A dull coal country now stretches right and left till we reach Sheffield, with its vast iron-works. The railway station is built in the valley of the

LEEDS.

Sheaf. The site was chosen simply because almost insurmountable engineering difficulties prevented the selection of a more central position. South of Sheffield the line passes along a pleasant valley, down which runs the river Sheaf, which separates the great county of York from Derbyshire. Five minutes' walk from Beauchieff Station is Beauchieff Abbey, the tower of the chapel of which still remains.

Near Codnor Park Station are the remains of Codnor Castle. Here, 600 hundred years ago, on an eminence in the undisturbed seclusion of the park, it stood, deeply moated, approached from the east by an avenue of trees, which looked far down the valley of the Erewash. On its western side was a spacious courtyard, well fortified; the massive round towers were battlemented, and



BARNSLEY VIADUCT.

had cruciform loopholes for the bowmen. Within these defences was the main building, portions of which remain, consisting of outer and inner walls, and containing several windows and doorways, part of a turret, and a chimney. Near the ruins is the dove-cot, a circular stone building of considerable height, covered by a tiled roof, from which a square wooden turret rises. The immensely massive walls are honey-combed within for hundreds of birds. Hard by is a spacious pond, which, though on the summit of a high hill, is said, never to be dry, a circumstance which has given rise to a local distich:

"When Codenour's pond runs dry,
Its lords may say good-bye."

A HANDFUL OF SAND.

HERE on the wide, white strand
Of the blue sea I stand,
And hold fast in my hand
A few grains of bright sand.

See how they stir, and shift
To get back to the drift,
In a sand-race so swift,
To the place they were rift.

On life's broad shore I stand,
With open, empty hand;
But, my grains of fair sand
Are not scattered the strand

Nay, they're wafted the sea,
Where they're waiting for me,
Till from duty set free,
O'er the main I may flee.

—*After E. A. Poe. By Clugny.*

METHODIST DEACONESSES.

SISTERS OF THE PEOPLE.

We are pleased to know that the subject of Methodist deaconesses is to be fully discussed at the next General Conference. The following important resolution, introduced by Dr. Douglas to the Montreal Conference, and by Dr. Johnston to the Toronto Conference, and so cordially adopted by both, brings the subject prominently before the Church.

The resolution is as follows:

"Moved by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, seconded by J. R. Alexander, M.D., and

"*Resolved*,—Whereas, Christianity has ever held woman in honour and recognized her mission as a co-labourer in the Gospel;

"Whereas, the New Testament gives evidence of the organization of an order of deaconesses for service in the Apostolic and Post-Apostolic Churches;

"Whereas, the mediæval ages supply noble examples of gifted, saintly and influential women, whose conservative power for good was far-reaching in the midst of abounding darkness;

"Whereas, the Presbyterian, Anglican, Baptist and Congregational Churches, jointly with English and American Methodism, recognizing the Scriptural authority and demands of the age, are organizing women for Christian service in the several departments of the Church work;

"Whereas, we believe the time is opportune for the Methodist Church of Canada to inaugurate an agency which shall supply a felt want, and must be potential for good; therefore

"*Resolved*,—That this Conference memorialize the ensuing General Conference to legislate for the establishment of a Sisterhood, which shall efficiently aid the pastorate by visiting the rich and poor, by skilled nursing of the sick, by evangelizing the masses, by engaging in general mission work, and the manifold services which women alone can render to the Church of Christ."

In the January number of this Magazine an admirable article, by Miss M. S. Daniels, B.A., gives a full account of the Modern Deaconess Movement, founded on Miss Dr. Bancroft's "Deaconesses

in Europe and their Lessons for America." We commend both of these to the study of our readers, especially of those who at the General Conference shall have to decide on the action of the Canadian Church on this subject.

We collect from various sources information on the Methodist deaconess movement in London. First, we quote from the second report of the West Central Mission the following summary, by Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, of the work of "The Sisters of the People," by which appropriate name these deaconesses are called —with whose work in London we were greatly impressed.

"The past busy year of work has brought to us many and varied experiences. We have all had some bitter disappointments and failures, and there are times in the life of every worker when one feels disheartened and paralyzed by the enormity of the evils against which we have to fight, and by those fearful conditions of life among the very poor which form the terrible social problem of to-day. However, every day we work only makes us more sure that God will help and is helping us to solve these problems; and were they even more terrible than they are, we should work on with a good courage, knowing that God was with us, and that light and victory will come at last. On the other hand, we have had many joys; we have in many, many instances seen the direct fruit of our work, and have had the happiness of knowing that we have been able to help and cheer some poor, sad, struggling souls, and in many instances to lead them to a higher, nobler, and purer life.

"We realize that it is 'one by one' that people are to be saved. Such work cannot be done in batches or by dozens, and it is only the power of Christ brought to bear upon the individual soul that will raise it from the bonds of sin and degradation. We believe intensely in the individual work, and we also believe intensely in doing our utmost to help forward every social, political and educational movement that tends to better the conditions and surroundings of the lives of our brethren who are now dwellers in slums, and to make it possible for them to live in a cleanly, decent, and sanitary condition, and able to earn a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. As regards the work of the Sisters, experience has taught us that it is better, as far as possible, for each Sister to devote herself to one given department of work. She is able to accomplish much by concentrating her energies and capabilities upon one branch, to which in many instances she feels specially drawn, than in attempting to cover too much ground and to send out her energies in too many directions. For example, special Sisters are devoted to the care of the Crèche, the

Registry Office, the Girl's Club, the investigating of Cases for Relief, etc., while others give their time to visiting in the districts surrounding Wardour Hall and Cleveland Hall. We have had very great encouragement in connection with our work at St. James' Hall on Sunday evening. Every Sunday evening during the year we have had to speak to those who were seriously impressed, and who were anxious to lead the Christian life; and were we not bound by the sacredness of those confidences which are often given to us, we could tell many wonderful stories of how God has worked in human hearts.

"One case that I can mention will be a type of many others. A lady came to speak to me one Sunday evening, during the after-meeting, in great distress. She had been coming to our services for several weeks, and on each occasion that she came she felt more and more deeply that she wanted something that she had not got, and that she had really made a definite Christian decision. She told me that in her youth she had felt a great desire for the Christian life, but that she had stifled her convictions. She was now married and had a family, but since that time she had never known inward happiness and peace. There had always been a trouble and uneasiness deep down at the bottom of her heart. I was able to speak to her of Christ and His love, to show her how He is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' It seemed to her like a revelation. I never saw any one change more wonderfully than that lady did when for the first time she grasped the meaning of those words, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' Weeks after that she said to me, 'My life is quite different, everything is changed; I do not feel like the same woman; my only sorrow is that I did not know when I was young what I know now.'

"Before the band begins to play for the evening service, and during the intervals of the music, one or two of the Sisters move very quietly about the hall, discreetly speaking, as opportunity offers, a few words of kindness and welcome to the women and girls who come in crowds to the services. As the result of this work most interesting cases have come under our notice, and one Sister knows of nine persons who, as a result of their kindly greeting, were led to Christian decision, and are now members in our classes. My experience in work of this kind has convinced me profoundly of one thing, viz., that we, who have been brought up from our youth in those circles of Christian life where we are taught to believe in and experience a personal, individual faith in Christ, have no idea of the spiritual state of mind of those people who have never had that teaching, and to whom the word

'faith' conveys but a vague doctrinal meaning which has in it no element of personal acceptance.

"I cannot close without expressing our gratitude to all those kind friends who have so generously helped us during the year. We owe a great debt of gratitude to the thoughtful kindness of Lady Henry Somerset, who had a party of twenty poor people from the back streets and slums down to her castle at Ledbury, for a month during the summer. They were entertained under her ladyship's own roof, with all hospitality and considerate kindness. It was a month of intense happiness and enjoyment to them. Many of them said that they had never before in all their lives been so happy or had so much enjoyment. Her ladyship also took a party of little children for a month to her country home at Reigate; and we have to thank her most warmly for these and many other acts of sympathetic kindness to us in our work.

"I think that one of the most encouraging signs of the reality of our work is the devotion and earnestness on the part of the individual members of the classes. My class meets at a late hour, from nine to ten o'clock, every Thursday evening, so as to enable girls who are in houses of business to attend. Many of these come long distances at the close of a long day's work. They are often, I can see, very, very tired, but yet they join in the class with the greatest intelligence and fervour. They take the deepest interest in the work of the Mission, and devote their few spare hours to doing what they can to help us in the work. Their self-sacrifice and devotion is often very touching. Many of them have to endure an amount of petty persecution and jeering which would severely try the courage and endurance of some of us, if we had to encounter it. May God help us all to do humbly and faithfully the work which lies before us during the coming year."

"Sister Mary," of the West London Mission, gives the following more detailed account of their work:

"'The Sisters of the People' have now been at work in West London for over two years. During that time our mission has so enlarged and extended that it now includes almost every branch of work generally undertaken in any great city. The neighbourhood in which our work lies is probably unique in character. Within a small radius we have, on the one hand, the greatest wealth and luxury, and on the other hand, in the slums leading off the main thoroughfares, such depths of poverty and degradation that a commission lately sitting in Soho decided that the poverty here is even more intense, though in a smaller area, than

in the East End. There is also a large foreign element in the population—French, German, Polish, Swedish, Irish and Welsh, and in almost every house there are Jews. We are in a district where most of the tailoring and boot-making is done for the West End shops, and as it is often necessary to make several journeys a day to the shop the work-people are obliged to live near, hence the neighbourhood is very densely populated and rents are exorbitantly high. A family often occupies but one room, sometimes two and exceptionally three, so that each house contains several families. Only to-day a woman told me that she was paying six shillings for one room which she shared with her three children.

"Our aim is, if possible, to bring home, to rich and poor alike, the fact that God is Love and that He loves and cares for every one. This we try to do by proving to them that we, as Christians, love them and are willing to help them, not only spiritually, but in every possible way. We believe that as Christians our duty is literally to imitate Christ, who cared for the bodies as well as the souls of men and women, and who went about doing good. It is only by thus being witnesses to the truth of God's love that we can hope to convince those with whom we come in contact, and we are only satisfied when we are able to lead them to Jesus Christ, who is the image of the Father's face.

"To give a clear and definite idea of the work, it will be well to go quickly through each department especially worked by the Sisters, and in some instances to give a real case, as typical of the work aimed at and accomplished.

"*The Crêche* has been opened at the Mission House, to help women who are out at work all day and have no one with whom they can safely leave their children. We have turned a large, bright, airy room at the top of the house into this Day Nursery, and we often have as many as from thirty to forty babies and children in at one time. We take them from one month old to five years. We have two nurses, and one of the Sisters is responsible for the welfare of the children. We keep them from eight in the morning until eight at night, and charged the mothers threepence per day, or fivepence if two children come from the same family. This is much appreciated by the mothers, and it is a very pretty sight to see the children swinging and playing with their toys, or to see the elder ones sitting at their little low tables having dinner or tea, especially when we think of the wretched dirty homes from which so many of them come.

"*The Mothers' Meetings.* We have three mothers' meetings in connection with our different halls. To these meetings women

bring their work, and they can buy material at cost price. We also have a stall for the sale of ready-made garments at the cost of the material only. During the first part of the meeting a story-book is read and then a short, bright address is given, and the meeting ends with a hymn and a prayer. One Sister is told off to visit the women who attend and to look up absentees.

"*The Women's Slate Club.* In connection with the mothers' meetings we have a slate club. This is a club which provides help in case of sickness and settles up at the end of each year. Last Christmas our women received back the same amount which they put in, the fines and sales of cards having met all the cases of sickness and death.

"*The Women's Meeting.* Once a week the Sisters conduct a service at Wardour Hall for women only. These meetings have been much blessed. One Sunday evening a woman was spoken to at the hall, and she told the sister that she had not had one moment's rest since the women's meeting that week. She went into the inquiry room and found Christ, and is to-day a bright and happy Christian, and meets in class.

"*The Relief Committee.* One Sister is at the Mission House every morning for two hours, every case of distress found by the Sisters is reported to her, and she thoroughly investigates it and makes all inquiry as to its causes and genuineness. All applicants for relief are referred to her too. Once a week Mrs. Price Hughes and the Sisters meet in committee, and, after a special prayer for guidance and wisdom, each case is reported, discussed, and the best way of giving help decided upon. We object to giving doles which do not permanently help the case, but aim at making each one self-supporting, or by tiding them over an unavoidable period of distress put them in an independent position again. The following case is typical.

"One of the Sisters found a woman living in great poverty, she had one child who earned a few shillings every week, and this, with odd days of cleaning, was her only reliable source of income. She, however, became a Christian, but sorely needed a helping hand to raise her from her miserable surroundings. Through our different branches of work, a situation was found for her as housekeeper to a working man, suitable clothing provided, and, later on, surgical boots, which had become a necessity for her. Her boy was placed in a Working Boys' Home, where he goes out daily to work and is almost self-supporting. Both are going on very well indeed.

"*The Registry Office.* This was opened to help women and girls to find work of all kinds. A friendly interest is taken in

the girls, and very often suitable clothing given to those who are poor. They are visited and written to in their situations. We have two rooms at the Mission House, into which we can take any girl who, perhaps, having no friends in London, finds herself in difficulties about a night's lodgings. These rooms are seldom empty, and many girls have in this way been sheltered, and a good opportunity given for friendly intercourse and good influences.

"A Sister reported a case of a young girl living alone in one room with a stepfather. She had been converted at one of our services, but in such surroundings a virtuous life would have been almost impossible. A situation was found for her and a good outfit given to her.

"*The Playground.* Two afternoons a week the Sisters gather the children of the districts into the large school-room, underneath Wardour Hall and have an hour's good romp with them. We have swings, skipping-ropes, and a good see-saw for them, and a very happy time we all have together.

"*Sewing Classes.* There are one or two sewing classes, both for children and older girls, and these are varied by games and singing.

"Besides this we have one or more services or temperance meetings every night in the week in the different halls. At all of these one or two Sisters are present and they work in the women's inquiry room, sometimes give the address and sometimes play the harmonium.

"Each Sister on first coming to the Mission has a special district assigned to her, and she visits from room to room. It is here more than anywhere else that we are more especially 'The Sisters of the People.' We are not only prepared to invite the people to the services and read or pray with them, but we are willing to help them in any way that comes to hand. We cook a dinner, wash a baby, clean up a room, give a little instruction in cooking or sewing, and even if necessary do a little washing.

"We have three trained hospital nurses, who attended any case of serious illness.

"We all have many cases of special interest which come to us in various, and often very unexpected ways, of which it is impossible to write in a condensed article such as this. There are few cases of real need for which we are not able, in some way or other, to devise means of help. God has marvellously blessed us, especially in leading souls to Himself. We most of us have society classes, the members of which have, in many instances, been brought in by the direct agency of the Mission.

"Many have remarked that hopefulness is the characteristic of our Mission, and this is so. We have bright hopes for everyone, to whom we can bring such a Saviour as we have proved Christ to be in our own lives.

"Our hope, our joy, and our strength are in Him only, 'in whom all fulness dwells.'"

Upon these facts the *Methodist Times* makes the following stirring appeal to the women of Methodism:

"At a meeting held on behalf of the Sisterhood established in West London, Mrs. Price Hughes, Sister Katherine, and Sister Lily described the various features of their work, and Mr. Price Hughes expatiated on what he called his 'ideal.' He wanted to have, as soon as possible, one thousand 'Sisters of the People.' Not that he contemplated employing them all in West London, although in that vast and inconceivable province of houses ample work might be found even for that number. His 'ideal' is to send at least one thoroughly trained and competent Sister to every circuit in the kingdom. He believed that such a helper would be able to render many important forms of service which no increase of the ministerial staff could secure. But the 'Sister' must be the social and intellectual equal of the Circuit Steward's daughters. She must be able to meet the ladies of our 'leading families' in their drawing-rooms, not as their inferior or servant, but as one of themselves. She can then lead them and organize them in every kind of Christian and philanthropic work. She will, therefore, occupy an entirely different position from the excellent Bible-women of the past. Even among the degraded, the superior refinement and education of the 'Sister' will enable her to do immeasurably more than is possible to a Bible-woman. This is emphatically the experience of the West London Mission. The more truly a Sister is a lady, in every sense of the word, the greater is her influence for good over the most vulgar and degraded in the slums of Soho. It is impossible to exaggerate the services which a Sister would render to the Superintendent of a circuit. She would be the centre and spring of every kind of woman's work among women. Think of the good she might do in visiting the homes of our people in the villages! She would have one or two society classes. She would organize mothers' meetings, slate clubs, *crèches*, rescue homes, cookery classes, soup kitchens, servants' registries, women's meetings, reading clubs, bands of hope, and anything else that suited the particular neighbourhood. She would visit anxious inquirers, new converts, the sick, and those who were falling away.

"But clearly she must be qualified by a long and careful training. Many a lady feels quite unable to take the first plunge into Christian work at home, under the eyes of her own family, and where everybody knows her. Moreover, the necessary instructions, appliances, and opportunities cannot be provided everywhere. They cannot be provided anywhere so well as in West London, because West London presents every variety of life and experience. In West London you have both the very rich and the very poor. There is work among the educated, among artisans and mechanics, among starving labourers, and among foreigners of many nations. There is also a unique opportunity of being acquainted with young people in houses of business. West London is an epitome of every phase and aspect of London life.

"Furthermore, this training cannot be carried out effectively except in a definitely organized Sisterhood. It is not enough that godly women live together under the same roof. They must be conscious of a definite vocation to the work. This need involve no vow, and need not bind their future. But without a positive conviction that they are in the very path to which God is calling them they will never endure the drudgery, the self-suppression, and the discouragements of such a life. Secondly, there must be a simple and reasonable discipline, without which co-ordinate action is impossible. Thirdly, there must be an *esprit de corps*, which will sustain them wherever they go, and greatly multiply the confidence and enthusiasm of their work. For these and other reasons of great practical importance a distinctive dress, however plain, has always been found essential.

"Why should not this great development of Christian work begin at once on a large scale? Why should the Church, as the late Bishop of Durham said, be 'maimed in one of her hands'? Why should we leave this mighty agency to the Church of Rome and the Church of England? Life-long vows, and other features which we strongly dislike, are not essential to success. We are already proving that blessed results may be secured by means to which the most sensitive and suspicious Protestant cannot object. Is not this an enterprise which should especially commend itself to the ladies of our congregations everywhere? Mrs. Wiseman and other devoted ladies are happily enlisting their sympathies everywhere in Foreign Missions. We pray for the richest blessing upon their efforts. But has not the time come to do similar work on behalf of our vast and miserable heathen population at home? What would ultimately achieve so much on behalf of foreign missions? The first condition of proper interest in the

work abroad is greatly-quickened spiritual life at home. Why should not some of our most gifted and privileged girls volunteer for this enterprise? Miss Fowler goes forth as a Sister of Mercy to the lepers in the Sandwich Islands. Are Protestant ladies less capable of devotion and humanity than Roman Catholic ladies? Roman Catholics of the highest, even of princely rank, enter the Sisterhoods of Rome. Are our children capable of emulating their zeal, while carefully avoiding what we regard as their errors? We cannot believe it. We do not despair of having some day hundreds of sisters who, at their own cost, without receiving one penny from our churches, will do the kind of work we have indicated."

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1888, provided for the complete recognition of deaconesses. We quote two or three paragraphs in the Discipline relating to the office:

"The duties of the deaconesses are to minister to the poor, visit the sick, pray with the dying, care for the orphan, seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning, and, relinquishing wholly all other pursuits, devote themselves in a general way to such forms of Christian labour as may be suited to their abilities.

"When working singly, each deaconess shall be under the direction of the pastor of the church with which she is connected. When associated together in a Home, all the members of the Home shall be subordinate to and directed by the superintendent placed in charge."

Deaconess Homes are now in operation in Chicago, New York, New Orleans, Cincinnati and Detroit; others are projected in Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, while individual deaconesses are employed in several cities both east and west.

We quote, in conclusion, the following vigorous and timely words from Miss Daniels' able article in our January number.

"What is the word of this great and ever-changing work of the deaconesses beyond the sea and nearer home for us? Perhaps the simple facts are more eloquent than any deductions we might make.

"In the great cities of the United States and Canada, as in the Old World, are districts teeming with suffering and degraded poor. We have our prisons, workhouses and hospitals, calling for the loving ministries which only Christian women can render. Yet to whom are these intrusted? In the hospital wards and prisons the work of relieving the misery of the sinful and suffering is left very largely, in many places almost exclusively, to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity; while the privilege of bearing the good news to the poor and illiterate classes, whose need is

greatest, though they know not how to name it, is given over chiefly to the Salvation Army. There are thousands of men, women, and children who never enter the doors of a church, however wide open they stand, whom neither the most faithful and hard-working pastor nor the most zealous mission band can hope to reach. Yet experience has proved that often among just these the deaconesses are able to accomplish the most good. Not even the hardened "masses" continue long to shut their doors against these pure, unobtrusive women, who come with kindness and sympathy to them as individuals. That is the secret; there is no force in the world so strong as this of personal, heart-to-heart effort.

"To those who object to the institution life as abnormal and narrowing, we would say, 'Consider if there are not many women, true and gifted women, to whom the home and family life is not appointed; if there are not many women, born in an environment where there is little to stimulate to larger growth and higher aims, to whom such association with noble and lofty souls would be both broadening and inspiring.' Constant, earnest work, and the wants of the world around her, calling out her best sympathies and stimulating heart and mind and hands to help them who bring their need to her door, will be a safeguard to the deaconess against the self-centred life which alone is narrowing—'They dwell with the King for His work.' Deaconess Homes are not instituted to be hot-houses for the cultivation of religious mysticism, but to be centres of outreaching ministry to God's wandering and suffering ones.

"In regard to the objection sometimes raised, that the deaconesses are too similar to the Roman Catholic nuns, a little honest investigation and reflection will show that while the good features of the sisterhoods are present—and even the most aggressive anti-Jesuit must admit that they have some good features—the evils are eliminated. There is no vow, no renunciation of the dearest relations of life, nothing of the conventual system in the life of the Home. The distinctive garb, too, of the deaconess, objectionable to some, has in Europe proved to be both a protection and a passport to its wearers, marking them as those set apart for a peculiar and holy service. Many a time one of those simple robes appearing in the distance has been a herald of hope to a sick heart; by that alone it could be known beyond all doubt that a minister of peace and good-will was drawing near with sympathy and help.

"The life of the deaconess is not one to attract the romantic dreamer. It is a simple, intensely practical life, in which much that is common-place, much that is unpleasant and even painful, must be encountered, and about which there is very little of the

glamour of poetry. Yet it is a noble life, illuminated and made beautiful by the pure purpose and unselfish love which inspire it. The day may not be far distant when Canadian Protestantism, too, shall have its sisters of charity, large-hearted, strong-souled women, who are not held otherwise by God-given human ties, and are glad to consecrate themselves to the work of ministering to the needy 'for Jesus' sake.'"

WHEN JESUS CAME.

Some household cares perchance had chained our feet,
Or passing guest beguiled with converse sweet;
A little languor fettered our desires
For heavenly dew or Pentecostal fires;
But afterwards we owned—we owned the shame—
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet, if a king gave audience for an hour,
And bade us wait on him for wealth or power,
How had we sped through dark, unlovely street
To pour our supplications at his feet!
Our King gives audience, Jesus is His name;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

It might have rained or winter winds were rough,
It was too hot or was not warm enough!
And so we let the hour of dew pass by,
And so we let the precious moments fly
Which might have nursed a holy, steadfast aim;
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

Yet there may be a faithful one who keeps
A mournful vigil where a sufferer sleeps;
Balm for the grief He'll give and rest for toil,
So she who tarries shall divide the spoil;
Though all unpraised and all unknown to fame,
She shall be satisfied, for "Jesus came."

Or tender babes may claim our patient care;
God's children these, His little lambs they are,
A circle very close unto their Lord,
Their voices will not drown His whispered word;
All unrepining, let us own His claim,
And say, "We were at home, yet Jesus came."

Let naught but duty keep us from His feet
Whose invitations are so free, so sweet.
Outrun the earnest, break through every press,
He must not miss us when He comes to bless,
Else shall we own—and own with bitter shame—
Alas! we were not there when Jesus came.

—*British Messenger.*

A FORGOTTEN QUEEN.

BY MISS MARY S. DANIELS, B.A.

"As happy as a queen," we sometimes say. How lightly we speak, we who seem to imply by our thoughtless words that happiness and royalty must be inseparably associated! The pages of history tell a different story. True, there have been happy queens, but such are not all who wear the crown. Such, certainly was not, as hearts count happiness, the subject of the present sketch, Elizabeth Christine of Prussia. Nor does princely rank insure authority or renown. Few lives, so exalted in position have been so secluded, few names so inconspicuous as hers, whose pure and virtuous character shone serenely and steadily amid the pomp and ambition of an European court of the last century.

The eighteenth century was a period of turmoil and change. It was then that earth was terrified and saddened, and heaven darkened by the horrors of the French Revolution. It was then that Russia first took her place among the nations of Europe. It was then that the American colonies asserted and maintained their independence. It was the same century that witnessed the development of the Prussian kingdom into that great power, "which," says one historian, "has been able in our own times to bind together the long-dissevered German States into the mighty German Empire."

Into the midst of this turbulent period was born, November 8th, 1715, in the picturesque old castle of Wolfenbüttel, Elizabeth Christine, princess of Brunswick-Bevern, destined to share the throne of Prussia as the wife of Frederick the Great.

The little princess, the outline of whose story can be but briefly given, was reared under the most ennobling influences. Her father, Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and her mother, the beautiful Duchess Antoinette Amelia, were both cheerful and earnest Christians. Growing up to womanhood in the quiet and happy home-life, surrounded by her merry brothers and sisters, the lovely and unselfish character of the future queen began to be formed. Of her early education, says Mrs. Catherine E. Hurst, who has written in her "Good Women of History" series, the only connected story of the life of this princess, but little is known. Her grandfather, Duke Rudolph, the founder of the Brunswick Museum, was accustomed to set apart one evening each week for "conversations" on scientific subjects; on these

occasions, when the most distinguished scholars of the country were to be found in his *salons*, the duke required the grandchildren to be present. However little of the wisdom there heard may have been understood and appreciated at the time by the little Elizabeth Christine, years afterward she cherished the memory of those pleasant evenings in the company of the great and celebrated men whom she then learned to admire.

It was out of these peaceful surroundings that the youthful princess was chosen by Frederick William I. to be the bride of his son. The inclinations of the Crown Prince were in no way considered in this choice. There was little sympathy between father and son, the latter being a wild and pleasure-loving youth, devoted to gay society, music and French literature and philosophy, all of which were violently hated by the king, who was a stern and tyrannical father, accustomed to vent his displeasure on his son by kicks and blows and yet more severe treatment. The young Frederick had been sincerely attached to his English cousin, Princess Amelia, whom his mother wished him to marry; when, for political reasons the projected union was abandoned, he was little disposed to regard with favour the bride selected for him by his father, and submitted to his will only through fear of the paternal displeasure and its consequences.

The betrothal was celebrated with much magnificence at Berlin, on the 10th of March, 1732. Elizabeth Christine, whose unassuming appearance and manner were in striking contrast with those prevailing at the royal court, and whose charms were not of a sort to make an immediate and favourable impression, was chilled by the cold reception which she received, and both felt and appeared ill at ease in her new surroundings. Frederick, indeed, found her much more agreeable and attractive than he had anticipated, but there was nothing in the shy and silent girl of seventeen to excite any emotion akin to love in the heart of the wayward young man, and he performed his part in the ceremonies in a spirit of mere acquiescence.

It was hoped that during the year of betrothal the affianced pair would become more attached to each other, but while the frank heart of the maiden warmed to her betrothed with steadily increasing affection, he continued to regard her with indifference, scarcely even writing to her except when upbraided by his father for not doing so.

The marriage was celebrated in the royal palace of Duke Rudolph, May 12th, 1733. It was attended with much ceremony and festal display, yet the girlish bride could not fail to observe the coldness with which she was received at the Prussian court.

The queen, whose heart had been set on another alliance for her son, treated her with actual discourtesy; the Crown Prince in vain tried to conceal from his newly-wedded wife, under a cloak of politeness, his distaste for the marriage; of all the royal family only the eccentric old king received the young princess with unaffected friendliness. This half-savage old tyrant, who would in a rage, break his son's flute over his head, evinced the most cordial affection for his daughter-in-law throughout his life.

At the time of her marriage, Elizabeth Christine is described as follows by her sister-in-law, the Margravine Wilhelmine of Baireuth: "The Crown Princess is large, and of bad form and manners; her face is dazzling white, and this complexion is heightened by the loveliest colour; her eyes are of pale blue, and do not bespeak much spirit or animation; her mouth is small; all her features are fine without being beautiful. Taking her face as a whole, it is so charming and childlike that one would almost think the head belonged to a child of twelve years. Her hair is blonde, and curls naturally. She has very little grace and is awkward in conversation—so much so that one is obliged to anticipate what she wishes to say, which produces much embarrassment." Carlyle mentions her as "an insipid, fine-complexioned young lady."

With her marriage to the Crown Prince, Elizabeth Christine entered upon an entirely new life. Only once is she known to have visited the beautiful home of her childhood, though often in the gay and uncongenial surroundings of the court of Prussia must her thoughts have flown lovingly back to those peaceful days of her early life.

King Frederick presented to his son, soon after his marriage, the beautiful and delightfully-situated old castle of Rheinsberg, which when renovated and improved became the home of the young pair. For six years the Crown Prince and his wife lived happily and quietly in this charming retreat. Their time was occupied with study, social enjoyment and the exercise of hospitality. Frederick, being an intense lover of music, was an earnest student and an enthusiastic admirer of the French writers. Elizabeth Christine, although intelligent and accustomed to association with men of culture and learning, yet knew scarce anything of Voltaire and the other authors so admired by her husband and his companions. Nevertheless, having the one desire and purpose of winning the love of her husband by her untiring devotion, she considered his taste and inclination in all her pursuits, and exerted herself to become conversant with whatever subjects might be pleasing to him. Accordingly she became

a student of the French language and literature, read all the most celebrated authors, both ancient and modern, and even acquainted herself with the philosophical studies of her husband.

During those happy years at Rheinsberg, the brightest of her married life, the shy, awkward girl improved rapidly and acquired that ease and versatility, the lack of which had been her chief defect at the time of her marriage. In a private letter of the time she is thus described: "I have never seen one whose form is so well proportioned in every respect. She might serve a painter as a model. . . . Goodness gleams in her countenance, and one might say with justice that her whole form has been put together by the hands of the graces for the purpose of making a great princess. She talks very little, especially at table, but what she does say is full of meaning. She appears to possess an acute understanding, which she improves by constant reading of the best French authors. Her deportment is at the same time majestic, deliberate, and perfectly unconstitutional." Very different, this, from the unformed, insipid young lady described at a previous time.

How delightful was her life at Rheinsberg is shown by the letters she wrote at the time, as well as by the fondness with which her memory reverted to it in after years. Writing once to the king, she says: "My residence in Rheinsberg is as pleasant to me as it possibly can be in the company of him who is to me the dearest object on earth. I cannot become weary in the society of him I love above all others." The amiability and patient love of Elizabeth Christine were not without their influence on her husband, and if she had not all that her heart craved, she had at least succeeded in winning his friendship and esteem. During that part of their life he treated her with consideration and even apparent tenderness. Her constant goodness and gentleness also warmed the hearts of the rest of the royal family towards her, so that they, too, came to regard her with a certain degree of real affection.

Those happy years at Rheinsberg Castle came to an end with the death of King Frederick William, and the accession of the young king to the throne in 1740. Then began the loneliness and neglect in which the remainder of the life of Elizabeth Christine was passed.

Soon after he became king, Frederick presented to her the château of Schönhausen, which remained her home and asylum until her death. Her residence at this castle began with much rejoicing, and the first year witnessed several joyous events, among which was the marriage of her sister, Louise Amelia, to a

brother of the king. It was not at once that the young queen felt herself entirely forsaken by her husband. Though occupied almost constantly with the duties of his royal office, though often absent, and even when in Berlin scarcely visiting her, he was still so kind and friendly in his manner to her that she did not allow herself to be unhappy.

Immediately after the first of the series of brilliant victories, which made his name forever illustrious in the annals of Europe, he wrote her a kind and most affectionate letter in regard to it, and on his return from the field of battle brought with him costly gifts for her. But at the splendid entertainment given soon after by the dowager-queen, in honour of Elizabeth Christine's birthday, Frederick did not present himself, and in all the brilliant festivities, amid which the queen took possession of her new and spendid apartments in the royal palace, that for which above all else her loving heart yearned was wanting.

From this time the estrangement between Frederick and Elizabeth Christine grew more marked. The queen had less and less of her husband's society; she was not permitted to accompany him in his visits to the cities whither he journeyed from time to time, not even to her beloved Rheinsberg, and had only the privilege of occasionally dining with him when he visited his mother. Though he could not but respect his wife, Frederick had never loved her, and now their paths in life were more than ever widely divergent. The dominant force in Frederick's character was ambition, and the sole aim of his life to make of his little kingdom one of the great powers of Europe; what had he in common with the gentle, home-loving woman to whom he was wedded? With the devout and childlike Christian faith which was the spring of her life, he, the philosopher and disciple of Voltaire, though he might tolerate it, could have no sympathy. He had long ago declared that he was "not the stuff out of which good husbands are made," and ever more and more he proved his words true.

For a long time the lonely wife and queen cherished the hope of happier days, endeavouring to persuade herself that the neglect which she suffered was due only to the exigencies of the times and would end with the dawn of peace. But when Frederick returned from the wars in the flush of victory, Elizabeth Christine learned that her dreams of happiness were not to be realized. The king was engaged in superintending the building of Sanssouci, his beautiful palace of pleasure. To Schönhausen he never went, and when in Berlin the society for which he cared least was that of his wife.

Suitable honour and deference he rigidly required to be paid to her as queen, not only by his own subjects, but by the ambassadors of foreign courts, who always paid their respects to her at Schönhausen, but his own treatment of her became more and more unkind. It occurred several times that to celebrations in the palace, at which the other members of the royal family and household were present, she must suffer the mortification of not being invited. Sans-souci, the favourite palace of the king, she never saw, not even being invited to the inaugural banquet, when the whole court and all the king's friends were present.

During the Seven Years' War Elizabeth Christine suffered many discomforts and sorrows, both as queen and as woman. She was obliged to flee for refuge, now to the fortress of Spandau, and again to Magdeburg; her mind was racked with anxiety for the king's safety and welfare; and the loss of her mother and younger brother, as well as of other relatives, during the same period, caused her the deepest grief.

When this war was ended, the queen, now no longer young, again hoped with all the intensity of her loving heart that the king, having satisfied his ambition and won his crown of glory, would at last be ready to enjoy the happiness of domestic life. But again disappointment was in store for her. When the demonstrations of rejoicing were over she but learned that after the seven years' absence the alienation of her husband was wider than ever. Frederick went to his beloved Sans-souci, and Elizabeth Christine returned to Schönhausen, were she lived as before in sadness and solitude, occupied with her studies and correspondence.

In January, 1785, Frederick visited his wife for the last time. During the remaining year and a half of his life, in failing health, but still devoted to his people and loved by them as never before, he passed his time mainly at his beautiful château of Sans-souci, where death closed his eyes, August 16th, 1786. Elizabeth Christine, who for fifty-three years, notwithstanding his cruel neglect, had tenderly loved him as husband and adored him as king and hero, grieved most deeply for the loss which all Prussia mourned.

Outwardly her life was little altered after the king's death, her summers being spent at Schönhausen, and her winters at Berlin as before. Her literary work, which had occupied many of her lonely hours and already amounted to something considerable, she still diligently carried on. It was in connection with these literary labours that her earnest and extensive study at Rheinsberg bore rich fruit. Her first important work, commenced in 1766, was a translation into French of Crugott's "Christ in Soli-

tude," which she dedicated, in a beautiful and affectionate letter to her favourite brother and confidant, Ferdinand of Brunswick. She published at different times, under the name of "Constance," a name associated with the happy days at Rheinsberg Castle, a great number of translations of her favourite religious books, and in the weakness caused by failing health and advancing age, wrote an original work, entitled, "Thoughts and Meditations for the New Year on the Care which God has for Mankind, and of the Way, Full of Goodness, in which He leads us."

Although the most of her writings were of a devotional character, her reading and studies had a very wide range. She read all the celebrated writers of her own time, and delighted also in the Greek and Latin classics. Voltaire, whom she met several times, flattered her and sent her some of his published works, but her pious mind recoiled from the brilliant scoffer, and he was never her friend. With many of the learned men of the age she carried on a regular correspondence.

Elizabeth Christine never took the part in public affairs which another in her high position might have done, but at one time, fifteen years after the close of the Seven Years' War, when trouble with Austria again arose, and war and devastation once more threatened the Prussian kingdom, she wrote a pamphlet, entitled, "Meditations on the Position of Public Affairs in 1778;" in which she endeavoured to stimulate the courage of the Prussian people, and to strengthen their confidence in and loyalty to the king, whom she held up before them as the pattern of true patriotism and courage.

The literary labours of Elizabeth Christine were her great comfort in her solitary and neglected life, and reveal much of the spirit of Christian piety which made her life so beautiful. It was her unfaltering faith and constant communion with God which alone sustained her in all the sorrows of her wifehood and widowhood. "Christ is my life," she wrote, and all her walk and conversation exemplified the faith she professed. In meekness and gentleness she bore the keenest grief of her life—the king's indifference and coldness—and was always grateful for the smallest crumb of comfort which he threw her.

That he did esteem her is made evident in more than one way. He desired that all deference due to her rank and virtue should be observed by others, spoke frequently in praise of her pure and lofty character; and once when she was suffering from a serious illness, wrote a letter to her physician, bidding him spare no means of assisting her recovery, and referring to her as "a woman much loved and indispensably necessary to the country, to the

poor, and to me." In his last will and testament he also expressed the same sentiment, making provision for her comfort and desiring of her nephew and successor that he "show her the respect due to her as the widow of his uncle, and as a princess who never departed from the path of virtue."

The life of Elizabeth Christine was a long one, although before the age of thirty she had felt that in her neglected and unloved condition there was little to live for, and expressed her willingness to die as soon as it might be God's will. Her many sorrows but purified and sanctified her nature. Patient and submissive under the afflictions which bereaved her one by one of those she loved most tenderly, her hold on heaven grew stronger as her life on earth wore on.

Hers was a beautiful old age. Her manner of life, though suited to her high rank, was unostentatious. Free from care, in regard to political affairs, she had leisure to devote to her favourite pursuits. Her books, correspondence, and the society of a few old and dear friends were still prized. Her genial social nature led her to surround herself with those to whom it was her delight to give pleasure, and an occasional banquet or entertainment furnished diversion for her friends. All her life she had presented a noble example of strong and fervent religious life to her people, and in old age all felt the influence of her faith and piety. In her the poor always found a sympathizing friend; she often denied herself that she might be able to help others, and this in the most secret and humble manner.

Childless herself, she had the comfort of having entrusted to her care by the king her niece, the little orphan princess Frederica, afterwards Duchess of York, whom she loved with all her heart and reared most carefully.

Between her and her nephew, Frederick William II., the most friendly and affectionate relation existed. In her extreme old age she delighted particularly in the society of her grand-nephews and nieces, the king's children, who also cherished a warm affection for her.

The last public ceremony in which Elizabeth Christine took part was the celebration of the marriage of the Crown Prince to the beautiful and accomplished Princess Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the lovely and well-beloved Queen Louise of history. Two years later it was her happy privilege, at the age of eighty, to be one of the sponsors to the little prince born of this marriage. On January 13th, 1797, she passed out of this life to the presence of the God she loved.

Such is the story of one whose noble character, and pure, sweet

womanliness could be preserved as unsullied amid the glitter and temptations of a royal court as in the obscurest home, and whose gentle virtues would adorn the humblest maid or wife as radiantly as the proudest princess. The name of Elizabeth Christine has long been well-nigh forgotten; chroniclers and biographers have almost passed by this slighted, neglected, but beautiful, life; "yet," says Preuss, the historian, "so long as the crown of Prussia beams, so long will the virtues of Queen Elizabeth Christine be glorified in its splendour."

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.

"UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN."

BY A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

WHAT matter how the winds may blow,
Or blow they east, or blow they west!
What reck I how the tides my flow,
Since ebb or flood alike is best.
No summer calm, no winter gale,
Impedes or drives me from my way;
I, steadfast, toward the haven sail,
That lies, perhaps, not far away.

I mind the weary days of old,
When motionless I seemed to lie;
The nights when fierce the billows rolled,
And changed my course, I knew not why;
I feared the calm, I feared the gale,
Foreboding danger and delay,
Forgetting I was thus to sail
To reach what seemed so far away.

I measure not the loss and fret,
Which through these years of doubt I bore;
I kept the memory fresh, and yet
Would hold God's patient mercy more.
What wrecks have passed me in the gale,
What ships sunk in the summer day;
While I, with furled or spreading sail,
Stood for the haven far away.

What matter how the winds may blow,
Since fair or foul alike is best;
God holds them in His hand I know,
And I may leave to Him the rest;
Assured that neither calm nor gale
Can bring me danger or delay,
As I towards the haven still sail
That lies, I know, not far away.

"JACK" THE FISHERMAN.*

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

II.

It was the next day that some one told Mother Mary, at the poor boarding-house where she stayed, that a woman wanted a few words with her. The visitor was Teen. She was worn and wan and sobbing with excitement. She did not look as if she had enough to eat. She had come, she said, just to see Mother Mary, just to tell her, for Jack would never tell himself, but she was sure her husband had reformed; he would never drink again; he meant to be a sober man; and Mother Mary ought to know she did it, for she did, God bless her!

"I've walked all this way to bless you for myself," said Teen. "I ain't very fit for walkin', nor can't afford a ferry-ticket, for he didn't leave me nothin', on this trip, but I've come to bless you. My husband come to your meetin', Mother Mary, by himself, Jack did. He never goes to no meetin's—nobody couldn't drive him; but he comes to yours because he says you treat a man like folks, and he wouldn't go inside, for he'd ben drinkin' and he felt ashamed. So he set outside upon a box behind the winder and he peeked in. And he come home and told me, for we'd had some words beforehand, and I was glad to see him. I was settin' there and cryin' when he come. 'I wouldn't Teen,' says he, 'for I've seen Mother Mary, and I'm reformed,' says he. He says the song you sang was 'Rock of Ages,' and it made him feel so bad I had to cry to see him. And he says, 'Teen, I wished I was a better man.' And I says, 'Jack, I wished you was.' And he says, 'I lost the hanker for dhrink when I heard her sing "Rock of Ages,"' and I made him a cup of coffee, for I didn't know what else to do, and I brought it to him on the lounge, and he thanked me. 'Teen,' says he, 'I'll never drink a drop again so help me Mother Mary!' And then he kissed me. And he's gone out haddockin', but we parted very kind. And so I come to tell you, for it mayn't be many days that I could walk it, and I've been that to him as I said I should, and I thought that you'd better know."

"You've had no breakfast," answered Mother Mary, "and you've walked too far. Here get a bowl of soup; and take the ferry back. There, there! don't cry quite so hard. I'll try to stay a little longer. I won't leave town till Jack comes in. It takes the 'Rock of Ages' to cure the hanker, Teen. But I've seen older men than he is stop as if they had been stopped by a lasso thrown

* Abridged from the volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

from heaven. If there's any save in him," added Mother Mary below her breath, "he shall have his chance this time."

He went aboard sober, and sober he stayed. He kept a good deal by himself and thought of many things. His face paled out and refined, as their faces do, from abstinence; the ghost of his good lucks hovered about him; he mended up his clothes; he did a kind turn to a messmate now and then; he lent a dollar to a fellow with the rheumatism to pay for St. Galen's Oil. When he had done this, he remembered that he had left his wife without money, and said aloud: "That's a mean trick to play on a woman."

He had bad luck, however, that trip; his share was small; he made seven dollars and twenty-seven cents in three weeks. When Jack stepped off the *Destiny* at Zephaniah Salt & Co.'s wharf at Fairharbour, after that voyage, clean, pale, good-natured, and sober, thinking that he would get shaved before he hurried home to Teen, and wishing he could pay the grocer's bill upon the way, suddenly he caught her name upon the wharves.

The words were few—they are not for us—but they were enough to do the deed. Jack was quite sober. He understood. They assailed the honour of his home, the truth of his wife; they derided the trust which he had in her in his absence; they sneered at the "reformed man" whose domestic prospects were—as they were; they exulted over him with the exultation in the sight of the havoc wrought, which is the most inexplicable impulse of evil.

Everybody knew how hot-blooded Jack was; and when the fury rushed red over his face painted gray by abstinence, there was a smart scattering upon the wharves.

His hand clapped to his pockets; but his was an old cheap, rusty pistol (he had swapped a Bible and his trawls for it once, upon a spree, and got cheated); it held but one cartridge, and his wrist shook. The shot went sputtering into the water, and no harm came of it. Jack jammed the pistol back into his pocket; he glared about him madly, but he had his glare for his pains; the men were afraid of him; he was alone upon the wharf.

It can hardly be said that he hesitated. Would that it could. Raving to himself—head down, hands clenched, feet stumbling like a blind man's—the fisherman sank into the first open door he staggered by, as a seiner, pierced by an invisible swordfish, sinks into the sea. He had fifteen such places to pass before he reached his house.

He drank for half an hour—an hour—a half more—came out and went straight home.

It was now night of a February day. Jack, looking dimly on through his craze, saw the light of his half of the gray cottage shining ahead.

"Them lamps look like she used to—curse her!" and so went hurtling on.

He dashed up against the house, as a bowsprit dashes on the

rocks, took one mad look through the unfrosted window, below the half-drawn curtain, and flung himself against the door, and in.

His wife sat there in the great rocking-chair, leaning back; she had a pillow behind her and her feet on the salt-fish box which he had covered to make a cricket for her, when they were first married. She looked pale and pretty. She was talking to a visitor who sat upon a lounge beside her. It was a man. Now, Jack knew this man well; it was an old messmate; he had sworn off a year ago, and they had gone different ways; he used to be a rough fellow; but people said now you wouldn't know him.

"I ain't so drunk but I see who you be, Jim," began the husband, darkly; "I'll settle with you another day. I've got that to say to my wife I'd say better if we missed your company. Leave us by ourselves!"

"Look here, Jack," Jim flashed, good-humouredly, "you're drunk, you know. She'll tell you what I come for. You ask her. Seein' she wasn't right smart—and there's them that says she lacked for want of victuals—my wife sent me over with a bowl of cranberry sass, so help me heaven!"

"I'll kill you some other evenin'. Leave us be!" cried Jack.

"We was settin' and talkin' about the Reform Club when you come in," objected Jim, with the patience of an old friend. "We was wonderin' if we couldn't get you to sign, Jack. Ask her if we wasn't. Come, now! I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was you, Jack. See there. You've set her cryin' already. And she ain't right smart."

"Clear out of my house!" thundered Jack. "Leave us by ourselves!"

"I don't know's I'd ought to," hesitated Jim.

"Leave us be! or I won't leave you be a minute longer! Ain't it my house? Get out of it!"

"It is, that's a fact," admitted the visitor, looking perplexed; but I declare to Jupiter I don't know's I'd oughter leave it, the way things look. Have your senses, Jack, my boy! Have your senses! She ain't right smart."

But with this Jack sprang upon him, and the wife cried out between them, for the love of mercy, that murder would be done.

"Leave us be!" she pleaded, sobbing. "Nothin' else won't pacify him. Go, Jim, go, and shut the door, and thank her, for the cranberry sarse, it was very kind of her, and for my husband's sake don't tell nobody he wasn't kind to me. There. That's right. There."

She sank back into the rocking-chair, for she was feeble still, and looked gently up into her husband's face. All the tones of her agitated voice had changed.

She spoke very low and calmly, as if she gathered her breath for the first stage of a struggle whose nature she solemnly understood "Jack, dear!" softly. She had grown exceedingly pale.

"I'll give ye time," he answered, with an ominous quiet. "Tell yer story first. Out with it!"

"I haven't got nothin' to tell, Jack. He brought the cranberry sarse, for his wife took care of me, and she was very kind And he set a little, and we was talkin' about the club, just as he says we was. It's Mother Mary's club, Jack. She's made Jim secretary, and she wanted you to join, for I told her you'd reformed. Oh, Jack, I told her you'd reformed!—Jack, Jack! Oh, Jack! What are you goin' to do to me! What makes you look like that?—Jack, Jack, Jack!"

"Stand up here!" he raved. He was past reason, and she saw it; he tore off his coat and pushed up his sleeves from his tattooed arms.

"You've played me false, I say! I trusted ye, and you've tricked me. I'll teach ye to be the talk upon the wharves another time when I get in from Georges'!"

She stood as he bade her, tottered and sank back; crawled up again, holding by the wooden arm of the rocking-chair, and stretched one hand out to him, feebly. She did not dare to touch him; if she had clung to him, he would have throttled her. When she saw him rolling up his sleeves, her heart stood still. But Teen thought: "I will not show him I'm afraid of him. It's the only chance I've got."

The poor girl looked up once into his face, and thought she'd smiled.

"Jack? Dear Jack!"

"I'll teach ye! I'll teach ye!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Jack. For the love of heaven—stop a minute! I've been an honest wife to you, my boy, and there's none on earth or heaven as can look me in the eye and darst say I haven't. I swore to ye on the 'Rock of Ages,' Mother Mary witnessin'—why, Jack!" her voice sank to infinite sweetness, "have ye forgotten? You ain't yourself, poor boy. You'll be so sorry. I ain't very strong, yet—you'd feel bad if you should hit me—again. I'd hate to have feel so bad. Jack dear, don't. Go look in the room, before you strike again. Ye ain't seen it yet. Jack, for the love of mercy!—Jack! Jack!"

"Own up, and I'll quit. Own up to me, I say!"

"I can't own up to you, for I swore you by the 'Rock of Ages;' I swore thee I would be an honest wife. You may pummel me to death, but I'll not lie away them words I swore to ye . . . by that, . . . Jack, for the love of heaven, don't ye, Jack! For the way you used to feel to me, dear, dear Jack! For the sake of the babies we had, . . . and you walked beside of me, to bury 'em! Oh, for God's sake . . . Jack! . . . Oh, you said you'd be kind to me . . . Oh, ye'll be so sorry! For the love of pity! For the love of God! Not the pistol! Oh, for the 'Rock of"—

But there he struck her down. The butt end of the weapon was heavy enough to do the deed. He struck, and then flung it away.

Upon his bared arm, as it came crashing, the crucifix was spattered red.

He stood up stupidly and looked about the room. The covers were off the kitchen stove, and the heart of the coals blazed out. Her yellow hair had loosened as she fell, and shone upon the floor.

He remembered that she spoke about the other room, and said of something yonder, that he hadn't seen it yet. Confusedly he wondered what it was. He stumbled in and stared about the bedroom. It was not very light there, and it was some moments before he perceived the cradle, standing straight across his way. The child waked as he hit the cradle, and began to cry, stretching out its hands.

He had forgotten all about the baby. There had been so many.

"You'd better get up, Teen," he said as he went out; "it's cryin' after you."

He shut the door and staggered down the steps. He hesitated once, and thought he would go back and say to her:

"What's the use of layin' there?"

But he thought better, or worse, of it, and went his way. He went out and reshipped at once, lingering only long enough to drink madly on the way, at a place he knew where he was sure to be let alone. The men were afraid of Jack, when he was so far gone under as this. Nobody spoke to him. He went down to Salt Brothers' wharf, opposite Salt & Co.'s, and found the *Daredevil* just about to weigh. She was short by one hand, and took him as he was.

He was surprised to find himself aboard when the next sun went down; he had turned in his bunk and was overheard to call for Teen, ordering her to do some service for him, testily enough.

He was good for nothing for a matter of days, and silent or sullen for the trip. It had been a heavy spree. He fell to, when he came to himself, and fished desperately; his luck turned, and he made money; he made seventy-five dollars. They were gone three weeks. They had a bitter voyage, for it was March.

They struck a gale at Georges', and another coming home. It snowed a great deal, and the rigging froze. The crew were uncommonly cold. They kept the steward cooking briskly, and four or five hot meals a day were not enough to keep one's courage up. Whiskey flowed fast between meals. Jack was observed not to limit himself. "It was for luck," he said. Take it through, it was a hard trip. The sober men—there were some—looked grim and pinched; the drinkers ugly.

"It's a hound's life," said a dory mate of Jack's one day. His name was Rowe—Rowe Salt; he was a half-brother of Jim's. Jack stopped himself abruptly, and leaned upon his oar; they were trawling, and the weather grew thick.

"Row," he said, staring off into the fog.

"Rowe Salt, you look there! You tell me if you see a woman yonder, on the water!"

"You've got the jim-jams, Jack. Women folks don't walk at Georges'. I can't see nothin' nowhere.

"There's a woman walkin' on the water," interrupted Jack, "don't you see her? her hair is yeller hair, and it's streamin' over her—don't you see her? She's walkin' on this fog towards the dory—Teen? Teen! There! Lord save me, Rowe, if I did'nt see my wife come walkin' towards us, us settin' in this dory—Hi-i-igh! I'll swear off when I get home. I'll tell her so. I hate to see such things."

"You see, Rowe," Jack added, presently—for he had not spoken after that, but had fallen grimly to work. It was ten below zero and the wind was taking the backward spring for a bitter blow; both men, tugging at their trawls through the high and icy sea, were suffering too much to talk—"ye see we had some words before I come aboard, and she warn't right smart. The baby can't be very old. I don't know how old it is. I was oncommon drunk; I don't remember what I did to her. I'm afraid I hit her—for I had some words with her. I wished I was at home. She won't tell nobody. She never does. But I'm set to be at home and tell her I've sworn off. I've got money for her this trip, too; I'm afraid she's in a hurry for it."

After this outburst of confidence, Jack seemed to cling to his dory-mate; he followed him about deck, and looked wistfully at him. Jack had begun to take on the haggard look of the abstainer once again. The crew thought he did not seem like himself. He had stopped drinking, abruptly, after that day in the fog, and suffered heavily from the weather and from exposure.

"I say, Rowe," he asked one, "if anything was to happen, would you just step in and tell my wife I didn't believe that yarn about her; she'll know."

Now, it befell, that when they were rounding Eastern Point, and not till then, they bespoke the *Destiny*, which was outward bound, and signalled them. She drew to speaking distance, and her skipper had a word with the master of the *Darederil*, but he spoke none too loud, and made his errand quickly, and veered to his own course, and the two boats parted company, and the *Daredevil* came bustling in. They were almost home.

It was remembered afterward that Jack was badly frostbitten upon that voyage; he looked badly; he had strange ways; the men did not know exactly how to take him. He was overheard to say:

"I ain't agoin' to go to Georges' again."

Rowe Salt overheard, after the skipper of the *Destiny* had signalled and tacked. So, with such dexterity as the ignorant man could muster, Salt got his friend down below, on some pretext, and stood looking at him helplessly.

"You don't look well, Rowe," Jack suggested, pleasantly.

"Jack," said his dory-mate, turning white enough, "I'll make no bones of it, nor mince nothin', for somebody's got to tell ye, and they said it must be me. There's a warrant after ye. The sheriff's on the tug betwixt us and the wharf. She's layin' off of the island, him aboard of her."

"I never was in prison," faltered Jack. "The boys have always bailed me."

"'Tain't a bailin' matter, Jack, this time."

"What did you say?"

"I said it wasn't a bailin' business. Somebody's got to tell you."

Jack gazed confidingly up into his friend's face.

"What was it that I done, old boy? Can't ye tell me?"

"Let the sheriff tell you. Ask the sheriff. I'd rather it was the sheriff told you, Jack."

"Tell me what it is I done, Rowe Salt; I'd tell you."

He looked puzzled.

"The sheriff knows more about it nor I do," begged the fisherman; don't make an old messmate tell you, Jack.

"All right," said Jack, turning away. He had now grown very quiet. He pleaded no more, only to mutter once:

"I'd rather heard it from a messmate."

Rowe Salt took a step or two, turned, stopped, stirred, and turned again.

"You killed somebody, then, if you will know."

"Killed somebody?"

"Yes."

"I was drunk and killed somebody?"

"Lord help you, yes."

"I hope," hoarsely—"Look here, Salt. I hope Teen won't know."

"I say, Rowe," after a long pause, "who was it that I killed?"

"Ask the sheriff."

"Who was it that I killed?"

"The skipper 'll tell you, mebby. I won't. No, I vow I won't. Let me go. I've done my share of this. Let me go up on deck! I want the air!"

"I won't let you go up on deck—so help me!—till you tell!"

"Let me off, Jack, let me off!"

"Tell me who it was, I say!"

"Lord in heaven, the poor wretch don't know—he really don't."

"I thought you would ha' told me, Rowe," said Jack, with a smile—his old winning smile, that had captivated his messmates all his life.

"I will tell you!" cried Rowe Salt with an oath of agony. "You killed your wife! You murdered her. She's dead. Teen ain't to home. She's dead."

They made way for him at this side and at that, for he sprang up the gangway, and dashed among them. When he saw them all together, and how they looked at him, he stopped. A change seemed to strike his purpose, be what it might.

"Boys," said Jack, looking all about, "ye won't have to go no bail for me. I'll bide my account, this time."

He parted from them, for they let him do the thing he would, and got himself alone into the bows, and there he sank down, crouching, and no one spoke to him.

The *Daredevil* rounded Eastern Point, and down the shining harbor, all sails set, came gayly in. They were almost home.

Straightway there started out upon the winter sea a strong cry.

They divined how it was, by one instinct, and every man sprang to him. But he had leaped and gained on them.

The waters of Fairharbour seemed themselves to leap to greet him as he went down. These had borne him and ruined him, buried him as if they loved him. He had pushed up his sleeves for the spring, hard to the shoulder, like a man who would wrestle at odds.

As he sank, one bared arm, thrust above the crest of the long wave, lifted itself toward the sky. It was his right arm, on which the crucifix was stamped.

Mother Mary, stood by her husband's side and looked off from the little creature in her arms to the faces of the fishermen gathered there about her for the service. It was an open-air service, held upon the beach, where the people she had served and loved could freely come to her—and would. They had sought the scene in large numbers. The summer people, too, strolled down, distant and different, and hung upon the edges of the group. They had a civil welcome, but no more. This was a fisherman's affair; nobody needed them; Mother Mary did not belong to them.

"The meetin's ours," said Rowe Salt. "It's us she's after. The boarders ain't of no account to her."

His brother Jim was there with Rowe, and Jim's wife, and some of the respectable women neighbours. The skipper of the *Daredevil* was there, and so were many of Jack's messmates. When it was understood that Mother Mary had adopted Jack's baby, the news had run like rising tide, from wharf to wharf, from deck to deck—everybody knew it, by this time. Almost everybody was there, to see the baptism.

Into her childless life, its poverty, its struggles, its sacrifices, and its blessed hope, Mother Mary's great heart took the baby as she took a man's own better nature for him; that which lay so puny and so orphaned in those wild lives of theirs, an infant in her hands.

Jack's baby, Jack's baby and Teen's, as if it had been anybody's else baby, was to be baptized "like folks." Jack's baby, poor little wretch, was to have his chance.

The men talked it over gravely, it affected them with a respect one would not anticipate, who did not know them. They had their Sunday clothes on. They were all clean. They had a quiet look. One fellow who had taken a little too much ventured down upon the beach; but he was hustled away from the christening, and ducked in the cove, and hung upon the rocks to dry. One must be sober who helped to baptize that baby.

This was quite understood.

They sang the hymn, Jack's hymn and Teen's: of course they

sang the "Rock of Ages;" and Mother Mary's husband read "the chapter" to them, as he was used, and spoke to them; and it was so still among them that they could hear each wave of the placid sea beat evenly as if they listened to the beating of a near and mighty peaceful heart. Mother Mary spoke with them herself a little. She told them how she took the child, in the despair of the past, in the hope of the future; in pain and in pity, and in love; yearning over him, and his, and those who were of their inheritance, and fate, their chances, and their sorrows, and their sins. She told them of the child's pure heart within us all, which needs only to be mothered to be saved. What was noble in them all, she said, was to them like this little thing, to her. It was a trust. She gave it to them, so she said, as she took the baby, here before their witnessing, to spare him from their miseries, if she might.

They were touched by this, or they seemed to be; for they listened from their souls.

"We'd oughter take off our hats," somebody whispered. So they stood uncovered before the minister, and Mother Mary, and Jack's poor baby. The sacred drops flashed in the white air. Dreamily the fishermen heard the sacred words:

"In the name of the Father: And of the Son: And of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

But no one heard the other words, said by Mother Mary close and low, when she received the child into her arms again, and bowed her face over it:

"My son, I take thee for the sake and for the love of thy father, and of thy mother, and the fishermen perceiving that she was at prayer, they knew not why, asking of heaven they knew not what—the fishermen said:

"Amen, Amen."

IN A COPY OF EUCLID'S GEOMETRY.

BY HURLBURT STAFFORD.

The Egyptian Princes by the watery Nile
Lost yearly and each year regained their land,
Enriched, but with the old landmarks gone the while,
Like footprints on the ocean's yellow sand:
Yearly on Nile's obliterated strand
Contentions rose, so that a Science sprung
Out of their quarrels, and this man Euclid flung
All into one vast whole with mighty hand.

So is it oft that of some trivial chance
Wisdom is born in awful dignity,
And so the roseate castles of Romance
Spring from the dusk plains of reality;
For Folly ever mingles in the dance
With white-browed Truth and grave Philosophy.

Chicago, 1890.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XV.—AMOS MAKES MORNING CALLS.

"Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike."—*Pope.*

"JOSHUA PERKINS, ESQ.,—

"DEAR SIR,—Buy up for me every scrap of Squire Lumley's paper thou can get thy fingers on; and send thy clerk, Jonas Sutcliffe, to Bevin Mill to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Let him bring some o' thy thy legal cap and a pen and ink-horn with him. I want him to take down a few bits of conversation for me.

"Thine truly,

"AMOS BRAITHWAITE."

This message gave Perkins considerable food for thought; but he complied exactly with the requisition, reflecting as he did so, that, as the service was an unusual one, he could charge it without reference to any customary rate. So, at ten o'clock precisely, Jonas Sutcliffe, with the professional blue bag, was waiting at Bevin Mill such orders as Amos had to give him.

Amos was in his gig, and he bid Jonas take a seat beside him. "We are going to Charlton House," he said, "and I want thee ta tak' partic'lar notice of ivery word that is passed. I'll mebbe put thee on t' witness stand about them. Hes ta such a thing as a card on thee?"

Jonas took one from from his pocket-book and gave it to Amos. Mr. Jonas Sutcliffe," and on the left-hand corner, "With Joshua Perkins, Esq., Attorney-at-law."

"That is t' varry thing. It will get us an audience, I hev no doubt."

But it was still early when they arrived at Charlton House, and the butler was was very uncertain whether my lady would see any one, as he asked if the gentlemen would send their cards.

"Give that fellow thy card, Mr. Sutcliffe. I haven't such a thing. Thine will do for us both, I'll warrant."

The card interested Lady Charlton. She wondered what two of Perkins' clerks could possibly want with her; besides which, she had on a morning gown, and was not averse to displaying herself in it. The early hours of the day were always tedious; anything that broke their monotony was welcomr. So she gave order to admit the strangers to her presence, and in the interval thought it worth while to assume, for their benefit, her most elegant and dignified attitude.

Amos entered first She knew him at once, and her heart gave a little flutter of fear. Something in the man's face annoyed her anticipatively, but she rose, against her intention to do so, and with a pleasasant smile and greeting offered him her hand.

Amos let his eyes fall on the long, white, jewelled fingers, and answered bluntly, "Nay, my lady, not yet. I'm not one o' them that claps hands wi' ivery body. I hev come to ask thee a few questions about my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Joe Braithwaite."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Braithwaite, I can tell you nothing about the lady."

"Put that down, will ta, Mr. Sutcliffe."

"Mr. Braithwaite, I will not permit the words I say in my own house to be put down. What right have you to come here on any such errand. You will leave my presence at once."

"Well now, I thought I was acting varry considerate. I thought thou would rather hev thy words put down in thy awn house than in a public court-room."

"What do you mean, Mr. Braithwaite?"

"I mean this. There has been some scandalous things said o' my daughter, and I am going to mak' them as said 'em stand up to ivery word and prove it, or else pay a few thousand pounds for the pleasure they took in speaking ill of a better woman than themsens."

"What have I to do with this affair?"

"I sud say a good deal. The report came from thy house."

"I never said anything against Mrs. Braithwaite. It was Mrs. Lumley and Mrs. Pennington. I can't prevent people talking, Mr. Braithwaite."

"Put that down, Mr. Sutcliffe. And so, Lady Charlton, thou niver said that Mrs. Joe Braithwaite had driven her husband out of his house?"

"I am not obliged to answer your questions, sir."

"Certainly not, if thou prefers Joshua Perkins to cross-question thee."

"And I am very sure I should not answer Mr. Perkins."

"Then ta would find out varry soon what contempt o' court meant. But please thysen. Either in thy awn house, or in t' public court-house, thou wilt hev to deny, or else prove, all that hes been said about my daughter. If ta likes to do it in public best, I haven't an objection to mak', I'm sure."

"I am sure I never said that Mrs. Braithwaite had driven her husband from his home."

"I'm glad ta didn't. Put that down, Mr. Sutcliffe. Now thin, did ta say that she hed the devil's awn temper?"

"I am not accustomed to speak of the —— of that person. I did not compare Mrs. Braithwaite with him in any respect."

"Did ta say that Mr. Latrays went a deal too often to see her?"

"No, sir."

"Did ta iver say that she wouldn't let her husband have a halfpenny to spend, and that he were compelled to work as a common labourer, for t' bread he ate and t' roof that covered him?"

"I never said anything of the kind. I may have heard it said, but I am not responsible for that."

"I sall not make thee responsible for anybody's lies but thy awn. Did ta iver say that her husband had deserted her, and that no decent woman ought to speak to her?"

"I heard Mrs. Lumley say that."

"An' thou didn't sanction it in any way?"

"I didn't quarrel with my friend for expressing her opinion of your daughter. Why should I?"

"But is Mrs. Lumley's opinion thy opinion?"

"Mr. Braithwaite, I'm not forced to tell you my opinions, and I shall not do so."

"To be sure, if ta tells them to nobody else. I hev no objection to thee thinking as bad as iver ta can of Mrs. Braithwaite, if ta doesn't put thy thoughts into words. When women keep their envy and malice in their awn hearts, there's none but God Almighty and t' devil knows it. But when they let their envy and malice bubble out of their mouths, and good folks are likely to be poisoned with such hell-broth, they hev' a right to object to it, I sud say."

"You talk in a very very vulgar manner, sir. I am not accustomed to such language."

"Ay, but I'm polite with thee, to what Perkins ud be. But if ta asserts thou knows nothing of Mrs. Braithwaite, and niver said wrong of her, then I hev done with thee, to-day."

"Certainly, I do."

"Hes ta made notes of all that hes been said, Mr. Sutcliffe?"

"I have, sir."

"Then good morning, my lady. And if thou wilt tak' my advice, thou won't say another word against Mrs. Braithwaite. If ta does, thou wilt hev to worry it out thyself wi' Lawyer Perkins."

"I have told you that I know nothing against Mrs. Braithwaite. I am not likely to invent anything against her.

"I sud think not—now I am going, Lady Charlton, but I'm no more inclined to shake hands with you now than I was when I came in. I'm a bit partic'lar in that way. Come, Sutcliffe."

Amos was wise enough to see that he had frightened Lady Charlton to the very verge of hysteria, and with a comfortable sense of having inflicted a just retribution, he left her. He went next to Mrs. Lumley. She met him with considerable bravado; she did not draw back at all from her position. She did not think Mrs. Braithwaite had given great cause for unkind criticism. More the pity! People occupying her rank in the county ought to set a good example. She was sorry Mrs. Braithwaite had failed. She believed Mr. Latrays had called three or four times, perhaps oftener. And in Mrs. Braithwaite's position, how imprudent! Even the appearance of evil ought to be avoided. As for Mr. Joe Braithwaite, there was no use denying that every one was sorry for him; for her part, she had quite approved the step he had taken. She was very sorry also for Mrs. Braithwaite. No doubt, if she had any feelings she must suffer under the pressure of

public opinion, and if there was anything actionable in what she said, she was willing to take the consequences.

"Varry well, ma'am," answered Amos; "I don't say but what I think better o' thee for standing up to thy words, even if they be lies, and if ta wants to fight, Amos Braithwaite isn't the one to refuse a challenge. Only I sall fight with my awn weapons, and I sall put thy husband in thy shoes. I couldn't hit thee hard enough, but ——," pulling out his pocket-book, "I can hit him pretty hard with this bit o' paper, and I'll hev a lot more o' t' same kind o' weapons before to-morrow night. Does ta think I'm going to let thee blackguard my daughter for nothing?"

"I'm a lady, sir. I will not permit you to apply such words to me."

"Thou art a poor mak' o' a lady, a varry poor mak' indeed. Thy lady way o' being sorry for this, and regretting that, is t' varry meanest kind of blackguarding. All t' time thou art defaming an innocent woman thou art praising thysen. 'I'm sorry Mrs. Braithwaite is so wicked; I wouldn't be so wicked. I don't approve of her conduct; my awn is so much better.' Now, then, thou needn't get in a passion. I've seen thy hand, and I'm going away."

"I consider your coming here at all a very great impertinence, sir."

"Does ta? I sud advise thee to pick thy words a bit better. If ta doesn't, I'll hev a civiller person put in this house. Thou had better send Squire Lumley to me; thou art only making a sight o' trouble for him, and I sudn't wonder if he gives thee some varry plain English for thy folly. Come, Mr. Sutcliffe, I sall not waste any more time and words here."

The visit to Mrs. Pennington was more satisfactory. Mrs. Pennington regretted the evil talk very much. She had never had a wrong thought of Mrs. Braithwaite; she admired her very much in every way. She had always said that Mr. Joe Braithwaite's desire to go back to manufacturing was a most admirable feeling; she thought Mrs. Braithwaite deserved great praise for so pleasantly endorsing it. She was so smooth and complimentary that Amos could do nothing but make her notice that all her opinions had been recorded, and that if further events rendered such a step necessary she would have to abide by them.

It was quite enough. The timid little woman was sick with that vague terror which the least threat of the law can inspire in some breasts. She wept piteously in her own room, and reproached without stint that false friendship of Lady Charlton and Mrs. Lumley which had led her into the dangerous pleasure of defamation.

"Now then," said Amos, "I am going to see the rector. If I can get him on my side, he'll manage these women better than I can, and save me the time and worry; for I'll tell thee what, Sutcliffe, I'd rather give a man a good thrashing than bully a fidgetting, nervous woman, however much in t' fault she may be."

"For my part, Mr. Braithwaite, I think that husbands ought to be held responsible for the folly of their wives."

Amos looked at the young man with withering sarcasm.

"Thou isn't married, is ta, Sutcliffe?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"I thought so."

"Men should keep their wives in order."

"To be sure."

"If I had a wife—"

"She'd say and she'd do as she liked; and what's more, she'd make thee say and do as she liked. Is ta made o' different clay from other men? Ivery man is Adam or worse."

"Worse?"

"Ay; if he isn't a fool like Adam, he's varry apt to be a brute thet threshes women an' children, and thet hes his own way because it is such a wicked, cruel way that no woman would hev it. Don't thee be too clever, Sutcliffe. It's a fault o' young men, these days. They know everything but the main thing, and that is, how very little they do know."

The rector was walking about his garden, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his face full of placid thought. Amos left Sutcliffe in the gig and joined him. They spoke of many things, ere Amos opened the subject upon which he had come.

"Have you any special business with me, Mr. Braithwaite? You are a man of such great occupations that I can hardly hope you have done me the simple honour of a call."

"You come very near the truth, sir. While you were in Norway this summer, my son put into execution a plan he has been thinking of for a long time. He went to Manchester to learn cotton spinning with his godfather."

"No harm in that. A very creditable movement, I should say."

"People hev made harm out of it. They hev said a deal of harm about his wife. Things as seem as if they might be true, but hevn't a word of truth in them."

"I am very glad to hear you say this, Mr. Braithwaite. Then your daughter-in-law approves the step her husband has taken?"

"With all her heart." Then Amos was permitted to make that explanation of affairs which is always satisfactory.

"I think I understand the whole position, Mr. Braithwaite."

"I have no doubt you do, sir."

"Mrs. Braithwaite has been placed in a very trying position. Mrs. Clive and myself will do all we can to encourage her in it. Of course we can understand that she would have much preferred her husband to live upon his estate."

"Perhaps she would. But Joe couldn't do it. The Braithwaites were never landed gentry. We came out of the mill and my son is only following his natural instinct in wanting to go back to it. And we like to make money."

"I see, I see. And I hope you understand a great deal of money is a great trust, Mr. Braithwaite."

"I'm coming to that, sir. While my Joe is in Manchester, I have promised to be a deal in Bradley, and it's right I sud do something for t' parish. I heard you were intending to found a new school. I'd like to give £500 to it."

"Thank you, Mr. Braithwaite. It is a great charity. Your gift is munificent."

"Nay, it's nowt but right, and I like to do right if folks will let me. I hev been more to Bradley Church this last half-year then I hev been to any other church for twenty years. I like to go to church now, and it's only fair I ought to do for t' parish according to my means. My daughter was fearing that she could never go there again, but I told her that was nonsen."

"It would be very wrong, sir. Mrs. Braithwaite is lady of Bradley Manor. We all look to her for help and countenance, and a good example. There has evidently been a misunderstanding as to her position. I shall take care that it is more clearly and kindly appreciated."

"Now then, if ta says that, I sall just go back to my mill, and look after my looms, and if £500 is not enough for t' school, I'll be glad and proud to mak' it more. I like to give to t' church when there's a parson as makes giving a privilege and a pleasure. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Braithwaite. My respects—and Mrs. Clive's respects, also—to Mrs. Braithwaite."

And after Amos had gone the rector continued his walk, thinking over the interview, with the flicker of a smile upon his face. But he was a shrewd, as well as a kindly man, and he understood Amos probably better than Amos understood himself. Thus he thought, as he entered his wife's sitting-room, in order to enlist her sympathy and help.

Mrs. Clive listened with the calm justice that was part of her nature, and was evidently convinced; for she answered: Mrs. Braithwaite was never popular; she never tried to be; but there has undoubtedly been misapprehension, and I dare say no little unkindness all around. I will make a few calls this week, and I think, after them, people will at least be civil in church. Socially, of course, we are not responsible for the congregation; and really, William, I must say that I, for one, never did like Mrs. Joe Braithwaite, not even Miss Edith Bradley, very much. You remember that even before she was married she was self-contained and yet self-asserting. Such women are impracticable."

"It is impossible to like every one, but we can be courteous."

"Certainly, we can be courteous. That is one of the duties of our position. Perhaps it is not always easy and pleasant."

"But being a duty, we do it?"

"Yes. When did I ever shirk a duty?"

On the next Sunday, Edith was inclined to remain away from church, for she was quite ignorant of the measures Amos had taken during the week. But he would not listen to her fears. He

induced her to dress with more than ordinary care. He wrote and invited Mr. Latrays to meet him after church, and return to Bradley and Bevin with him. He supplemented his cheque of £500 with a £50 note for the poor of the parish; and he looked forward with something like triumph to the morning service.

He was quite satisfied with the result. Mrs. Clive made a point of detaining Edith, in order to secure her presence at a meeting to be held at the rectory about the new school. Mrs. Lumley swallowed her social pill without a wry face, and Lady Charlton managed her share of the reconciliation by a discreet absence.

It was the rector himself who put Mrs. Joe in her carriage, and then stood a few moments at its side, talking with Amos and Mr. Latrays—humbling himself a little, as a good man will, in order to bring peace and prosperity within the walls of his own Zion.

And when Amos looked at Edith, whose face was flushed with gratification, she answered him with a smile that quite repaid him for the espousal of her cause. And he let Mr. Latrays have more than his share of the conversation, for he was thinking pleasant things of himself—"I did right, I did that! I bullied them envious old women a bit. I put a clear case before t' rector—who hed t' sense to see it—and I handed over a tidy cheque as I sud do, in return for a few words I hedn't the power o' saying mysen. Now, then, it's worth while spending a bit o' money to be a kind o' providence in your own corner of t' world, and I think I hev got the value of my £550; I do that."

But he never said anything to Edith about these four morning calls, until one night long after Joe's return. There was some social disturbance at the time, and Amos listened to the gossip about it, with a face that puzzled Edith and Joe, until, with a hearty laugh, he burst into a description of his social tactics. "And I'll tell you what, Joe," he added, "if I hedn't been a tip-top spinner, I'd been a tip-top county society leader. I would hev hed no women's quarrels i' my neighbourhood, for I sud hev made them tell t' truth, or else pay such a figure for lying about each other that once in a life-time would hev been as much o' that kind o' luxury as they could afford."

XVI.—JOE HAS A SURPRISE.

In the meantime cotton-spinning and calico-printing were not all Joe was learning with Samuel Yorke. The man's lofty, simple character and child-like piety were an influence none could habitually resist. There was a spiritual side to Joe's nature which no one had ever suspected, and Samuel Yorke found it out. In their quiet, after-dinner hours conversation always drifted to religious subjects, and Samuel spoke upon them with the fervour of perfect love; for his piety was a conviction resting rather upon experience than upon creed.

"Truth is truth," he would say to Joe, "just as bread is bread,

whatever shape t' loaf may be made. I got my religion with t' Methodists, and I like their loaf and stand by it. Just ye try it, Joe."

Joe was not quite ignorant of Methodism. Martha Thrale had done her best to bring him up in her own persuasion, but the very candour and familiarity of its experience had made Joe shrink from it. Youth, contrary to general impression, is apt to be secretive about its deepest emotions.

But this reticence does not exclude those guarded and intimate communions, those affectionate counsels, which friend and brother have with one another. No confidence that Joe had ever exchanged with Tom Halifax and others of his gay companions were so enthralling as those after-dinner chats with Samuel Yorke when the day was over and the shadows of the evening stretched out. Then the tide of daily life had quite ebbed, and in the stillness and dimness the spiritual perceptions were more sensitive; conscience spoke and could be heard; the soul hearkened after voices from its long-lost home; the men drew nearer to each other and nearer to God.

It was in such hours Joe began to speak of the years he had wasted, and of the mistakes he had made, very shyly and almost defensively at first, but finally with the full appreciation of all that such loss of life included; for whoever has felt anything deeply must be haunted by the phantoms of wasted hours that can never return.

On Sunday night a minister famed for his eloquence was to preach. Joe was particularly affected by the mighty waves of psalmody, the solemn yet hearty enthusiasm with which the worshipping thousands sang,

> "Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown him Lord of all."

and still more by the almost awful grandeur of that most majestic of hymns:

> "Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
> Once for favoured sinners slain;
> Thousand, thousand saints attending,
> Swell the triumph of his train:
> Hallelujah!
> God appears on earth to reign.
>
> "Every eye shall now behold Him,
> Robed in dreadful majesty;
> Those who set at naught and sold Him,
> Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
> Deeply wailing,
> Shall the true Messiah see."

And it seemed to Joe, when the standing multitude blended their voices with the rolling organ in those lines of stern pathos, that his very soul grew larger, touched infinite heights and depths,

and felt, at least for a few moments, the breath of its own divinity.

He did not speak during their ride home; he did not feel able; but it was not necessary for these two men to speak; they understood silence as well. Yet, after they had sat half an hour in the red shadows of the firelight, and had fully gathered their thoughts and feelings together, Joe said:

"It was a grand sermon! It was good to be there. No worldly pleasures can so stir the soul. I have had music, dancing, travel, good company, fair women, but none of these things ever made me feel immortal."

"It tak's angels to move the great depths of our souls, Joe. Wine, music, dancing, even good women, only move us a bit below the surface. It tak's the everlasting Word of God to bring to us any living sense o' immortality."

"I have never known Jesus Christ until this night. The Conqueror of all His enemies, the Avenger of His saints, the Lord of heaven and earth. It was a wonderful picture!"

"It was; and yet Joe, will ta believe it? In t' varry rapture of t' coronation hymn, I was busy thinking o' a little saying o' Saint Peter's, which to my mind describes Jesus of Nazareth in a way poor, sinful, suffering men and women want Him most and love Him best. 'A man approved of God, who went about doing good, healing all that were oppressed.' Thou sees, Joe, a great conqueror would be led wet-shod; blood and fire, and weeping and wailing wherever He went. Oh, my lad, that isn't how I like to think o' Him. I know that when His weary feet went to Judea He left blessing and love behind him. I fancy a traveller passing through a village at that time, and saying, 'I found no blind men, and no cripples, and no sick people, for Jesus of Nazareth had just been there.'"

Joe looked at his friend sympathetically, but he had nothing to answer. But Joe communed with his own heart, and found the silence sweetly satisfying. For God knows the worshippers unknown to the world, or even to the prophets.

Before he left Manchester Joe had joined the Church publicly, and on the whole Samuel York was prouder of Joe as a Methodist than as a cotton-spinner.

Thus at Bradley and Manchester the time went on, every day bringing its own lesson and its own comfort. Christmas was approaching, and Joe began to have strong longings to see again his wife and child. Surely, Yorke would not consider a holiday visit to them a violation of his agreement. He spoke of Christmas often, in the hope that the old man would express some opinion, but Yorke had really no new one to express. He had made a bargain with Joe. Its terms were clear in his own mind; he expected them to be just as clear in Joe's. The thing had been settled beyond future discussion; and Joe felt this. He was sure if Yorke meant him to go home, he would speak of it, and if he did not mean it, no argument he could use would affect him.

True, he was his own master, and his servitude was of his own

will; he could terminate it to-morrow. But he was not prepared to give up his project, to waste his six months' labour, to cast himself adrift on an aimless life. And if for a week's gratification he did do this he knew what self-reproach would follow. And what would Edith say, and his father, and Aunt Martha? In such a case the whole community must be considered, and Joe felt that the universal verdict would be that of Jacob on Reuben, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." There was therefore only one way in which he could visit Bradley, and that was with Yorke's permission, and Yorke never said a word which implied even a consideration of the subject.

One night he asked with as little concern as he could manage to show, "For how long will you close, at the holidays, godfather?"

"I sall shut up t' warehouse and t' factory on Thursday at t' noon hour, and I sall open again Monday morning. Them 'at likes to stop at t' New Year can do so; but I'll think better o' them that begins a fresh year wi' honest work instead o' foolishness and senseless feasting."

Now Samuel had a daughter married, and living in London, and Joe made his last insinuation when he asked, "Are you going up to London to see Mrs. Powers and your grandchildren?"

"Nay, not I. I am none fond o' London, and I sud be a good part of two days in a railway carriage. I go to see Mary and t children every July; they are in the country then, and that's summat like a holiday."

But not even this leading question procured any allusion to Joe's relations, and he was much annoyed by Yorke's reticence on the subject. And Yorke understood Joe's allusions very well. "I know what he's after," he thought, with some real regret, "but if he isn't up to this bit of self-denial, he may as well go home entirely. I'll hev nothing less than I bargained for. It would be a foolish thing to let him go home for a week, and be lord of t' manor, and have everybody running after him, and waiting on him, hand and foot, and humouring all his whims, as if he were doing something more than mortal man iver did before. I'll hev no woman melling with my work—aunt or wife—and I sall hold him to his bargain, ivery letter of it, for I'm varry sure it is t' right thing and t' kind thing to do."

However, there is in every human intention some unforeseen element which has not been remembered or reckoned for; and Yorke never thought of Edith coming to Manchester to see Joe. Nobody thought of it. The idea entered into her own head one morning, a few days before Christmas, as she was going over the details of the feast with her housekeeper. She had much to do for her tenants, and when it was all arranged she remembered Joe with a wave of love and pity that brought the tears to her eyes.

"He isn't coming home," she whispered. "He says Yorke will not even speak of it. Very well. Yorke cannot prevent my going to see Joe, and I'll go to-morrow."

So next day she stepped from a carriage in Spinning-Jenny

Street, Manchester, a beautiful, queen-like woman in purple velvet and ermine furs; and Samuel Yorke, catching a passing glimpse of this feminine apparel, thought it must be his daughter, and hastened to the door to meet her.

"I am Mrs. Joe Braithwaite," she said, with a smile, and Samuel was quite conquered by its winsome sweetness.

"Thou art welcome," he answered. "Will ta come in?"

But she wanted to see Joe at once, just as he was. And Yorke was not able to resist her pretty impetuosity.

"Well, then, ta shall see him," and he got into the carriage and drove with her to the mill, which was more than two miles away from the warehouse.

Joe was in the dyeing shed, standing among piles and stacks of logs of the oddest looking woods: some were yellow and splintering, some red and scraggy, some purple and solid. Around him were bundles of bark, barrels of salts, and carboys of acids and oils. He was talking earnestly to the master dyer, and Edith saw him before he had any idea of her presence. Fashion had never dressed him to such perfection as labour. Handsome he had always been, but never so handsome in his wife's eyes as at that moment, though he wore a flannel shirt and a flannel apron, though his naked arms were stained with indigo, and his brown, curly hair was partially covered with a little scarlet cap.

"Joe! Joe," she cried, softly, as she began to pick her way toward him.

And oh! how proud and glad Joe was! It was a moment cheaply bought with six months of toil and self-banishment. In some degree also Samuel Yorke was quite conquered. He saw their joy, and could not help sympathizing with it.

"I'll hev to give thee a holiday, Joe," he said. "So don thy street clothes and be be off wi' thee. I know thou won't be fit to dye cloth to-day."

"Mr. Yorke, couldn't Joe go back to Bradley with me for a week?"

"No, my lass, he couldn't."

"Just for three days, then? I think you might let him have three days. Every one goes home at Christmas, you know."

"No, I didn't know aught of t' sort. Mrs. Braithwaite, this won't do at all. I hev let Joe off to-day. If ta takes him to Bradley, thou can keep him there. I see plainly that ivery man hes to hev his Eve. If ta takes my advice, thou won't tempt a good man to leave the good work he hes put his hand to."

"You mustn't call me Eve, Mr. Yorke; I do not intend to tempt Joe to leave his work."

"That's right. I don't want any woman interfering with my work, and Joe is in my work, for the next eighteen months."

"I would not interfere for the world, sir. I will do exactly as you say."

"Now thou talks sense. I begin to believe all the fine things Joe says of thee, and Joe can sav a lot when he begins, he can that."

THE RABBI NACHUM.

BY MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

THE Rabbi Nachum lost his sight:
Books, friends, earth, all, passed into night,
His hands now blindly sought their quest,
He bowed his head, and said, "'Tis best."

He lost both hands: his feet alone
Guided him, feeling for each stone;
His lot woke ruth in many a breast,
He bowed his head, and said, "'Tis best."

He lost both feet: and many a sore
Covered his helpless body o'er;
Tears rained for him; but he, as blest,
Still bowed his head: "This, too, is best."

His scholars asked him: "Cans't thou show
Why one so good should suffer so?"

"As thirty asses once I led,
Laden with store of cloth and bread,
And came near to my father's door,
A poor man weakly did implore
Quick charity. I bade him wait
Till I unloaded. At the gate
I left him for a little space,
And found him *dead*, fallen on his face.

"I threw myself upon him there,
And shed full many a bitter tear,
And called down curses on my head:
'Blind be these eyes that saw!' I said,
'These hands that helped thee not, may they
And these slow feet be cut away!
And for this body's punishment
Let never-healing sores be sent!'

"All that, my prayer, was answered soon:
My body's bane, but my soul's boon;
Through this my soul shall gain its rest,
This too is best; all, all is best."

This tale of rue let none forget;
Pay quickly love's so urgent debt;
While we on self's convenience wait.
List! all is hushed: it is too late;
Better the soul's peace ne'er should be
Lost than regained through misery.

BENTON, N.B.

THE SUPERIOR OBLIGATIONS OF EDUCATED CHRISTIANS.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

"What do ye more than others?"—MATT. v. 47.

OUR Lord is here showing His disciples that they cannot live according to the low standard of publicans and worldly men. They must rise to a loftier altitude in thought and feeling and action. To be "children of the kingdom" they must avow principles and purposes greatly above the generality of mankind; and if they show no superior excellence, no better conduct, then do they forfeit their claim as the avowed followers of Christ, and may be challenged with the question of the text, "What do ye more than others?"

These words are appropriate to this important occasion when I address the Graduating Class of a university whose traditions are so honourable and world-wide, whose professors have made such valuable contributions to the intellectual wealth of the world, and whose graduates in long succession include scholars of historic reputation and men illustrious in professional and political life. You are in the goodly succession, and have been pursuing with ardour and enthusiasm your studies, drawing the ground-plan of a life-long education and laying broad and deep the undercourses of a future building. The true function of education is to prepare us for right living. These student days, the golden age of your history, have rapidly drifted away, and now you go forth into the wide and troubled sea of life.

I appreciate the courtesy of the Chancellor in conferring upon me the honour of giving this address; but I should have shrunk from the responsibility, only that I come bearing a message which I trust will have a stimulating and ennobling influence upon your future career. My theme is "The Superior Obligations of Educated Christians." To you, therefore, may I be permitted to address the admonition of the text, "What do ye more than others?" If ordinary Christians have a divine call to aim at a higher standard than that of the customary morality around them, then surely the scholar who is set on the track of truth and inspired to pursue it, to whom is opened the richest treasures of thought and learning; whose mind is widened with the most far-reaching views of the world and human life, of Christian truth and duty, must acknowledge that there are yet weightier obligations resting upon him, that he is under special requirements to be better and to do more than others. You shrink not from these claims, but in heart and conscience accept them; you aspire to excel, to climb the loftiest heights of being, with thoughtfulness, intelligence and devotion to high and noble objects you accept these increased obligations and enter the brotherhood of culture, resolved to stand in the front ranks of Christian manhood, and illustrate the loftiest ideas and noblest qualities of the life that is in Christ Jesus. You are in thorough sympathy with your age and rejoice in its

* Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating-class, Victoria University, Cobourg, preached Sunday evening, May 11th, 1890.

great achievements. It is an alert, restless, eager, inquiring age ; but how grand and inspiring to be permitted to live in it. I can never forget the first sight of the Golden Gate of San Francisco, golden, indeed, in the light of the setting sun ; but no such gates of gold ever opened to the future as open before you.

What an illustration of the benign and ennobling character of the age that it has given to woman a new position, a broader influence, a larger opportunity ; in short, her true place side by side with man in all achievements in letters, in arts and ministries. In my student days our sisters and daughters were excluded from the universities, and the flutter of a lady's dress in the class-room would have been as the shaking of a red rag before the bulls of Bashan, who claimed the monopoly of a higher education. Now there is no sex in culture ; woman is "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled." Your Alma Mater has the honour of being one of the first of Canadian universities to throw open her doors, to lift up and honour womanhood ; and now, without losing one iota of modesty or delicacy, she pursues the walks of literature, nay, becomes more womanly, acquiring new personal and moral worth, as she ascends the loftier heights of learning. "What women these Christians have !" exclaimed Libanius, the brilliant pagan teacher of Basil and of Chrysostom, when he saw the mothers and sisters of his pupils ; and as these "sweet girl graduates" bear off the prizes so chivalrously yielded when honestly won, they too are ready to accept these new responsibilities and go forth to the discharge of all the duties of society with fealty to truth, to humanity, and to God.

May the influences and impressions of this hour help to shape and mould your characters. Dear fellow graduates, my heart goes out toward you with an ardour which many waters cannot quench, and I pray that upon you may come the spirit of love and of power and of a sound mind.

I. There rests upon you the superior obligation to cherish a robust and intelligent faith. It is yours to know the reason of the faith that is in you, to have an intelligent apprehension of divine truth. One great aim of all true culture is to get away from the attitude of unquestioning faith, of blind submission to authority, and the resting in mere surface opinions. The uncultured Christian has his mind illumined from above, has some measure of spiritual insight, and an experimental knowledge of divine things, but he must of necessity accept much that is traditionary and yield a blind assent to the truth. Your quickened intellects crave the grounds and reasons of things. It is yours to hold the truth not because others have believed it, but because you have brought an earnest, thoughtful mind to the study of God's Word, and it has touched your heart, quickened your intellect, elevated your soul, and met the deepest longings of your being. True, the age is one of criticism. Venerable beliefs are attacked, old faiths are breaking up. The infidelity of the day is not like that of a century ago, coarse, noisy and blaspheming ; it is highly cultured and insinuating, and the conflict with historic unbelief is to be fought out amid the refinements of social and literary life. You are in the high places of the field, but you need not fear. No man need fear the truth, or for the truth. It has been in the battle for eighteen centuries, and never known defeat. The best things in the world will have to die before Christianity gives up the ghost. But there are foolish traditions, false doctrines, human additions and erroneous

interpretations that have disfigured the Gospel; and these must and will go before the criticism of our time. A good deal of rubbish must perish, for we have mistaken many worthless things for essentials. The strong wind that is blowing during this process of separation may fill the air with chaff and dust; but when the winnowing is over the wheat will all be found upon the threshing floor, and only the chaff will have been driven away.

Even science, so much dreaded in certain quarters, has no evil intent; she is only trying to read to the last sentence the wondrous book of nature, but the page is indistinct, and she can only give guesses and half truths concerning the origin of the universe and of man. Rest assured that out of these questionings will come a deeper insight into the things of God, a firmer grasp of spiritual realities, a wider faith, and a more divine worship. Be it yours to keep all the windows of your being open to the light. There is more truth in science, philosophy and the Bible than has yet been seen. You may be exposed to the perils of scepticism, but follow the truth wherever it leads; be supremely and unchangeably loyal to God, keep the lamp of devotion steadily burning, and out of every struggle with error you will come with deeper conviction and a heartier acceptance of the truth as it is in Jesus. Do your work in a manly and vigorous way, keeping your physical, mental, moral being in health, and with your body full of red blood, your mind full of truth, your heart full of Christian love, you will be vital against all assaults of unbelief. To think is to grow, and as knowledge widens and experience of life is made deeper and more real, many of your views of religion will change, but you will grasp the great essentials with the realized certainty of possession.

1. Hold to your belief in the Being of God, the Maker of heaven and earth; a Personal Being, not an unconscious force or that "power not ourselves which maketh for righteousness," and then the "stream of tendency" toward Atheism will not affect you. The Author of life must Himself be the Living One. His Personal Presence is as a summer, filling the heart with light and love. What a conception of His character you get from revelation, as high above that of philosophy or the false religions as the unsounded skies surpass this roof! Go back to the old Roman mythology, and you find statues of the gods in marble and stone; farther back to the older Greek, and you find them in ivory and gold; still farther back to an older civilization, and you find the voiceless, mysterious sphinx a representative of the old Egptian divinities. Now go the Bible, and you find no image, no form of marble or gold; but back, far back, thousands of years, and you hear the declaration, "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." What a revelation of His gracious disposition, His inmost heart! Holding to His being as the First Great Cause, you are free to accept the modern theory of Evolution without being disloyal to the Bible, just as it is held to-day by men of the most profound Christian faith. Science takes account only of secondary causes. Darwin's theory, as you all know, affirms not the cause, but simply the method of creation. The "survival of the fittest" does not explain the arrival of the fittest; and evolution simply introduces a new mystery, the wonder of an organism so constructed that it throws off progressive modifications as material for new species.

No conception can be more dignified or majestic than that of the Infinite Jehovah, leading along His unconscious creatures in their upward career, until the summit and goal is reached in man. What matters it if I am related to the inferior animal as far as this body is concerned? The tissues and blood of the monkey are similar to my own; he is subject to like diseases, catarrh, fever, appoplexy and consumption; his nervous system is similarly affected by coffee, tobacco and whiskey; he has been known to get drunk, with this distinction in favour of the monkey, that after once getting drunk on brandy you can never get him to touch it again. Now what matters it whether the body of Adam was an evolutionary creation, formed out of developed dust like the monkeys, or of undeveloped dust, so long as the first man was taken up at the end of the process, made up right and started on a moral career in the image and likeness of the Godhead? Whatever may have been God's method in the creation of the world, the Divine power remains the same, either in sudden formation or gradual development. I am speaking, of course, of the Christian doctrine, for there is a materialistic evolution which would get life out of matter and force, instinct out of life, mind out of instinct and free-will out of necessity. Charles II. once said to an infidel who was airing his rubbish, "You are a queer sort of fellow; you seem to believe anything and everything but the Bible." So there are atheistic evolutionists who will swallow, the enormous theory of all things from frog-spawn, anything but the sublime testimony, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Evolution, as taught by the highest and most scientific scholars, is simply God's method of creation. Whether He made all things by a single act, or by a process lasting through millions of years, we know not from Scripture. Our Bible begins with Adam, where organic evolution ends. When the theory is proved we shall all believe it, and find that there is not a word in the Bible which throws a doubt upon the doctrine. If evolution were proved to-morrow, the theory would harmonize with every statement of Scripture, though we might have to reconstruct some of our human interpretation of Divine Truth.

2. Recognize also His living, governing presence in all things. The effort of unbelief is to eliminate God from the world, to make Him an absentee. Many have lost all faith in an overruling providence. They say "All is the disorder of fate. Look at these railway accidents and immeasurable disasters, like the Johnstown calamity, sweeping away millions of property, destroying thousands of lives, and awakening the sympathy of the whole civilized world. Men seem like so many stones rolled, broken and hurled down by violent currents, no being above seeming to care for their welfare. The course of things is like a chariot without a driver, an engine without an engineer, a raging battle with no commander. The world is like a crazy ship with a crazy captain swinging away at full speed in fog, running on the sandbanks, bumping on the rocks, and blundering over the ocean of life. Yet God has harnessed the earth to laws, and they are all to serve His children. These laws are all beneficent and good; they are cruel only to those who are too ignorant or too careless to obey them. The Infinite Father has us in His heart, and watches over us with more than a mother's care.

Men deny a Special Providence, and think it unphilosophical to pray. They say we are encompassed by irreversible laws, and to ask God to deal

with us separately and apart is to forget that He guides the whole universe by these fixed and unchangeable laws. But where are these immutable laws? Why, they are so pliable, so controllable, that they are more like silken threads than bars of steel. I can say to gravitation, "You shall not pull down that column" and I prop it up and make it resist gravity. I can say to water, "You must run up hill and come into my home;" to electricity, "You must light the streets and carry messages for me." Who is the wise man—the man that creates a providence for himself, his family and his neighbourhood? Why, it is the man who subjugates these laws, not by violating them but by harnessing and using them. And is not God Almighty able to do the same thing in the wider realm of His universe? Oh, it is yours not to be cheated out of the simple faith of childhood in the efficacy of prayer and in a special providence.

Have you not read the story of the Pilgrim Fathers while yet dependent for food on the Mother Country, being reduced by the long delay of the supply vessel to the very borders of starvation? Day after day they stood upon the beach straining their eyes, and night after night they prayed in agony for its coming, till one evening as they gazed, lo! far out at sea they saw the image of the vessel painted on the eastern sky, though no ship was within the horizon. They hailed the signal as an answer from heaven, and in a few days the long wished-for vessel came, bringing them relief. That story was doubted and questioned, till a few summers ago it received complete confirmation. For, a thousand visitors at a sea-bathing resort looking out to sea beheld one evening on the sky an image so distinct that they recognized it as the steamer *Asia*, not yet due from Liverpool by many hours. The news flashed over the wires, the continent was called to test the phenomenon, and sure enough at the expected time the *Asia* came into New York to verify the prophetic shadow. The explanation can readily be given by any student of optics. Now could not God who made these laws of refraction mould them, and so give the atmospheric condition as to answer the prayers and comfort the hearts of his heroic children, the founders of empire? This mirage of the ship was a miracle to the Pilgrim Fathers; so many things that now seem miraculous to us may be capable of higher explanation, and thus miracle be reconciled with natural law. Miracle is not the suspension of ordinary laws of nature, but rather a new and higher energy superadded. Our God who answers prayer is not a mere *deus ex machina* of arbitrary power, but the Supreme One who honours Himself in nature as well as in Revelation, and whose Infinite Will as above nature is accomplished by working at the same time according to the invariable order and sequence of natural law. The philosophy which denies that prayer can be answered is a philosophy that denies the living agency of God.

Young men, be men of prayer. Let your aspirations and desires rise spontaneously toward the presence of the Invisible Father; pray, pray, pray; and out of this upper manhood, out of this spirit of nearness to heaven and communion with God, shall come a power that shall banish every doubt of unbelief, every objection of science or philosophy, and enable you to repeat the feat of the ancient hero in bringing down fire from the skies.

3. There is another truth which modern speculation has assailed, the central truth of the Christian faith, God revealed in Christ Jesus. It is yours to know Him vitally, not merely as the historical Christ, but in His own personal life and being, the living regnant Saviour. Then faith in the

historical Christ becomes but the foundation of faith in the Christ living now and forever. You take up the four Gospels ; they are mere fragments serving for a history, so to speak. A few sketches of His character, yet these sketches are so marvellously combined that you see in them the reflection of divine goodness and divine love. And your soul hungers and longs for His presence. You go to Nazareth, His home, and wander over its hills, but you find no Jesus there. You go to the little lake of Galilee where the multitude gathered to hear Him, but its shores are lonely and deserted. You go to Gethsemane, but cannot find beneath the olive trees the spot where prostrate on the ground He prays, being in an agony. You go to Joseph's tomb, but the door is open the shroud is gone, and Jesus gone. By faith you look to the King's Palace and see Him there, risen, exalted, glorified. You see set against the background of your sins His cross, displaying the purest, the most just, the most self sacrificing love, and you find in Christ Crucified the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. His atoning death is the power that conquers evil and gives peace of conscience ; you grasp it as your life, and cry out, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He renews your heart, He transforms your nature, His Spirit is the key to which the harmonies of your new being are set, He is the very source and centre of that new and higher experience whereby Christ liveth in you.

4. This brings me to the thought that it is yours to demonstrate in your own experience the very truths which scientific and philosophic unbelief assail. "He that believeth hath the witness in himself." "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Christianity is a thing to be tested ; and he who knows the truth who feels it, who has a deep inward posession of it. What matters it to one who has seen them that men may pronounce London, the metropolis of the world, in its thunder and rattle, to have no existence ; or brilliant Paris, with its splendid boulevards and parks of elysian loveliness, and Eiffel tower, lifting itself like a delicate stairway to the skies, to be a mere myth ; or Mont Blanc, with its massive sides and pinnacles gleaming in snowy whiteness like the very throne of God, only a speculation ; he knows better, for he has seen them for himself. So let men deny the essential truths of Christianity, what matters it to you if you have the final evidence in your own personal, spiritual experience of its power ?

This is the difficulty with the unbelief of the day, it knows nothing of that faith which is born of experience Take Mrs. Ward's attack on orthodox Christianity. She has never got any closer to Jesus Christ than to Mohammed, yet she is perfectly unconscious that this vacuum in her spiritual experience totally unfits her for discussing religion on any other but the most superficial grounds. Even John Stuart Mill, says "it is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied, better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied ; and if the fool or the pig is of a different opinion, it is because they know only their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides." How these words flash with meaning when those who know nothing of the supernal life, nothing of that divine fellowship and knowledge of salvation which all true Christians possess, yet speak with stone-hard certainty of things which cannot be known otherwise than by experience. Take Robert Elsmere, the

callow rector, who falls before the old infidel squire at a stroke, who gives up his sword at the first passage at arms, and has not a single argument to offer in defence of the faith of these eighteen centuries, the best centuries this world has ever known. Robert struggles to give up something, but what surprises one is the ease with which he parts with even his traditionary faith. What did he have before he began giving up? There is a tremendous effort to give up something he never had; an experimental religion. Robert could never say "One thing I know;" and the humblest believer with a clearly defined, out-and-out-conversion who can say, "I know whom I have believed," is better furnished to meet unbelief than was this young Oxford graduate.

Graduates of this university, men and women of culture, you are to be leaders of thought and teachers of others, you must therefore know the truth yourselves. Understand, believe, feel and obey the things of God. Live intensely in them, and then it will be yours richly to transmit the life divine. The struggle and effort to grasp these great truths make great souls. You grow broader, deeper, truer, as you take them into your being, for he lives most intensely who lives nearest to the Great Source of Life, which is God Himself. Let your faith be robust and strong, not irresolute and invertebrate. Nothing else can build up character, purify life, give power over sin, bring men to God, and give an all-absorbing devotion to Him before whose holiness the seraphim bow. What can doubt do—doubt of God, doubt of the Bible, doubt of the immortal life? What ardour can it give, what lofty hopes inspire? What nobleness of character can it build up? What broken hearts can it cure? What sorrow and bitterness of despair can it heal? What defence can it offer to the tempted in the fierce heat of youthful passion or amid the sore exigencies of life? What relief can it give to the penitent, burdened with a sense of guilt, or what guidance can it offer to the struggling, yearning soul that is thirsting after God, even the living God? The need of the world to-day is men with convictions, men who believe, and therefore speak.

When Horace Bushnell was attending Yale College he became sceptical, and began to doubt everything, even the existence of God. But one night, during a religious awakening, pacing to and fro in his own room, he said to himself, "There is at least one thing I believe and have never doubted, there is a distinction between right and wrong." Then he said to himself, 'Have I ever yielded my will to my belief on this point? Have I ever thrown myself over the line between the right and the wrong with entire power of will and chosen irreversibly and gladly the right?" He never had. Down he knelt, and as he prayed the windows of heaven were opened, there came into his soul the sense of God, the peace of believing; he was lifted into a new life, and doubt as to God's existence and the fundamental verities of religion fled from him at once and forever. So if any of you have got where you can raise more questions than you can answer, look up for guidance; pray with humility,

> "Lead, kindly Light
> The night is dark,
> And I am far from home;"

lift up your hand to grasp the hand that was pierced for you, and you shall be led into all truth.

II. This brings me from faith to works. Give me your kind indulgence, if I trespass a little upon your patience, I shall not soon have another opportunity of repeating the offence. "What do ye more than others?" Every believer is called to abound in the work of the Lord; and, as educated men and women, you must honour your Christian profession by your love and zeal and beneficent works.

1. As servants of Christ it is yours to show to the world that your professions and occupations are a part of your religious life. The danger of to-day is not in secularizing the spiritual so much as in failing to spiritualize secular things. As you enter life you are bound to ask, "How can I use my gifts and energies in the best way for the honour of God and the welfare of mankind?" Why should not the barrister, the physician, the writer, the statesman, realize that he is divinely called to his work just as much as the minister is called to preach the Gospel? In this spirit all work should be done. You are a poet, called to elevate and inspire humanity by the purity and beauty of your song; you must not dally with one wanton thought that shall leave a stain instead of a sunbeam. You are an artist, you cannot by one false or faithless touch of the brush make your divine art a minister to sin. You are a writer of fiction, and may render peerless service to your fellows in the illustration and defence of noble principles; you cannot clothe vice in attractive garments or plant a seed of evil in the reader's heart without proving disloyal to your mission. You are a physician of acknowledged skill and growing usefulness, you cannot violate the laws of professional honour or stoop to mean and ignoble methods of increasing your fortune without desecrating your sacred calling. You have the gift of scientific observation and discovery, but for sake of gain you turn your eyes away from the stars, forsake your true mission, and choose to serve self rather than bless the world by augmenting the knowledge of the way and works of God. It was the noble Agassiz who in the pursuit of truth said, "I haven't time to make money."

Or, turning to the more ordinary calling to which some of you shall devote yourselves, for why should we not have educated men in all occupations of life? You have been educated for the sake of a larger manhood, to make men of yourselves, and you may glorify God as engineers, manufacturers, merchants, mechanics, farmers. Why should these be called secular pursuits? Is it any more secular to be a farmer and plough and reap, than it is to create the grain and give the harvest? Any more secular to spin the cotton and weave it into fabrics, than to make the cotton grow? Any more secular to build houses, than to create the materials out of which they are made? I have a friend who is a piano manufacturer, and I tell him that in his work he is a very minister of God. His instrument goes into the home, and what a fountain of joy, refinement and comfort it opens there. When the mother is weary, it rests her to run her fingers over the keys and let her heart follow the melody. When the children are noisy, it quiets them; when the Sabbath comes, they gather around it with holy hymns, and how that piano cheers and elevates, doubling the charms of home. Any profession or trade is exalted and transfigured when it is accepted as the service to which God has appointed us for the benefit and happiness of our fellows; it is vulgarized and debased when it is followed selfishly and solely to make money. To be successful in business we must be able to show something more than bonds, houses and lands; there must be the consciousness of hav-

ing lived truly, nobly and for kindly purposes. Life is more than business, to be a man is more than one's occupation; and to be a Christian, living a truly Christ-life, we must pursue our daily calling as unto the Lord. We must have modern ideas in religion as well as in other affairs. We have made it for the sanctuary and the Sabbath, the prayer-meeting and the still hour, not for daily life. The primary means of grace are not religious service, but the forms of business that belong to life. Our religion must be where our daily duties are. We want Christian men in business, in the affairs of state, and in all the influential walks of life, carrying religion into all that they do. The business of earth ought to make the manhood of heaven. I ask your hearts, young men, to respond to so noble an ambition. If educated Christians do not lift up the callings of life, who shall? Exert your salutary influence, that all business be done for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

2. Superior obligations rest upon you as members of society. Society is a part of God's great plan. And how much is expected from those who go out from the shades of a learned university as leaders of thought and friends of human kind, to allay existing strifes and discords, and bind all classes of society together in the golden chains of mutual kindliness and respect? Learning is never selfish and aristocratic, it is always democratic. Every man who studies must study for all men; and as you own your part in the brotherhood of the race, so must you feel and own your share in the great mass of ignorance and want, disagreement and disorder around. How is this distrust and antagonism between the church and non-church going, between capital and labour, to be broken down? How? Why, by cultivated men and women of strong heart and warm sympathies taking a deeper interest in the labouring classes, helping the poor and ignorant, and seeking to bridge over the chasm between the warring elements of society. It is yours to study profoundly the great social questions which affect all life.

Among us on this continent there are exceptionally favourable conditions for the rapid accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few. And so we have gigantic corporations of enormous wealth to crush and oppress; and capitalists who, having made their gains often at the expense of honour, in their pride, selfishness and elegant surroundings they become indifferent to the mass of their fellow-men and grind, grind, grind their bones in the machinery of Mammon's mill. Is it any wonder, then, that there comes moral deterioration and disturbance, the stirring up of workingmen and the strikes of labour oganizations against the exactions of capital? Realize the greatness of your empire here in thought and love and action. Impress upon men of wealth their obligations and responsibilities as stewards, holding everything as a trust from God, and that it is in the best interests of capital to pay to labour the most liberal wages possible. Wealth rightly used never excites discontent. No use to denounce money. We are all after it on Monday, however much we may decry filthy lucre on the Sabbath. Used unselfishly, and as a golden trowel wherewith to build up structures for the good of his fellows, who does not rejoice in the rich man's possessions?

Socialism, which is simply Russian Nihilism and French Communism, makes the holding of property a crime and is the worst enemy of the race, the handmaid of theft, rapine, incendiarism and murder. The Gospel is the best anti-poverty society. It honours work, dignifies the workman, and

fits him to create wealth. Your interest must be with the labouring classes. The strong can care for themselves, but the toiling ones are weak and need your help. Every case of oppression and unfairness must appeal to the popular intelligence and the popular heart. It is an impressive thought that you shall live to see solved the great social problems which menace the prosperity of the nation. And as men of character and strength it is yours to see that they are solved aright. Especially can you hold out strong hands to help your brothers underneath you toward a larger life and a nobler manhood. What is needed is not so much to improve our institutions as to improve men. Make men better, and you ameliorate every condition of society. What a work is this building up of manhood.

Can a pilgrim of the Rhine ever forget the Cologne Cathedral, that poem in stone, that mountain of rock-work set to music, with its towers and battlements and pinnacles set against the sky? But what Gothic structure ever rose up so fair, so noble, so untarnished, so divine as Christian manhood? When in the ancient Jerusalem, early one Sabbath morning I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and as the organ of the Latins under a master-hand was pouring out its strains of harmony so inspiring and so devotion-breathing, I seemed lifted to the very gates of the far-off New Jerusalem So, student friends, you go forth as teachers, as leaders of thought, to play upon the human soul an "an organ of celestial swell," and as you touch the keys aright, the understanding, the conscience, the imagination, as you lift up the despised and ready to perish, you shall bring out the music of the skies. I covet for you such a burning, all-absorbing devotion to God, such an intense love and sympathy for men, that girding yourselves for this work and with the inspiration of the Highest upon you, you may go forth to benefit, sweeten, uplift and bless society.

3. You have resting upon you as cultivated Christians superior obligations to the State. Nations exist by the will of God. He hath set the solitary in families, and bound families into communities, and organized communities into nations. The Christian is not released from the obligations of citizenship; and with your powers and faculties sharpened, your intellectual resources increased, there rest upon you increased sanctions to be generous, public-spirited citizens, and take your full share in the conduct of political affairs.

Dangers threaten our young nation. There is corruption in its high places, the greed of gain and the lust of power. You have been drinking from fountains that should pour inspiration into the nation's heart. I saw this summer in the Doré Gallery among the artist's great works, his "Triumph of Christianity," which represents the whole rabble of the heathen gods in a disgraceful rout before the genius of the new religion, while from the brow of Jupiter, father of the gods, falls his ponderous crown. Let that be a true picture of the triumph of religion in our land. Be you the soldiers of the Cross, armed for the conquering work, till the whole rabble of deities worshipped, from the mammon-god, Jupiter down to lust, dishonesty and everything that insults the New Testament or flouts the grand traditions of the nation, shall be destroyed, and the land summer in the principles of virtue, freedom, lofty purpose and unsullied patriotism.

4. Then there are your superior obligations to the Church of God. The hope of the world is in the Church. All hail the other moral forces; but the Gospel alone can regenerate humanity. It carries all other blessings

with it. The world's uplifting is dependent spiritually upon the Gospel, and the Coronation Day of Christ may be hastened by your holy resolve, your faithful labours. The reign of the King shall be established when commerce, science, art, literature, politics, are all subject to His law ; and as the millennium morn advances we see homes purified, manners catching a kindlier glow, art and industry expanding, science advancing to richer discoveries, philosophy shedding new light on the great problems of thought, oppression ceasing and liberty triumphant ; and as the truth spreads from pole to pole, humanity is redeemed and glorified, our fallen earth draws nigh to God, and as it mounts the empyrean the sentinel stars that challenge its advance shall send reverberating from vault to vault, from arch to arch, through all the aisles and temples and pavilions of eternity, the onward-swelling chorus, "Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ."

Dear students, as well as graduates, you who are not yet disciples of Christ, become His followers if you would develop the highest type of manhood. This is a Christian university ; its influence is Christian. In visiting the Pantheon at Rome, one is struck with its majesty and grace, while he notices that the rich light is from a great circular opening at the top. So all learning that is highest and best must, like that ancient temple, receive its light from the heavens above. Will you go out from this seat of learning as sceptics, to undermine the faith of men in God and in the Bible? Will you go forth as destroyers, and not builders ? It takes no transcendent genius to destroy. It has taken many years, much money, art and toil to build up this goodly town, but any fool with a torch could consume these buildings in a night, and destroy the work of generations. Labour rather to build up the Temple of God and do good to your fellows. Do not think that Christianity is going to die out. Does progress lie in the direction of barbarism ? No, no ; it is forward and not backward, upward and not downward. Our religion is allied to every good thing.

When Christianity arose it developed a new civilization, with rich stores of knowledge, abundant wealth, countless useful inventions, good government, social order, onward progress, and wherever it goes it creates and promotes these blessings. When religion dies education will go, for where but in Christian lands do you find these seats of learning ? The freedom of Christian states will go, the springs of Christian benevolence will be dried up, the Christian family die and the graces perish. If ignorance and sin, vice and the devil are going to have the world all to themselves, the Gospel will disappear. But did you ever know any good thing to die forever ? No ; it is falsehood that is going to die and not truth, evil and not good, unbelief and not faith. Christianity is not a funeral train, but an army with banners marching on to the triumphant conquest of the world. The highest type of manhood is Christian, for who does not know that virtue and happiness are lowest where Christ is not named, and highest where He is known and loved. Choose out any ten of your community who by common consent are truest and best, and inquire how many of these are Christian and how many are without religion ; or reverse the process, and choose out ten who by common consent are the worst, put the same question, and see if the answer does not bear witness for the cause of Christ.

Open your whole being to the truth ; you owe it to yourselves, you owe it

to your godly parents, your Alma Mater, to society, to the nation, to the Church and to God. I appeal to all that is generous and noble in you. Be Christian, and you will be brave, true, useful and happy. Is it not a manly thing to be Christ-like? Is it unmanly to be devout, when it elevates and transfigures the whole being? Unmanly to pray, when it dowers the soul with strength and raises it above mean aims and sordid motives? Unmanly to own a duty and fulfil it? To do the things you know you ought to do? Unmanly to surrender your will to the Divine, when it is the coronation of your life? Unmanly to be a Christian, when it is to be a redeemed man brought into fellowship with the one perfect ideal of humanity, the Man Christ Jesus, before whose splendour of character all human nobleness and heroism seem commonplace, and to follow whom is the purest, worthiest, and most exalted aim of human existence? Unmanly? Why, all reason cries out shame upon the treason of the word. To be Christian is manly. It is manly to have the clear mind, the upright soul, the true heart, the resolute will; to discern the deep meaning of life and bravely to meet its daily duties; and when the work of life is closed, calmly and quietly to meet death in the assurance of life for evermore. Therefore, take the decisive step in the Christian life and henceforth live as men.

And, fellow-Christians, sustain your high character. Above the refinements of literature, the truths of science, the elevations of philosophy, prize the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Should the class-roll be called ten or fifteen years hence, where will you be found? Whatever the dusty walk of life you are treading, may you be found faithful. We have been untrue in the past—who of us have not? Who of us in life's battle have not turned back in cowardly fear or foolish weakness? But we may redeem the past and yet wear the crown.

During the rebellion in India, Macaulay tells how an entire regiment behaved with cowardice and occasioned disaster to the royal army. In punishment the colours were taken from them, for the flag that had been baptized in blood might no longer be subject to dishonour at their hands. It was a bitter disgrace and bitterly felt. Thenceforth in many a fierce engagement beneath many a hot and burning sun they fought with unflagging valour, hoping to win back their lost reputation and the colours they had forfeited. Alas, in vain. The decree of their shame was as inexorable as just. But a day came when the Sepoys had entrenched themselves on a mountain-side, a position that must be stormed and carried, yet one of such fearful peril that the bravest among the British troops shrank in dismay from the undertaking. Foot by foot and inch by inch must the ground be disputed, and every step of that steep ascent was exposed to a raking and deadly fire. The British commander rode along the lines. One by one to many successive regiments he offered the peril and the glory, but without response. At length he came to the disgraced regiment, and with a last desperate hope kindling in his heart, he pointed to the frowning heights, and exclaimed, "Your flag is on that mountain." Life was as dear to those men as to the others, but honour was dearer still, and with one wild cry they sprang forward over the intervening plain and commenced the terrible ascent. At once a deadly fire poured in upon them. Again and again the Sepoy guns flashed and roared, and the ranks of the regiment grew thinner and thinner. But their courage, grown steadfast through months of cruel disgrace and expiation, was equal to the task and to the danger. With broken

numbers, with uniforms rent and blood-stained, with faces pale from exhaustion and suffering, they stood at length upon the heights which they had won, and sent their shout of triumph down into the valley with a thrill in its notes of sad exultation which told of honour regained at the fearful price of blood and of agony.

So in the battle of life, who of us have not surrendered the colours and added a new thorn to the crown that encircles the agonized brow of the Captain of our Salvation? Oh, disheartened one, weary with the burdens, shrinking from the conflict, turning from the battle, take heart, *sursum corda*, your flag is on the heights, "Be faithful unto death, so shall you receive the crown of life."

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.*

This volume has long been anticipated. Several years ago the first volume was issued and commanded a good sale, and now that the author has completed the task which he undertook, he is entitled to the hearty congratulations of his readers. We have read the present volume with unmingled pleasure and profit. The author has evidently devoted much time to his work, as every page gives proof of diligent painstaking and careful research. The author has done invaluable service to Methodism in publishing this history of Methodism in the Eastern Provinces.

The reader will be pleased to find such a mass of facts and incidents grouped together respecting each of those Provinces, which, but for Mr. Smith's diligence, might have been lost forever. Many public events are brought into prominent notice which, in a very marked manner, prove the benefit which Maritime Methodism has exerted.

The junior ministers in the Methodist Church would do well to consult this valuable work, to ascertain some of the hardships which their fathers endured. Here is a paragraph respecting Newfoundland: "The boat in which John Walsh once sailed from St. John's for one of the outposts was wrecked, and all but the captain and himself were lost. When removing from Burin to Brigus, in 1838, Jas. G. Hennigar and his family, seven in all, were packed into a cabin scarcely large enough for three persons. After the boat had left St. Mary's a gale arose with a heavy sea, thick fog, and ice in all directions. In spite of breakers, visible from the deck, the captain resolved to make the land at all hazards. The minister looked at his helpless family, and lifted his heart to God. A few moments later, a glance from the deck showed the little vessel to be making as fair a course through the narrow entrance into Trespassy Harbour as if some nobler hand had guided the helm. 'I ran,' the minister wrote, 'with the joyful intelligence to my dear wife, and if ever we wept with gratitude to our God, it was then.'"

It is no pleasure to the present writer to refer to the persecutions endured by the Methodist missionaries at the hands of Roman Catholics. The volume before us contains several of these. "Twice Richard Knight was compelled to use all the strength of his muscular form in self-defence."

"During the winter of 1830, Adam Nightingale, at whom some enemy of the truth had already fired a shot, had a second narrow escape. A re-

* *History of the Methodist Church within the Territories embraced in the late Conference of Eastern British America, including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and Bermuda.* By T. Watson Smith, of the Nova Scotia Conference. Vol. II. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates.

quested visit to a sick man having taken him to Bay de Verds, he spent a part of the day in calls upon some other persons. An evening service at the house of the sick man was rudely disturbed, and at its close the preacher was advised by a message from a friendly Roman Catholic not to leave the house that evening, lest he should be murdered. Very early in the morning, soon after the death of the person visited, he left the dwelling, accompanied by two men armed for his protection. At a certain spot several men were awaiting his approach, but drowsiness having overcome them, their intended victim passed on unharmed. Uudaunted by this treatment, Nightingale procured an official license to preach in the same dwelling, and used it without serious interruption. A part of those concerned in the plot came to an untimely end, and their neighbours, impressed with that fact, became passive witnesses of evangelical effort, and in rare instances partakers in its benefits."

The present writer has been greatly interested in reading of the missionary labours of some of those who came from England more than half a century ago, and on their return to their native land, they often detailed at great length to listening hundreds what God had done for the people in those islands in the sea.

Methodists in Ontario who knew so well Enoch Wood, D.D., and S. D. Rice, D.D., will be delighted to read of the labours of those devoted servants of Christ. Dr. Wood did splendid service in many important places, and by his judicious management was greatly consolidated and moulded into systematic form various missions, when the hand of an organizer was greatly needed. Dr. Rice, as might be expected, was heroic from the beginning of his ministry, and never counted either labour or sacrifice too severe when the interests of the Church were concerned.

These grand men, in connection with the recently deceased Dr. Pickard, had much to do in organizing the educational institutions of the Eastern Provincies, which bear the princely name of their venerated founder, C. F. Allison, Esq. Dr. Wood was the honoured instrument of bringing Lemuel Allan Wilmot into the Methodist Church, and though afterwards honoured by his sovereign as Lieutenant-Governor of his native Province, he still dwelt among his own people, and did not regard the Methodist Church as too humble and obscure for him to be associated with.

The remarktble career of Edward Fraser is portrayed in brief, but graphic manner. Born a slave, yet he was one of the most remarkable of coloured men. When he became distinguished as a pulpit and platform speaker, there were many overtures made to him to go elsewhere, but he lived and died a Methodist minister; and is said to have had one of the largest libraries, such as were only excelled by those of Dr. Richey and a few others.

The laity of Methodism has been important factors in its development. Mr. Smith makes honourable mention of some who lived and died in the East. In addition to those already mentioned, the reader is made acquainted with James B. Morrow, Hon. J. A. Anderson, Hon. W. A. Black, Ralph Brecken, Hon. J. J. Rogerson, J. Starr, and several others. It has been very gratifying to read the names of some distinguished laymen who were the sons of ministers, and who, on attaining to positions of great influence, continued as pillars in the Church where they were born. Some who were reared in Methodist parsonages in Eastern British America have become eminent ministers. We may mention W. B. Pope, D.D., now a superannuated minister in the English Conference; Robert Newton Young, D.D., also an English ex-President, and Professor in Handsworth College, Birmingham.

Space prevents further enlargement. We thank Mr. Smith for his valuable history, and hope that some other as able a writer may be induced to perform a similar work for Methodism in other parts of the Dominion, which Mr. Smith has done for the Maritime Provinces.

E. B.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

We write these notes a few days after the Western Conferences have been held. We hope to make mention, in our next issue, of those in the Maritime Conferences and Newfoundland, all of which are in session at the present time.

The election of the chief officers of the various Conferences created much interest. One feature in the elections was very pleasing, viz. : that three of the successful candidates for the Presidency were formerly identified with the smaller branches of Methodism.

The following is the list of Presidents and Secretaries of the various Conferences : Toronto—W. Pirritte, D.D., H. S. Matthews ; London—J. R. Gundy, W. Rigsby ; Niagara—John Kay, R. W. Woodsworth ; Guelph—W. S. Griffin, D.D., J. Scott, M.A. ; Bay of Quinte—W. Burns, W. R. Young, B.A. ; Montreal—T. G. Williams, D.D., W. J. Crothers, M.A. ; Manitoba—J. M. Harrison, A. Andrews ; British Columbia—C. Bryant, J. H. White.

So far as we can gather from the statistical reports, no Conference reports a decrease in the membership of the Church. Manitoba, however, reports the largest increase. At this we need not wonder, seeing that there is such a large tide of emigration to the country, many from our own parts. The eight Conferences named in these notes have a net increase of more than 5,000 members. Let us thank God and take courage. In the ranks of the ministry seventeen brethren had died, one of whom was General Superintendent Williams.

Toronto Conference made a new departure on modern usages, by setting apart an evening for a memorial service, at which not only grateful mention was made of the deceased ministers, but also of three distinguished laymen who had gone home, viz. : Hon. J. Macdonald, William Gooderham and R. I. Walker. About thirty probationers were ordained, and fifty candidates for the ministry were received. This number enabled the Educational Committee to permit a large class of probationers to attend college, more than seventy enjoying the advantages of a collegiate training. Permission was also given to employ a large number of young men under Chairmen of Districts. British Columbia and Manitoba Conferences are in need of more labourers.

Among the candidates and probationers are to be found several sons of ministers. Two sons of the late Rev. Henry Steinhauer are following in their father's footsteps in preaching the Gospel to their Indian brethren.

Not the least interesting report presented at the various Conferences was that of the Book Steward, Rev. Dr. Briggs. The report surpassed all those of former years. The business has become more extensive than the most sanguine friends even expected, and during the past year, after setting aside $12,000 to prepare for the bonds which will become due in a few years, $6,300 was donated to the Superannuation Fund. On a recent day Dr. Briggs paid $1,650 duty charged on a single invoice of books.

The Sunday-school reports gave evidence of increased interest being felt in the welfare of the youth of the Church.

The large number of Epworth Leagues that are being rapidly formed augur well for the future of our young people.

The Principals of all the Ladies' Colleges were on hand, at most of the Conferences, full of hope and good cheer respecting the institutions of which they are in charge. Albert

College, though doing a grand work in fitting young men for graduation at Victoria University, is burdened with a debt of $30,000, hence the Bursar, Rev. Amos Campbell, made a plea for help, and several thousand dollars were contributed towards lessening the debt.

Wesley College, Manitoba, is our youngest seat of learning, and is doing a good work; sixty per cent. of its students have the ministry in view, and some have taken high honours at the Provincial University. The Principal and Professors have done much outside work on behalf of the College. In nine months the Principal travelled 10,000 miles and preached eighty-eight times. The people in the Prairie Province have contributed magnificently towards Wesley College, and the rich Methodists of the East should help them.

The theological lectures delivered at the various Conferences appear to have been of more than ordinary interest. The lecture by Professor Workman, on "Messianic Prophecy," produced a great deal of comment. It is to be hoped that our dear brother, whom to know is to love, will be able so to explain his views that there will be no reasonable ground to question the soundness of his orthodoxy.

It is gratifying to see the reciprocity that obtains at all the Conferences. Dr. Potts preached the ordination sermon at Guelph Conference, Dr. Briggs at Montreal Conference, the Rev. Dr. Dewart at the London Conference. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was the preacher at Niagara Conference ordination, while Dr. G. Douglas, Principal of Wesley College, Montreal, was truly "the old man eloquent" as he discoursed in his old pulpit, Elm Street Church, Toronto, on the character of Barnabas, "a good man and full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." The venerable Doctor said, on the subject of ecclesiastical precedence: "I trust that Methodism, while it despises the pageantry that exists in high quarters, while it passes by all dress parades as subordinate, will nevertheless, for the honour of our own Church, and of the great Presbyterian Church, and of the minor bodies thus slighted, stand firm upon the ground of equality of status, and the principle that privileged Churches shall not be tolerated in the Dominion of Canada. When I tell you that every chaplain in every public institution is either an Anglican or a Romanist, will you endure this partiality of the Government of this country, which Methodism, all over the Dominion of Canada, supports to an extent equal to, if not greater than, any other denomination? I trust that you will give such an unanimous and enthusiastic declaration against the wrong, the insult and the ignominy put upon a venerable minister of the Church, who was expelled by the flunkey of the Black Rod because he had had the daring to come within the circumference of the Romish hierarchy. My indignation was kindled, and I know that the heart of every Methodist minister and layman feels with mine. We want equality before the law—equality in the regal, vice-regal, and official recognition, and we will have it."

The love-feasts and reception services were seasons of enjoyment.

The election of General Conference delegates probably excited more interest than any question that was discussed.

It was gratifying to see that at least one Conference appointed a committee on systematic beneficence. The question should be better understood. Methodist people are not generally penurious, but many of them need to be more systematic in their mode of contributing. One-tenth should be aimed at by all. Such a method would secure means for more adequate support of the ministers, several of whom receive less than $500 per annum.

A special ordination service was held in Montreal the Sabbath after the Conference in Ottawa, when four probationers were ordained to the full work of the ministry. Dr. Ryckman preached the sermon and Dr. Williams, President of the Conference, presided. Most of the ministers stationed in Montreal took part in the solemn service.

A new church was recently dedicated at Parkdale, a suburb of Toronto, costing about $70,000. The old church has proved too small. St. Alban's Church, which was dedicated a few weeks ago, is an offshoot of the old church, which has now become two bands.

A new church is in course of erection in the western portion of Montreal. The venerable Dr. Douglas laid the corner-stone.

Recently Rev. Dr. Wilson received from a former resident of St. John, New Brunswick, a cheque for $400, to be equally divided among the Sustentation and Supernumerary Funds of the Conference in that Province. This noble gift was the result of a sermon preached in St. John by Dr. Wilson and afterwards published in the *Wesleyan*.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The church at Yokohama has been destroyed by a furious storm. It was being extensively repaired. The loss will be heavy, and the congregation has been struggling hard to become self-sustaining.

Bishop Newman, while passing through San Francisco, visited the Japan congregation, from which one of the Japanese converts was taken —Rev. Y. Honda, who accompanied the Bishop to Japan, where he will become a missionary among his own people.

Bishop Mallalieu has purchased a building in New Orleans worth $20,000, for a medical school, which is to be a department of New Orleans University.

The churches connected with the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Church in Canada, have been united in a Methodist Church of Japan. The union was practically consummated at Nagoya in February.

The Board of Missions has reduced the debt from over $100,000 to $14,000, and enlarged its appropriations for the support of missions from $158,880.56 in 1886, to $265,277 in 1889, an advance of $106,396.44.

There has been built on an average one new church every day during the past year.

English Methodist News.

The ninety-fourth Methodist New Connexion Conference commenced on Whit Monday at Dewsbury. The attendance of delegates and representatives was about 183. The plan of proceedings contained numerous appointments. The pulpits of the Wesleyan and New Connexion Churches in the vicinity, more than thirty in number, were occupied two Sabbaths by members of the Conference.

The means taken to effect a union between the New Connexion and Free Methodists will be carefully considered, but it has become a matter of universal opinion that an Act of Parliament will be required to effect the Union.

The *Joyful News* Mission, under the care of Rev. Thomas Champness, grows in popular favor. The new "Home" flourishes. Every week financial aid is received.

During the winter, Mr. Champness held service on Sabbath afternoons in the Secular Hall, Rochdale. He detailed Bible stories in the first person with such dramatic effect that some supposed he was really relating his own experience. A gentleman offered £500 to secure better accomodation for similar services next winter.

Canadian Churches.

The Chancellorship of the McMaster University, the Principalship of Toronto Baptist College, and the Principalship of Moulton Ladies' College, all under Baptist auspices, are vacant. Chancellor McVicar has been appointed Superintendent of the Baptist educational institutions of the Southern States.

The young ladies of the Collingwood Presbyterian congregation are supporting a missionary in Manitoba, and the Sabbath-school is supporting a pupil at Point aux Trembles.

Miss Minnie Fraser, M.D., daughter of Rev. J. Fraser, Montreal, graduated from the Women's Medical College, Kingston, and has gone to India as a missionary. Miss Gordon also has sailed to India, to labor in the Bombay Presidency.

The Presbyterian Assembly met in Ottawa. Principal Grant, the retiring Moderator, preached a powerful sermon. Rev. Dr. Laing was elected Moderator, a fit reward for a life of earnest labour. The various reports gave evidence of great prosperity in most of the departments of Church work. The income for Home Missions exceeds $80,000. The Foreign Missions cover a wide field, but ministers on what we term Domestic Missions, are well cared for. The Augmentation Fund seeks to give all such, at least, $750. The mode of procedure adopted by the Committee of this Fund might be adopted in all our Conferences on behalf of the Sustentation Fund. On behalf of Temperance, Sabbath Observance, and other public questions, the Assembly spoke in strong terms. We are glad to see that a fraternal delegation from Montreal Conference, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Ryckman and others, was cordially received.

The Pan Presbyterian Council is to meet in Toronto in 1892 Rev. Dr. Matthews, Secretary, has been visiting all the Assemblies in America respecting this great gathering, which will be one of unusual interest.

The yearly meeting of the Canada Society of Friends was held at Pickering during the last week in June. All the sessions were held in the Methodist church. Sunday was a great day ; two services were held in the Presbyterian and three in each of the Methodist and Friends' churches. The chief ministers were J. T. Dorlam, W. Wetherald, and Mrs. Dale. A meeting in the interest of Home Missions was held on Saturday night, and another on behalf of Japan, on Monday night, at which our own missionary, Rev. J. T. Cocking, was the chief speaker, and made a fine impression. The evening and Sabbath services were largely of an evangelistic character, and were well calculated to promote spiritual growth in Christians, and bring the undecided to decision.

Recent Deaths.

Few things have so deeply stirred the sympathies of the community where he lived as the sudden and tragical death of Mr. Edwin T. Coates, who was killed by being thrown from a horse on the 21st ult. He may be said to have been born and brought up in the Toronto Methodist Book Room, of which his father, Mr, C. W. Coates, now Manager of the Methodist Book Room, Montreal, was for many years the trusted head clerk. In this post he was succeeded by his son, who won the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. He but recently left the Book Room to engage in publishing on his own account, receiving on that occasion a handsome testimonial of the regard of the whole establishment. We little thought that so soon his bright career was to be cut short. No young man in Toronto, we think, had a larger circle of attached friends, or will be more missed and regretted. This distinction he won by his manly Christian character, and his readiness to assist in church work. He was leader of the choir of McCaul Street Church, and an ever-welcome and ever-ready assistant at musical services in the Toronto churches. What a priceless consolation to know that his sudden call found him ready for the summons. "Take me home!" were the only words he uttered after his fall. And how amply fulfilled was his dying request. Swiftly summoned to his eternal home, to the holy angels and the symphonies of heaven, and to the God and Saviour whom he loved and served—a bright young life closed on earth, but unfolding forever in sublimest beatitudes on high.

Wm. M. Souter, late of Hamilton, Ont., recently died at Shanghai, China, where he was labouring as a missionary under the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. He is the second member of the Hamilton contingent who has died at his post. Mr. Taylor is calling for 1,000 labourers to travel far and wide, distributing books, preaching to the masses, to lend a strong, helping hand in the great work of Christian education, and to exhibit to China the benevolent side of Christianity in healing the sick.

Book Notices.

The Gospel and Modern Substitutes. By the Rev. A. Scott Matheson, Dumbarton. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

This is emphatically a book for the times. Its purpose is to bring out the inexhaustible fulness of the Gospel of Christ, in relation to modern creeds that contest its supremacy and claim to supersede it. The author conceives that the best way to meet those systems is to carefully examine them, and frankly admit the good that they contain—the elements of truth and life that the Church has been slow to admit. He claims that there is something of truth in the speculations of Comte, Darwin and Schopenhauer, which should be recognized; but that the revelation of Jesus Christ contains the best of everything in science, in positivism and socialism. "The new influence," our author eloquently remarks, "which has been in the world since Christ came to it, may be casting its leaves only to show us that it is still the tree of life, whose leaves with every new spring are for the healing of the nations. . . . Our old questions of theology and worship, of polity and service, are finding new expression in the terms of science and art, of equity and righteousness, of brotherhood and love." In this spirit he discusses the Gospel and Agnosticism; the Gospel and Science—the law of heredity, the law of variation; the Gospel and Positivism; the Gospel and Socialism—social grievances, the distribution of wealth, etc.; the Gospel and Pessimism; the Gospel and Art.

The part of this book that appeals most strongly to our sympathies is that which treats the social wrongs and disabilities of the great masses of the poor. When the Master was on earth and saw the multitudes as sheep unshepherded and suffering and sorrowing, He had compassion on them and ministered to their wants, of the body as well as of the soul. No religion, it seems to us, is worth much which does not seek to remove the wrongs and secure the social rights of God's great family of the poor. We thank God for the spirit of altruism which is more and more actuating mankind, and for that passionate charity which, in the very spirit of Christ, is seeking to save that which is lost, is seeking to relieve the anxious inquiries of earnest but doubting souls, and to solve with the panacea of the Gospel the thousand evils of the times. We, therefore, welcome such books as this, which come not in the spirit of narrow exclusiveness or of timid defensiveness, but of sympathetic comprehension of all the good of all the creeds.

The Life of George H. Stuart. Written by himself. Edited by R. Ellis Thompson, D.D. Philadelphia: George M. Stoddart & Co. Price $2.00.

This is the record of a noble life. The story of the Christian merchant and philanthropist is told in a simple and unpretending style; yet it is full of absorbing interest. George H. Stuart was one of those notable gifts of Ireland and of the Irish Presbyterian Church to the United States. He became a very important factor in the public life, and especially in the religious life, of that country. He early acquired a large income, which he ceaselessly employed in doing good. The following is a brief summary of his Christian and philanthropic labours.

"The work of the Christian commission is but an episode in the life of this noble man, who from boyhood spent his life in the cause of benevolence and for the advancement of Christianity. The Presbyterian Church in America, long divided

into hostile parties, was united into a single harmonious body through his efforts. He was the originator and first President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia, and this noble society, so potent for good, owes much of its flourishing condition to his active and unselfish labours. The life record of Mr. Stuart is a continuous story of high principles and benevolent practices. He was a consistent opponent of human slavery, a persistent advocate of church harmony, an unceasing giver of good gifts, a leader in the temperance cause, an untiring helper of suffering humanity, a true follower of Christ."

He was the means of bringing to America the great missionary, Dr. Duff, and the great revivalist, Grattan Guiness. He declined a position in the Cabinet, to devote himself to Christian work. Like many Americans, he lost a large fortune and straightway made another. He laboured on to the last, and died in the triumphs of faith. The story is an inspiration, especially to the young men of Canada and the United States. It is well illustrated, and is as interesting as it is instructive.

Colloquies on Preaching. By HENRY TWELLS, Canon of Peterborough Cathedral. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is one of the wisest and wittiest that we have met in a long time. So great was its fascination that we read it through at a sitting. By a very ingenious method the writer secures the expression of all manner of criticisms from almost every conceivable point of view, by introducing a great variety of characters into these colloquies. Among these are the following: the lawyer, the doctor and the merchant; the curate and his candid friend; the old lady and her maid; the members of a West-end club; the clerical meeting; a trio of gushing young ladies who said "it was such a beautiful sermon," although they could not remember the text or a single word of it; the Churchman and the Salvation Army officer who expresses some very plain truths; the Churchwardens and the sidesmen; the school boys, illustrating the superficial manner of hearing the Gospel; the bicyclists; the squire and his guests; lady gossips' party—a scathing exposure of fashionable folly; the artisans, showing how to reach the masses; the detectives, a skit at the people who are always discovering plagiarism; Hodge and his wife, a shrewd character sketch in rustic dialect; waifs and strays, a touching illustration of work among the lowly and the lost, and other sketches, worthy of Dickens in the graphic delineation of character. The book is full of wise suggestions, both for sermon makers and for sermon readers.

The Sabbath for Man. By the REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M.A., F.G.S., etc. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This admirable volume is the one which gained the highest prize offered by the Lord's Day Observance Committee of the Wesleyan Conference in England. It is a very thorough and able inquiry into the origin and history of the Sabbath institution, with a consideration of its claims upon the Christian Church and the nation. It goes back to the Garden of Eden, and traces this divinely appointed institution through the Patriachal and Mosaic ages; examines the Levitical legislation; traces the Sabbath among primitive nations—in Assyria, Egypt, in Sanscrit literature, in Greece and Rome. It discusses Christ's doctrine and practice; the Roman Catholic perversions of the Sabbath; modern Sabbath legislation and Christian Sabbath keeping. This is the best book on the Sabbath question that we know.

Report of the Royal Commission on the Mineral Resources of Ontario, and Measures for their Development. 8vo, pp. xxiv.-566.

This book is a model of important investigation and lucid exposition. The work was distributed among thoroughly competent experts—the

scientific aspects of the question being taken by Dr. Bell and W. H. Merritt, and its commercial aspects, by Mr. Charlton; the work of Mr. A. Blue, the very competent Secretary of the Bureau of Statistics, in digesting and arranging the mass of information obtained, is most admirably done. Sessions of the Commission were held at thirty-seven places, from Ottawa to Rat Portage; and 164 witnesses were examined under oath. The geology of the Province, with special reference to its economic material, is fully treated. Then follows a very full account of the mining interests of the country and a digest of the mining laws of all nations, with a chapter on smelting processes and measures for developing mineral interests. About forty diagrams illustrate the subject. This book will be indispensable to all who wish to understand the mineral resources of Ontario.

Scottish Sketches. By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 70 cents.

Mrs. Barr has deservedly won the reputation of being one of the strongest and ablest writers of high-class fiction of the day. We think she is at her best in her delineations of Scottish life and character. The grim pathos of "Andrew Cargill's Confession," the fine feeling shown in "Crawford's Sair Strait," the tragic element in "James Blackie's Revenge," stamp her as an artist of the highest genius. Her stories are sound and wholesome, and keyed up to the highest standard of morality.

Chrissy's Endeavour. By Pansy. Pp. 374. Same publishers. Price 70 cents.

This is the "author's edition" of one of Mrs. Alden's recent works. She has not, to our mind, the artistic skill, the fine touch of genius of Mrs. Barr, but her books are more distinctly religious, and are, therefore, better adapted for Sunday-school libraries. She has the tact also of introducing the current social and and religious movements, as the C. L. S. C., and in this story the "Christian Endeavour" Society. It will be read with pleasure and profit by "Pansy's" many admirers.

A Seven-fold Trouble. By "Pansy" and Her Friends. Pp. 431. Same publishers. Price 70 cents.

The peculiarity about this book is that it was written by seven persons, and edited by the indefatigable "Pansy." Like all the "Pansy" books, it has a distinctly religious moral purpose, and will be very suggestive of helpful methods in the religious training of the young.

Dorothy's Vocation. By Evelyn Everett Green. Same publishers and same price.

This is to us a book by a new author, but one whose acquaintance is well worth making. It is a story of English life, with rather more of adventure than quiet English life generally affords; *vide* the accident at the weir, so graphically illustrated. It is less pronounced in its religious teachings than Mrs. Alden's books, but is pure and wholesome in tone.

Olive Langton's Ward. Same Author. Same publisher, and same price.

This story opens on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, and is afterwards transferred to Great Britain. The trials of Sydney Furneaux in the great crisis of a woman's life form the theme of a very interesting and instructive story, and show how trials can purify and ennoble the human heart. The above books are all handsomely printed and bound, and very beautifully illustrated. They may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

The Apostle of Burmah. By the Rev. Jabez Marrat. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a brief, but very satisfactory study of the life of the famous Baptist missionary, Adoniram Judson, whose moral heroism, cruel persecution and tragical death at sea have moved the sympathy and kindled the enthusiam of vast multitudes in both the old world and the new. The book is nicely illustrated.

ROSENGARTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

September, 1890.

ITALIAN VILLA.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

VENICE TO BOTZEN—THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

THE Brenner Railway is the only one that passes over the Alps. The Mont Cenis and St. Gotthard railways dive through long tunnels far below the summit. The Brenner road has, of course, its tunnels, but they are short, and it keeps above ground going through the famous Brenner Pass, which for two thousand years has been the main highway between northern and southern Europe over the Alps. This, therefore, was the route selected for our journey through the Austrian Tyrol.

One always leaves Venice with a feeling of regret, yet with a consciousness of an inalienable possession in her undying associations, and in the imperishable pictures that hang upon memory's walls. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these." We glided, as in a dream, for the last time through the silent water-ways of the "city of the sea," and were soon on our way back to Verona, here we were to change for the Brenner Railway. It is a great mistake for English-speaking persons to seclude themselves from intercourse with the people of the countries

through which they travel. Some of my most delightful memories are of casual acquaintance made with foreign fellow-tourists. And Italian tourists are exceedingly polite. It is quite amusing to see a gentleman parting from his travelling friends at a railway station. The hat is doffed over and over and over again, with profuse gesticulation, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles." At Milan I observed that every porter and railway man on the platform took off his hat and waved a salute as the train moved away. An Italian lady and her husband, in our compartment, were exceedingly agreeable and polite. It was very warm, and the offer of a fan by a lady of our party led to a pleasant conversation—the naiveté of the Italian lady's imperfect English and French giving a fine piquancy to her remarks.

ON THE FRONTIER.

Our impressions of Italian peasant life, as caught from the windows of a railway carriage, were of its extreme poverty. We saw hundreds of poor peasants returning from market, brown as berries, riding in their paltry little carts, or on their meagre donkeys, but mostly toiling on foot along the hot and dusty highway, driving a few goats or gaunt and hungry-looking swine—both men and women coarsened with field labour, unintelligent, and in appearance anything but the light-hearted, picturesque race they are so often portrayed by poet or painter. The Italians of the better class who shared our railway carriage, possessed more of the vivacity and sprightliness attributed to

their race. I was much amused at the impassioned gesticulation and intonation of a young lady and a military officer, who seemed to converse as much by gesture and tone of voice as by articulate expression. Our military friend was very polite, and took evident pleasure in answering my questions, and pointing out places of interest on the road, and on leaving the carriage, raised his hat, as was the general custom, to each person in the compartment.

Our train was somewhat late in reaching Verona, allowing very little time for lunch before taking the northern train for Tyrol. But as lunch for the party had been ordered by telegraph, it was all ready, seats reserved, and even the coffee poured out that no time might be lost. The act was well appreciated. The conductor had to hustle around and re-check some left luggage, including a bundle of alpenstocks, which weighed heavily on his mind. The difference of language in the names of places is sometimes a little perplexing. It is somewhat difficult to recognize the same place under the names of Botzen and Balsano; or to identify in Venedig, or Venezia, the familiar Venice.

TYROLESE PEASANT.

The Brenner Railway here follows the course of the old Roman Via Claudia. It is certainly an attractive contrast, to depict to ourselves the change which the traffic has undergone in twenty centuries—Drusus with his eagles marching northward along this highway of Rhætia Prima to destroy the strongholds of the barbarians, and the Roman express, with the porters calling out as the train enters the station: "Fifteen minutes' stoppage, examination of luggage, all change here—quindici minuti di fermata, visita dei bagaglj, si cambia convoglio!"

We pass through the famous Gorge of Verona, a rocky passage which the Adige has forced through the limestone mountains. For 2000 years hostile nations have contended for the mastery of this pass. On many a coign of vantage is perched a grim fortress. High on the left bank lies Rivoli, which has given its

name to the most brilliant street in Europe. This village was stormed over and over again by the French in 1796 and 1797, and won after a slaughter which left a well-filled charnel house. It has been well remarked that "the tenacity of historical and popular influences has been such, that after thousands of years the boundaries are very nearly the same as they were in the beginning. The frontiers of the Frankish and Lombardian kingdoms in the ninth century were almost identical with those between Austria and Italy to-day. The boundaries of the languages remains along the Adige almost exactly in its ancient position. In this gateway of the nations let us hope never again will the roar of the cannons awake the echoes of those wild ravines.

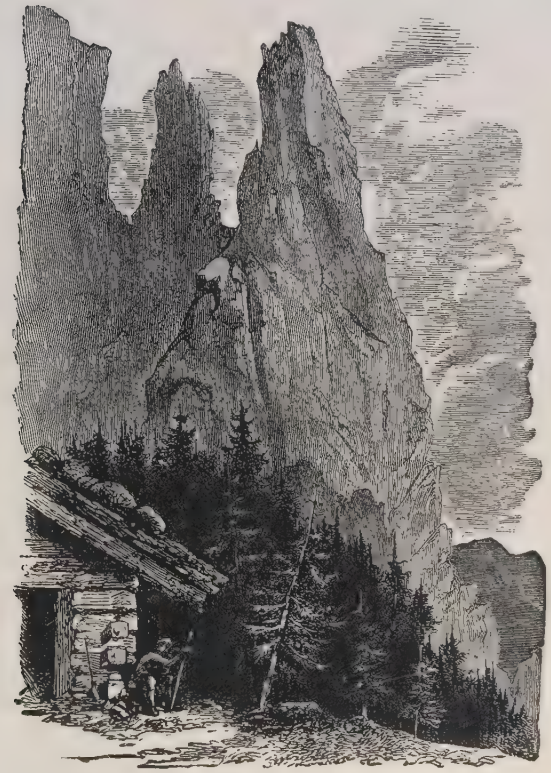
TYROLESE HIGHLANDS.

Between Peri and Ala, to the right of the railway line, stands a stone bearing the arms of Tyrol, Venice, and Lombardy—the Tyrolese eagle, the lion of St. Mark, and the virgin and child. Here is the Austrian frontier. At the next station we have to dismount under military command, and run the gauntlet of the most searching customs examination we underwent in Europe. Tobacco and liquor seemed to be especially contraband, but as we had neither we got off pretty easily.

The fortresses and castles are just as numerous on the Austrian as on the Italian border side, some dating back to the time of the Romans. In one grim old tower near Lizzanna, the exiled

Dante resided in 1302 when banished from Florence. Another memorial of the poet of the under-world is seen in a tremendous land slide to which he thus refers in the Inferno:

> "As is that ruin, which Adige's stream
> On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave
> Or loosed by earthquake, or *for lack of prop;*
> For from the mountain's summit, whence it moved
> To the low level, so the headlong rock
> Is shivered, that some passage it might give
> To him who from above would pass."



DOLOMITE NEEDLE.

The road continues gradually to ascend, till sixty miles from Verona we reach the ancient city of Trent, dating from the time of the Etruscans and mentioned by Strabo, Pliny and Ptolemy. It is best known as the scene, where, for eighteen years—1545 to 1563—the famous Council of Trent was held. On a neighbouring height, the palace of the Prince Bishop, who once lorded it with

temporal as well as spiritual power, is now a military barrack. After a refreshing shower, that washed and cooled the air, we arrived at Botzen, a quaint old town of 10,000 of a population, in

DOLOMITE PEAK, AUSTRIAN TYROL.

the heart of the dolomite region. The change from the sultry plains of Venetia, to the fresh, cool upland valley was delightful. So, too, was the change from the formal *table d'hôte* dinner, to the more social family dinner, where, like a patriarch surrounded by

his tribe, the conductor of the party presided at the head of the long table. The zest of that excellent meal, in a cheerful room, opening on a lovely garden, remains a pleasant memory. Still more so is that of the wonderful panorama of engirdling castle-crowned hills, and more distant mountains, kindling with the rosy glow of sunset. (See cut facing page 198). "Botzen," says the enthusiastic Dr. Heinrich Noé, "is the most glorious of all

DOLOMITE PEAKS.

Alpine towns. The basin in which it lies is the scenic abridgment of this loveliest of Alpine lands. From the snow-fields of the Rosengarten to the pines on the Talfer, from the baronial castles with their legends to the vine-covered cottages of the peasants, it is the counterpart in miniature of the German sunland under the sky of Italy."

The dolomites are a series of strange, jagged peaks, of mag-

nesian limestone, named after Dolomieu, the geologist. Their striking pinnacles, and splintered crags, and gloomy fissures and canyons, and the delicate hues and tints, especially an indescribable rosy glow at sunset, gives a marked peculiarity to the scenery of this part of the Tyrol. One of these valleys is known as Rosengarten—the rose garden—of which Dr. Heinrich Noé writes: "Nowhere is the contrast of a smiling landscape with stern environing walls so apparent as it is in the case of the mountain region around Botzen, encircled by a wall of cliff which, for continuity, for height and apparent steepness, has scarcely a rival in the Alps. Protected from the assaults of men and from the

TYROLESE VILLAGE.

bitter winds of heaven by these mighty bulwarks, there is little cause for wonder if the poetry of an early day saw or fancied in this strange and beautiful region, a fairy fortress sheltering a garden of roses."

After dinner I went out with some of the ladies for a ramble through the arcaded streets of the old town. Botzen was the most thoroughly quaint and curious place we found during our whole tour. Lying remote among its secluded valleys, it is not so much affected as larger places by the current of nineteenth century civilization, which tends to wear away all that is peculiar in custom and architecture. Many of the streets were strangely narrow, crooked and picturesque, with their overhanging fronts of

the houses and oriel windows, and long covered arcades, and the swift mountain streams rushing through sluice-ways at the road side. Early next morning, with one of the most enthusiastic sight-seers, I went to the large and handsome parish church and found it filled with a devout congregation, whose singing was strikingly impressive. At the west portal are two grotesquely-carved lions in red marble in the Lombard style. High in the air rises a fine open stone spire, erected nearly four hundred years ago. We wandered through the cemetery or "court of peace," with the impressive motto over the portal "*Resurrecturis*," and with its affecting memorials of love and sorrow—old as humanity, yet ever new. The Teutonic love of nature was seen in the beautiful park and public garden, which are common features to all Austrian and German towns.

THE WILLING WORKER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

RICHLY the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord,
  Hang in their clusters of purple delight!
I have attended the call of Thy Word,
  Working for Thee since the dawning of light:
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!
  Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;
Master! no labour—no pains have I spared;
  Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine!
Soft gleam the stars that in heaven I see,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave Thine acres with harvests untold,
  Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold,—
  Slowly the reapers are moving away:
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dimmed is the eye with the fast-fading light,
  Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;
Scant, on my forehead my locks have grown white—
  Lord, 'tis the BODY grows weary and faint!
Finished the task Thou hast given to me,
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VIII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

AUSTRALIAN BUCKBOARD.

Friday, May 27th.—From the Exhibition, Adelaide, the Governor took me for a drive all round the city, past handsome and substantial public buildings and through wide and clean streets. The system of park-lands, or reserves of open spaces between the blocks of buildings, appears to be excellent, both from a picturesque and a sanitary point of view.

Tom had to rush off to meet Mr. Bray, and to attend the annual meeting of the South Australian Geographical Society, where he made a speech. Among other people present at the meeting, he was introduced to the Australian explorer, Mr. David Lindsay, who returned about six months ago from a journey of thirteen months right across the continent, from Adelaide to a point a little to the south-east of Port Darwin. The expedition was most difficult and trying—much more so than it would have been in any ordinary year, on account of the drought. The thermometer sometimes stood at 125° in the shade, and could not register the heat in the sun! The explorers were obliged to travel by day, in order that they might see and report upon the country. They were once seven days without water, and constantly ran very short of it. The journey was made entirely with camels, and the intelligence of these animals seems to have been extraordinary.

Saturday, May 28th.—We had several visitors in the morning, among whom was Brigadier-General Owen, who brought plans for the defences of Adelaide for Tom to examine. We proceeded by train to Adelaide and attended the Governor's reception, which was attended by several hundred people.

Sunday, May 29th.—This morning we went to the Anglican cathedral at half-past ten, and heard a most beautiful choral service, including a *Te Deum* by Gounod.

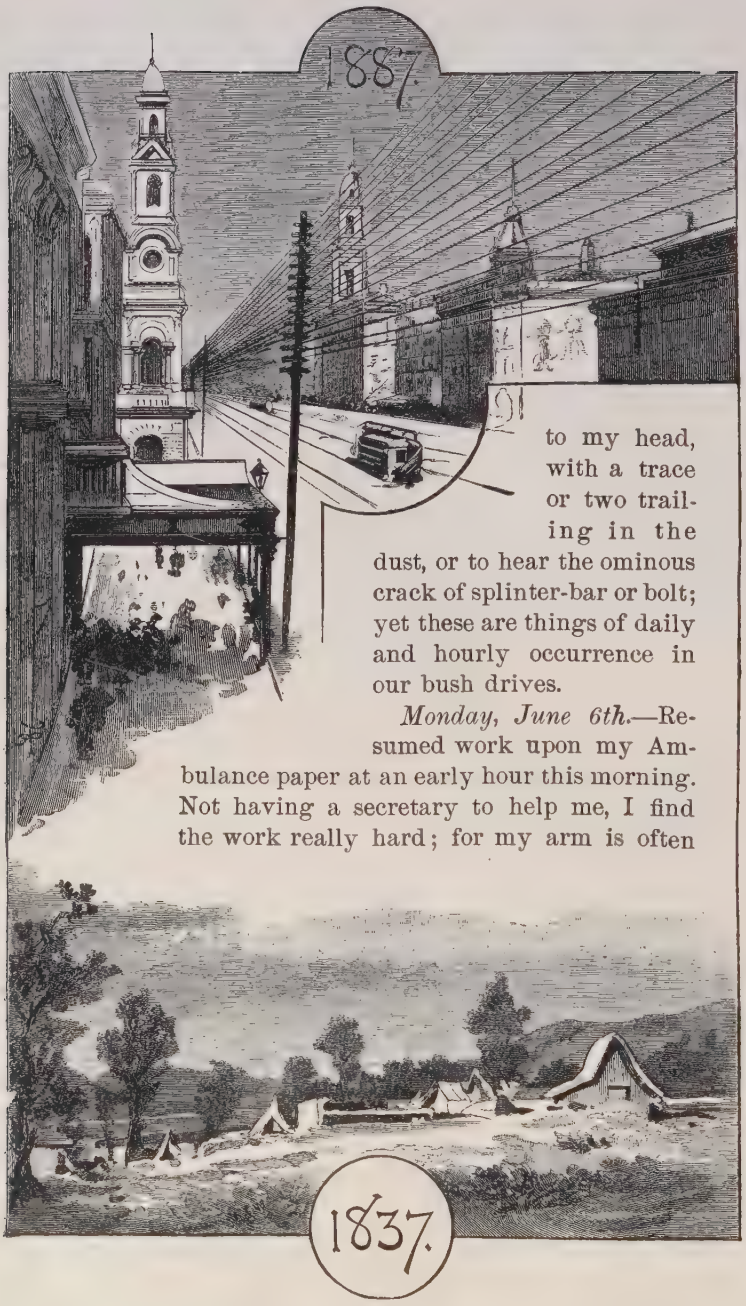
Wednesday, June 1st.—By train to Cockburn to visit the celebrated Broken-Hill Silver Mine at Silverton.

Thursday, June 2nd.—We went down what is called M'Culloch's Shaft, at a point where the mine is 216 feet deep, and were greatly interested in seeing the process of extracting the ore. The latest weekly returns from this mine show a production of 46,000 ounces of silver.

Friday, June 3rd.—This morning we descended another shaft and inspected another part of the mine, in which the ores differ greatly from those we saw yesterday, and consist chiefly of kaolin. After reaching the surface we visited the assaying offices, and watched the experiments for testing the richness of ores.

Saturday, June 4th.—On the return journey from Silverton to Adelaide I stopped during the early hours of this morning at Terowie to see my cousin Herbert Woodgate, and thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of sleepiness and fatigue, the sight at his house of so many objects which brought back memories of old days. The walls were covered with pictures of Swayslands, the dear old place in Kent of Herbert's father—where I spent many happy hours of childhood. There was also many pictures of Penshurst Place, and of the old village church, whose beautiful chime of bells I so well remember, and where I have "assisted" at more than one pretty wedding. It all brought back many mingled memories of joy and sorrow. Nothing could have been kinder than our welcome. I was quite sorry when we had to turn out again and trundle down to the train and be off once more to Adelaide, where we arrived at half-past twelve p.m.

I am not sure that I should enjoy my time in Australia so much if I had not a certain belief in *kismet;* for travelling out here is certainly very full of risk. What with unbroken horses, rickety carts, inexperienced drivers, rotten and ill-made harness put on the wrong way, bad roads, reckless driving, and a general total indifference to the safety of life and limb, a journey is always an exciting, and sometimes a risky, experience. A little excitement is all very well; but when it becomes absolutely dangerous, a little of it goes a long way. I dislike seeing horse's hoofs close



to my head, with a trace or two trailing in the dust, or to hear the ominous crack of splinter-bar or bolt; yet these are things of daily and hourly occurrence in our bush drives.

Monday, June 6th.—Resumed work upon my Ambulance paper at an early hour this morning. Not having a secretary to help me, I find the work really hard; for my arm is often

ADELAIDE.

so bad that I can hardly use it. The Ambulance Meeting, at which the Governor kindly presided, was held at Government House, and was well attended. I found it a great effort to read the paper I had prepared. There were few speakers. Everything, however, went off well, and I earnestly hope our afternoon's work may bear good, useful fruit.

Tuesday, June 7th.—Mr. D. Lindsay, the Australian explorer, came with his aboriginal servant, Cubadjee, whom he had brought from some place in the interior. This youth, it seems, is considered the short member of his family; but, although only seventeen years old, he is six feet five inches in height, while his elder brother, they declare, is seven feet six inches, and the rest

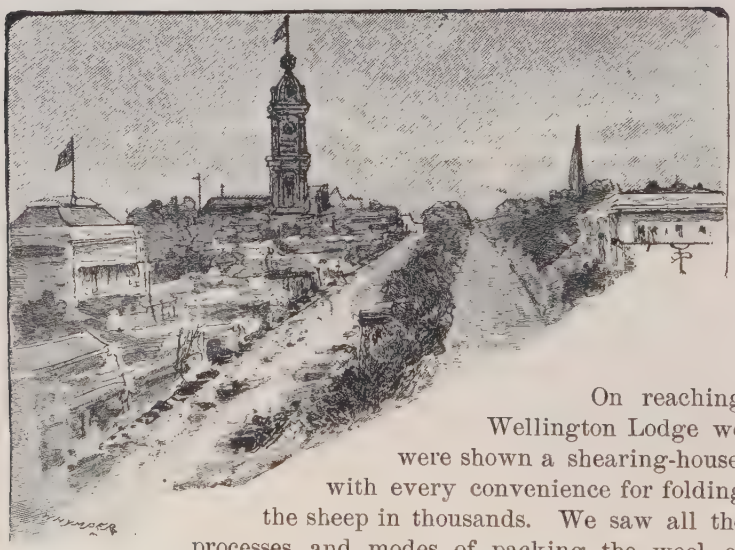
ON THE MURRAY RIVER.

of the family are equally tall. Cubadjee made fire for us with two pieces of wood (a process of which I had often heard), by rubbing a piece of wood with holes bored in it against another piece, quickly producing sparks, which easily ignited a piece of paper, and left a certain amount of black powder. Two carriages had been reserved for us in the Melbourne Express. The views of Mount Lofty and Mount Barker from the carriage window were lovely.

Wednesday, June 8th.—I awoke at two, and as it proved impossible to go to sleep again, I wrote and read until day-break. At a little before nine we went down to the bank to meet Mr. Macfarlane and his daughters, who had come forty miles down the Murray in their pretty little steam-launch to take us to their

station lodge, eight miles from Wellington. We passed through pretty scenery on our way up the river, and voyaged for some miles between banks fringed with willows, the original cuttings of which had been brought by an old French settler from Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.

At about one o'clock we arrived at the landing-pier, where we found one of the capacious trading-boats, of which we have met many on the river. It is a regular pedlar's store on a large scale, where one might buy dresses of the latest fashion, cloaks and bonnets, besides all sorts of medicines for man and beast, groceries, and stores of every kind. A most useful institution it must be to isolated toilers on the banks of the Murray.



BALLARAT.

On reaching Wellington Lodge we were shown a shearing-house, with every convenience for folding the sheep in thousands. We saw all the processes and modes of packing the wool, of which Mr. Macfarlane is justly proud; for I believe his system has been adopted in almost all the wool-producing countries in the world. Having dined, we returned to the railway, and took up our quarters in a boudoir-car attached to the express train, timed to arrive at Ballarat at six o'clock to-morrow morning.

Ballarat : Thursday, June 9th.—After an excellent night in a luxurious sleeping-carriage I was called at seven. A little before eight the Mayor of Ballarat and others were announced, and I had to settle with them the programme for the day whilst the others were making their toilettes. Tom and the doctor had gone by sea in the *Sunbeam* to Melbourne, which they reached

on the 6th, after a quick but stormy passage. On the 9th Tom embarked again, took the yacht on to Geelong, and came by train to meet us here.

We drove to the Star of the East Mine, where, after putting on real miners' clothes, we went down in the cage with Mr. Carroll and several other directors who had come to meet us. The directors asked me to christen a new lode the "Lady Brassey," but I suggested that the name should be the *Sunbeam*, and this they eventually adopted. I was afterwards glad to hear that the

MINER'S CAMP.

next day they struck gold. There was a good deal of walking to be done in the mine, and I was very tired when we got to the surface, at about three o'clock, having been underground more than two hours.

Friday, June 10th.—Immediately after lunch Tom and I were obliged to leave, as we wished to call on the Bishop. There was only just time to do this and catch the train for Geelong, at which place we arrived at about half-past six, and soon found ourselves on board the yacht again, which looked, as usual, pleasant and homelike after our short absence.

Saturday, June 11th.—When we had thoroughly explored the gardens, we bade adieu to the Mayor and our friends on shore, and went off to the yacht. We reached Hobson's Bay at dusk, and arrived at Government House in the middle of dinner!

Saturday, June 12th.—The Government House of the colony of Victoria is an enormous building, surrounded by an extensive park, situated on the top of a small hill, which commands a fine view over Melbourne and its suburbs. There is a complete suite of private apartments in the house, besides rooms for many guests, and splendid reception, banqueting, and ball rooms.

Monday, June 13th.—Tom went to the town hall this morning to receive a deputation from the Victorian Branch of the Imperial Federation League.

Tuesday, June 14th.—After a bad night, I had to receive many interviewers. Among those who called was a gentleman from the Woman's Suffrage Society, who wished to elicit some expression of my opinion, as he understood that I was strongly in favour of woman's suffrage. He seemed disappointed when I told him he was mistaken, and that I thought women already did govern the world more or less, whereas if we had votes we should not have nearly as much power as we now possess without any undue fuss being made about it.

Thursday, June 16th.—The weather was showery all day, and bitterly cold in the afternoon when we went to assist at the stone-laying of the Wesleyan College, where many speeches were made, Sir Henry Loch's being a really brilliant oration.

Saturday, June 18th.—Tom, Tab, and Mabelle returned to-day from Mount Gambier. I must use Tom's description of the expedition.

"We made another excursion from Melbourne on June 14th, to attend the opening of the railway connecting the district of Mount Gambier, in South Australia, with the direct line from Adelaide to Melbourne. We travelled a short distance on the line, and were banqueted in the evening. I replied for the visitors, and preached federation. We visited the Wesleyan Chapel at Mount Gambier. The minister described the excellent organization which enabled him to give effective spiritual supervision over a wide district."

The yacht was berthed alongside the graving-dock pier at Williamstown, which made it easy of access. In spite of the agonizing pain which Tom was suffering from an inflamed eye, he insisted on going to the Seamen's Meeting, and actually managed to make a good speech, though he scarcely knew what he was saying at the time.

Monday, June 20th.—The day of the grand volunteer review (the beginning of the festivities in Jubilee week) dawned bitterly cold, as indeed one must expect in midwinter. Lady Loch drove with me to the ground in an open carriage, and we had an excellent place close to the old saluting-flag, and were able to admire the gay march past of the troops. They seemed an excellent and well-drilled body of men. The Lancers and the Royal Naval Brigade especially attracted considerable attention.

LANCERS.

Tuesday, June 21st.—I went for a long drive, which enabled me to form a very fair idea of the suburbs of Melbourne. I was particularly struck with the enormous width of the roads. Such space appears to us unnecessary, but I am told it is needed for the occasional passage of mobs of cattle. We met one large mob of, I should think, more than five hundred head, driven by half a dozen men with long stock whips.

Thursday, June 23rd.—The event of to-day was the christening of the central hall of the Parliament Houses, to be henceforward known as the "Queen's Hall." An immense number of people had assembled. The daïs, to which the Governor, Lady Loch, and we ourselves were led, had been placed at the foot of Mr. Marshall Wood's fine statue of her Majesty, and everything was arranged to ensure a splended *coup d'œil*. It was worth coming all the thousands of miles we have traversed by

SOUDAN CONTINGENT.

sea and land to have the opportunity of witnessing such loyal enthusiasm.

Directly after we left the hall I hurried on board the *Sunbeam*, to receive a couple of hundred guests, and had only just time to get back to Government House to dine and dress for the State Concert at the Exhibition building, which was densely crowded. The combined musical societies opened the proceedings by singing the "Old Hundredth," in which the audience joined with great heartiness. This was followed by a grand Jubilee Ode, composed by Dr. Mackenzie, and by several excellently rendered solos.

SELECTORS.

Friday, June 24th.—To-day a demonstration of school-children, said to be the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the colony, took place in the Exhibition building. Twenty thousand children must have been there; and as they each wore a rosette and carried a little flag, the scene looked gay as a summer garden. Of course, there were the usual loyal anthems; and beside the cheers in the programme the children did a good deal of happy shouting on their own account. The Bishop of Melbourne gave them an excellent address, and all the arrangements were admirably and carefully carried out.

Saturday, June 25th.—Awoke early, after a fairly good night, and set to work at once on my correspondence, which accumulates terribly in spite of my efforts to answer every letter as it

arrives. I made many futile attempts to write up my journal, but was interrupted by numerous interviewers, especially by secretaries of charitable societies, anxious to get some share of the proceeds derived from showing the *Sunbeam*.

After the spacious rooms of Government House the *Sunbeam* cabins looked very small, but they are snug and bright. When one is so many thousands of miles away from England the various little treasures scattered about them remind me of home and its happy associations, and I feel not utterly cut off from the scenes I love so well.

Tuesday, June 28th.—The fog was still so dense that the deputy harbour-master would not allow the yacht to be unmoored; and after waiting some time, the Governor returned to Melbourne, whither I also went by train.

VICTORIA DEFENCE FLEET.

Wednesday, June 29th.—The aboriginals are rapidly dying out as a pure race, and most of the younger ones are half-breeds. Even in this inclement weather it was sad to notice how little protection these wretched beings had against its severity. We passed a miserable shanty by the side of the road, scarcely to be called a hut, consisting merely of a few slabs of bark propped against a pole. They looked liked the veriest tramps, and were most grateful for a bit of butterscotch for the baby and the shilling a piece which we gave them after an attempt at conversation.

Thursday, June 30th.—Once in the suburbs of Melbourne, it was necessary to crawl along at a snail's pace, on account of the numerous express trains running into the city at this early hour. At half-past twelve Mabelle and I went to the Botanical Gardens, where Mr. Guilfoyle, the superintendent, met us, and kindly explained the arrangement of the plants, clearing away many botanical difficulties which had puzzled me ever since I landed in Western Australia. I do not think I ever saw so well-arranged

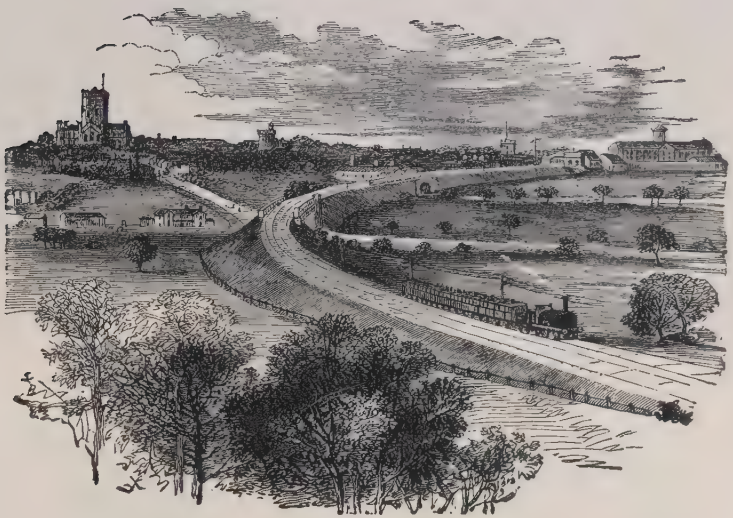
SYDNEY HARBOUR.

and beautiful a garden as this, and never have I had so intelligent and kind a *cicerone* as Mr. Guilfoyle. We drove all over the exquisitely-kept lawn, yet the carriage-wheels appeared to make no impression. The grass grows from a mixture of buffalo and other kinds of grass-seeds—a combination which produces a velvet-like sward about three inches in depth, and apparently incapable of injury.

We lunched at Government House. After bidding good-bye to H. E. and Lady Loch, from whom we have received so much kindness, we went to Cole's Book Arcade, which is one of the sights of Melbourne. A most curious place it is; consisting of a large arcade three stories high, about the length of the Burlington Arcade in London, though perhaps rather wider. The whole place from top to bottom is one mass of books, arranged in different styles, some according to price and some according to subject.

Friday, July 1st.—We left by the 9.30 train for Shepparton, in pouring rain, passing through a flat rich grazing country, which seemed well stocked with sheep. In the course of our drives we went to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's house. There I met some ladies and gentlemen interested in ambulance work, to whom I said a few words and gave some papers. I hope they will communicate with the head-centre of Melbourne, and obtain permission to establish a branch-centre here. Everybody seems to agree that it would be most useful, as the doctors are few and far between, and there are only five medical men to an erea of 1,000 square miles. Seymour was reached at 6.30, just in time to change into the express, and at Albury we were again transferred, at 10.30 p.m., into Lord Carrington's carriage, sent up from Sydney for us.

IN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY.



ST. ALBANS.

To the present writer the most potent memory in traversing the beautiful county of Bedford was that of John Bunyan. This romantic region is best reached from London by the Midland Railway. Leaving the St. Pancras Station—the largest in the world under one roof—we soon reach the venerable city of St. Albans, more ancient, said the Roman writers, than London. Under Roman rule, Verulam, as it was called, enjoyed the privileges of a free city; but the honour brought upon it the vengeance of the hosts of Boadicea. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, Albanus was martyred here. The massiveness of the ruined walls, twelve feet thick, built of flint and Roman tiles; their wide extent; the immense embankment called the Verulam Hills, and the deep ditches against them; the traces of temples; the innumerable coins and other antiquities; not to mention what Camden records about marble pillars and cornices, and statues of silver and gold, afford abundant testimony to the magnificence of the ancient city. After the martyrdom of Albanus, a church was founded to his memory on the spot where the Abbey church, now a cathedral, stands. It is a magnificent Norman edifice; the nave is longer than that of any other church in the kingdom.

Many places are passed hallowed by the footprints of the im-

mortal dreamer Bunyan—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation, and censured what he believed to be iniquities of priestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City."

Luton is pleasantly situated in a valley between two extended series of hills. It is the second town in the county; and is the centre of the straw plait trade. Not far from the station we see the embattled tower of the church, checquered with flint and

DALLOW FARM.

freestone. Near Luton we pass a spot of much interest. As the train runs along the embankment, the traveller may see, about half a mile to the right, just under a wood that crowns the height (exactly as depicted by our artist), the gables of an old farm-house which nestles in the valley. This is Dallow Farm. "In the persecuting times of Charles II. the Nonconformists met here, secluded from general observation, for divine worship; and in the roof of the house is the trap-door by which some of the persecuted Nonconformists escaped from their pursuers. It is said that John Bunyan was concealed for several days in this house. When liberty of conscience was granted by James II., the worshippers in the Dallow Farm removed to Luton, and formed themselves into a Christian community."

The description given more than two centuries ago by Camden of the town of Bedford is true to-day. "'Tis more eminent for the pleasantness of its situation and antiquity than anything of beauty or stateliness." The name Bedford is said to be the Bedi-

canford of the Saxon Chronicle, the word signifying "a fortress on a river." But the great historic interest of Bedford is its association with the memory of John Bunyan, though the actual relics connected with him that survive are not very numerous. The old gaol on Bedford Bridge, the "den" where for twelve

HOME AND HAUNTS OF BUNYAN.

years he was a prisoner, in which he wrote his immortal work, and where he made tag laces to support his family, has gone; and the Baptist Chapel, in which for seventeen years he ministered as co-pastor with Samuel Fenn, has been rebuilt. The new one, however, contains a chair which was occupied by "the immortal tinker." Some years ago the Duke of Bedford presented to the

trustees of the building a pair of bronze doors, with a series of panels representing scenes from "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the town has also been indebted to the Duke for a noble statue of Bunyan by Boehm, which stands on St. Peter's Green, and was unveiled by Dean Stanley. A copy of "Fox's Book of Martyrs,"

ELSTOW CHURCH.

preserved in the Literary and Scientific Institute, contains some homely verses in Bunyan's handwriting.

The villages in the neighbourhood of Bedford are historically interesting. Elstow (1 mile) is famous as the birthplace and home of John Bunyan. Turvey (7 miles), the scene of the labours

of the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," is a beautiful village. Cardington (2½ miles), where stands the house once occupied by John Howard, the philanthropist. Cople (4 miles), where Butler wrote his "Hudibras." As we leave Bedford the traveller should not fail to look across the fields at a church on the left. It is Elstow, where, in 1628, John Bunyan was born He was one of the ringers in Elstow Church.

In the quaint old church is still shown the carved seat in which

BELFRY DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.

Bunyan sat and listened to the sermons preached from the old Tudor pulpit. The tower is one of the few in England which stands entirely disconnected from the church. The above cut shows the belfry door at which Bunyan used often to linger. The old Norman door, with its dog-tooth moulding, dating back probably six centuries or more, is shown on page 218. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

On this gentle pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—his eyes have often gazed; and from the soft green sward he may have taken his description of "Bypath Meadow." Strange spell of genius,

OLD NORMAN TOWER, ELSTOW CHURCH.

which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English tongue has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many foreign languages.

The principal materials for a sketch of Bunyan's life are drawn largely from his own autobiographical work, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners." He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was brought up like his father before him, "a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker." He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent

reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memorable battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. Then followed the glorious year of the Protectorate of Cromwell, when the name and fame of England made the Pope tremble in his

ELSTOW VILLAGE FROM BELFRY TOWER.

fortress-palace of the seven-hilled city. Then came the shameful reaction of the Restoration, with its persecution of the saints and reign of wickedness in high places. Amid such world-agitating events was this great soul born and nurtured; and of its varied scenes he has left us striking pictures in his immortal works.

In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuffe as a dish or a spoon between us." As his wife's only marriage portion he received two books which her father had cherished—"The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." "These books," he says, "though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God. "I can but be damned," he said to himself, and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot. One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and overcame this wicked habit. But he wallowed long in the Slough of Despond before he reached the solid ground of assured confidence. Dancing, Sunday games, and bell-ringing, which was often accompanied with drinking, were his special besetments. As he hung wistfully about the belfry-door, the thought would haunt his mind, he says, "if the bells should fall and crush me!" Then the terror lest the steeple itself should fall made him flee for fear.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who, in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his church, and was formally baptized in the River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. "I preached what I felt," he says; "what I smartingly did feel—even that under which my soul did groan and tremble with astonishment." The word was attended with power and with converting grace. In 1660 he was indicted under the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining

from coming to church." But preach he must and would. "I saw that I was a man," he writes, "who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children." Yet he would not forbear. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors a hundred years

BUNYAN'S TOMB, BUNHILL FIELDS.

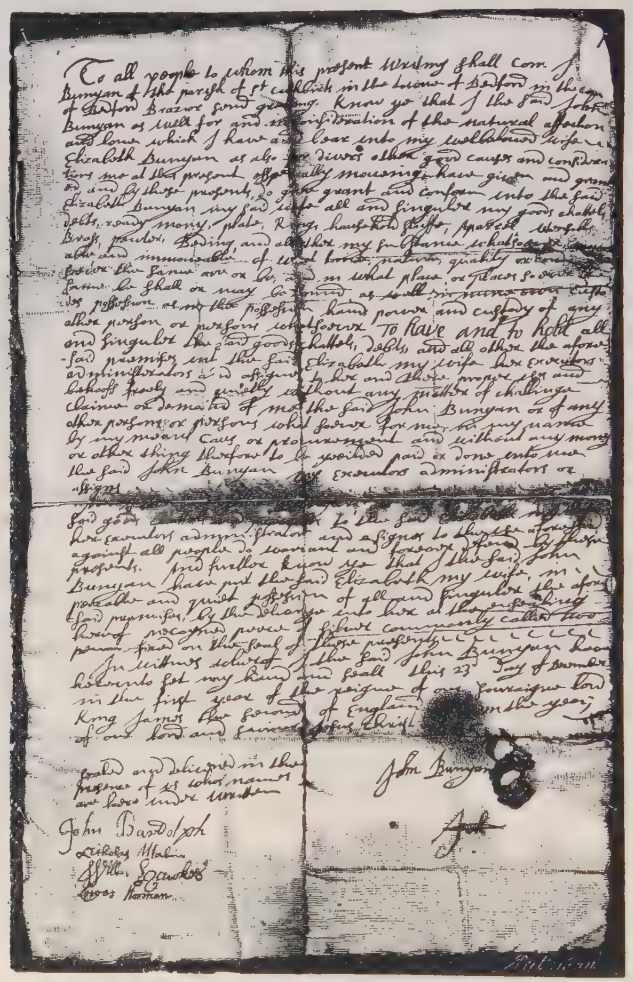
later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

After twelve years the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household,* and

* While in prison, he made many hundred gross of "tagged laces," which his wife or little blind daughter sold for their livelihood.

do his Master's work. In his secular calling he was highly successful, as is shown by the accompanying deed of gift, in which he makes over to his wife his worldly estate:—

"To all people to whom this present writing shall come, I, John Bunyan,



FAC-SIMILE OF BUNYAN'S DEED OF GIFT.

of the parish of St. Cuthbert's, in the town of Bedford, in the county of Bedford, Brazier, send greeting: Know ye that I, the said John Bunyan, as well for and in consideration of the natural affection and love which I have and bear unto my well-beloved wife, Elizabeth Bunyan, as also for other good causes and considerations, me at this present moment especially

moveing, have given and granted, and by these presents do give, grant, and confirm unto the said Elizabeth Bunyan, my said wife, all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate Rings, household stuffe, Apparrel, utensils, Brass, pewter, Beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable, of what kinde, nature, quality, or condition soever the same are or be, and in what place or places soever the same be, shall, or may be found, as well in mine own custodes, possession, as in the possession, hands, power, and custody of any other person or persons whatsoever. To have and to hold all and singular the said goods, chattels, debts, and all other the aforesaid premises unto the said Elizabeth, my wife, her executors, administrators and assignes, to her and her proper uses and behoofs, freely and quietly, without any matter of challenge."

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are the most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in *editions de luxe*, on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

"Of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" writes Dr. Punshon, "it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober gray,' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are as familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions

no less than to our understanding. We have seen them, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him in pilgrimage ; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate ; we climb with him the difficult hill ; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as

EVANGELIST AND CHRISTIAN.—CHINESE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon ; it curdles at the heart again amid the Valley of the Shadow of Death ; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity ; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle ; we walk with him amid the pleasantries of Beulah ; we ford the river in his company ; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations ; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels ; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of

earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake and behold it is a dream.

"No book but God's own has been so honoured to lift up the cross amid the far-off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens; it has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah, and it has drawn tears from the dark eyes in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wild woods have rejoiced in its simple story; it has been as the elixir of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful's martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga's sacred stream; and, crowning triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron; and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have wept over it for themselves and for their children."

THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

"And the angel of His presence saved them."—Isa. liii. 92.

Oh! how sweet it is to hide
In my Saviour, to abide
In His arms of love, which on the cross for me extended wide,
With the angel of His presence for my guardian and my guide.

How His love my spirit fills!
Till my utmost being thrills!
He will ever keep from evil, and preserve my soul from ills;
Yes! the angel of His presence every doubt and terror stills.

Oh! how truly I am blest,
And of every good possessed,
While His presence still goes with me, and will always give me rest,
Even the angel of His presence to be my spirit's guest.

He will never let me stray;
A glowing cloud by day,
And a bright and fiery pillar upon my nightly way,
The mighty Covenant Angel will always with me stay.

When this mortal life is o'er,
And the chains of earth no more
Can detain my ransomed spirit upon time's ragged shore;
Lo! the angel of His presence will save me evermore.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD,

President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States.

BY ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

In the pretty village of Churchville, near Rochester, New York, on September 28, 1839, Frances Willard was born. She claims an heredity almost wholly exempt from the alcohol and tobacco taints. Her ancestors on both sides were devoted Christian people of high purposeful moral quality; of clear, active, mental life, and of simple, vigorous, physical habits, reaching a general average of great longevity.

The girlhood of Frances was passed on the banks of Rock River, Wisconsin, then a wild and beautiful environment of woods and prairies, utterly isolated from the influences and demands of modern conventional and fashionable life. She was under the guardianship of parents whose nobleness of mind and sensible methods of living were in themselves a rich moral and religious education. In this prairie home her sister Mary was born, the story of her brief life has been told by Miss Willard in the book entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years." Her brother Oliver, a young man of admirable character, at one time editor of *The Chicago Post*, died in 1878. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Thompson Willard, now in her eighty-third year, and in full possession of her exceptional mental and physical powers, is an ardent and close reader and thinker; a Christian of clear vision, flawless faith, and courageous practice. She is still not merely nominally but practically the mistress of Rest Cottage, the home at Evanston, Illinois, whither the family moved for the sake of greater educational advantages, when Frances was eighteen years old.

The Women's College at Evanston, one of a group of institutions on the co-educational plan included under the general name of the North-Western Methodist University, from which Miss Willard graduated, elected her to its Professorship of Natural Science. She was then twenty-three years old. Upon her return from Europe, where she passed two and a half years, combining travels over Great Britain, the Continent, and the far East, she was made Dean of the College and Professor of Æsthetics in the University. She was the first woman ever elected president of a college.

In 1874 the life-work of this successful teacher and writer, then thirty-five years old, was apparently quite determined. She had been elected to life-long tenure of her eminent position; all things promised, and her own tastes strongly urged, her continuance in a quiet life of scholarly pursuits. Yet a great change was at hand. In that year the brave women of Ohio fought their temperance crusade; and though Miss Willard had neither witnessed nor taken part in it, their prayer, patient sufferings, and wonderful victories, stirred her heart to the very core. She acted characteristically—that is, with promptitude and courage. This new work challenged her conscience. She set herself free to do it by leaving the university—resigning a salary of $2,400 a year, probably a larger sum than any other woman was at that time receiving for educational work. This step left her absolutely without income, for though her mother owned Rest Cottage free of incumbrance, it was upon the daughter's earnings that both depended for support.

In the face of contrary advice from many tried friends, she resolved to dedicate herself to temperance reform. How to do this was a question which baffled her, even after two months of the most earnest effort to discover a right place and method. She had no experience of temperance work; the movement as the work of women, was new, without organization, and therefore without defined departments of labour. One day in August of that year (1874), when every penny was gone, and she had still no prospect of either work or wage in the direction of her new resolution, she received a letter from the President of the Normal Institution of New York City, offering her the position of Lady Principal, with a salary of $2,500 a year. Later in the same day came another, urging her to accept the Presidency of the W. C. T. U. of Chicago, a society which had neither funds, headquarters, nor methods, cemented as yet only by prayer and strong purpose, and without history except that its historic women had carried a position for Sunday-closing of saloons to the City Council, and had been well nigh mobbed in the City Hall.

At this time Miss Willard held the view that faith in the Scriptural sense, meant literally a blind and silent confidence, that God would, without any co-operation on her part, see that she was provided with the necessaries of life, because He would know that she "had need of all these things." Therefore she said, "No," to the $2,500 salary, and went penniless to her new post. When the ladies who had elected her their chief, kindly inquired as to her means of support, her tranquil reply, "I shall be taken care of," naturally enough led them to suppose, either that she had means of her own or was sure of the financial backing of some wealthy friends. The next three months taught her that she had been mistaken; not in believing implicitly, but in forgetting the fact that God works by means rather than by miracles.

At last quite worn out with too hard work and too meagre living, she fell ill. On her asking for a physician, her uncomplaining mother sapiently said, "If you are going on faith, so be it; there is no need of a doctor!" This set Frances thinking as she tossed about in her pain. If a doctor might be God's means to an end in illness, surely a salary might be His means to the end that good work might be done. She wrote a frank statement of the situation to the executive committee of her society. It was read with tears, and answered with a bountiful cheque, and from that day to this "the wants of herself and of her family have been well supplied by the devotion of the White Ribbon Women." But she values as beyond all price the experience of those memorable three months, in which she entered into practical sympathy

with the poor and unfortunate, by suffering in her own person the pangs of actual want.

When the National Women's Christian Temperance Union was formed, her name was the first proposed for the presidency. She declined this supreme mark of trust so early in her labours, but she accepted the onerous post of corresponding secretary, which she held up to within a twelvemonth of her election to the presidency in 1879. After long thought and prayer she has been led to advocate woman suffrage as a fundamentally essential portion of the whole counsel of God, as she understands it, relative to the temperance movement. Largely as the result of this, the National Women's Christian Temperance Union of America is now almost a unit for the ballot of women as a temperance weapon. Later, with her great army of women, she joined forces with the National Prohibition Party.

Her sympathetic co-operation with the Social Purity White Cross movement resulted in its adoption by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1885, and when no other woman could be found to accept the task of speaking in all the leading cities of the United States on this most difficult subject, she undertook it, and drew around her a noble corps of women workers in nearly every State of the Union. This society was never so prosperous as now; its auxiliaries are constantly multiplying, forty departments being already organized under the heads of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, and legal work.

During the first ten years of her temperance work Miss Willard travelled from fifteen to twenty thousand miles a year, averaging one meeting a day throughout the entire period; writing letters and articles and planning work while *en transit* between the towns at which she spoke. In the year 1883 she visited every State and territory of thirty-eight States and nine territories of the United States, besides some of the Canadian provinces; organizing and energizing the Woman's Temperance Unions in nearly every town and place at which she paused. She is the real founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but preferred that Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, of England, should be its first president. She started *The World's Petition*, which is now being circulated in every civilized country, and to which she hopes to secure two million names. It will then be presented by a delegation of White Ribbon Woman to every civilized government. She will also probably be one of that delegation, which will set out on its travels within the next ten years. She is a contributor to an indefinite number of magazines and papers, and

receives about twenty thousand letters a year; so that she may fairly be described as a busy woman.

Miss Willard is an extremely impressive speaker, an interesting and graphic writer. She is thoroughly and ably supported in her great life-work by many good men, and by tens of thousands of brave, earnest, and gifted women. Among these latter Miss Anna A. Gordon fills a special place, being not only Miss Willard's clever, tactful, energetic secretary, but her closest and most indefatigable home and travelling co-worker and companion. Miss Willard's home, Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., is a lovely spot in the shadow of superb elms, and within sight of the flashing currents of Lake Michigan. Here she purposes now to remain for longer intervals, labouring chiefly with the pen.

From a very interesting biographical sketch in the New York *Christian Advocate*, we quote the following account of Miss Willard's initiation into her temperance work and its subsequent progress.

One day, when I was preparing for my next lecture before the college girls on the theory and history of the fine arts, Mrs. Charles H. Case, of Chicago, came out to Evanston to see me. She declared that I must come to the city and speak at the next meeting in Clark Street Church a few days later. Being somewhat easy to be entreated, I consented to try. But I had no time to prepare save on the train as I went to the city, and I had no knowlege to draw upon. Arriving at Clark Street Church at the noon-day hour, I found it packed to the doors, the aisles being as full as the pews; the great platform was crowded with clergymen. What I said I do not know; it was soon over, for there were others to speak, and all I had aimed at was to show my good will. Soon after, I spoke in Robert Collyer's pulpit. For the first and only time I read my address, and was not surprised to learn later on that Dr. Chamberlain had characterized it as "a school-girl essay." Going home I said to myself, "No more manuscript, or else no more speaking."

In June of that year (1874) I resigned my position as Dean of the Woman's College and Professor of Æsthetics in the university. Though I have often had the credit of doing this for the specific purpose of entering the temperance movement, it is a higher honour than belongs to me. I was, however, thinking very much about the Crusade, and its sober second-thought, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Earnest-hearted women in our community talked much of it together, and I had been most profoundly impressed by its pathos and its possibilities.

There was not a home in New York to which I felt at liberty to

go, and my finances did not warrant staying there a single day; but providentially, as I must think, all these steps were divinely guided, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Boole were at the very centre of the Woman's Christian Temperance movement in New York, and I now met them for the first time, was a guest in the home, and drank in of the spirit of that Boanerges on the platform and Hotspur in the field. Besides filling his pulpit, Dr. Boole was accustomed to speak out of doors down town, standing on the steps of some huge warehouse, to the great unkempt, unwashed, ungospelled multitude. By his invitation I went one Sunday afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Hascall and other ladies, and standing beside the good doctor, I looked out on the first sight I ever had of what seemed to me to be the burnt district of humanity. Seared and scarred, and marred and empty-faced, and hungry-souled and hopeless, I can never describe what they seemed like to me who had always been associated with the fortunate, the inspired, and the inspiring class of humanity. I think I got my baptism when I spoke to those people that day. Afterward we went to Jerry M'Auley's meeting, which was a wonderful place, as everybody knows who ever saw it. That Jerry M'Auley, "a wharf rat" (as he called himself), a common thief and pickpocket, a State's-prison convict, a man the very build of whose head and look of whose face spelled out crime, that he should have been converted through and through, reformed, transformed, illuminated, so that he was a teacher not only of ignorant men like himself, and wicked men such as he had been, but of the wisest and the best, was the greatest Gospel miracle that had ever greeted my eyes. It was a wonderful compensation for that object-lesson of the outdoor audience from the purlieus and the dives of New York city. That evening a group of us took supper in Kit Burns' rat-pit, which had been a breathing-place of perdition, a saloon with all the accompaniments the word implies, kept by Kit Burns, and in which it had been among the favourite amusements to pit rats against each other for a fight, especially on Sundays. Here the gamins of the street and the saloon habitues had been wont to bet their nickles as to which rat would win. But this place had been literally cleaned out by prayer and whitewash, was bright and wholesome, and had become a refuge for degraded women.

So I had another mighty object lesson, and was set thinking along lines utterly new. For how should a woman whose childhood was spent in Oberlin, Ohio, whose girlhood in a Christian homestead on a farm, whose student and teacher life in Evanston, how should she know about the great humanity that beats its life along the stony streets? At Kit Burns' rat-pit they talked over

the Old Orchard meeting. They said a reformed Irish saloon-keeper, by the name of Francis Murphy, had suggested a Gospel temperance camp-meeting, where Christ as the Saviour of drinking men should be the only remedy brought forward. I had never before heard the expression "Gospel temperance." It seemed to me the two words should be tied together for evermore. I had no money with which to go to Old Orchard, but these kind friends arranged it somehow.

Coming West, I was soon elected President of the local Union in Chicago. The women asked me what they must do, smiling upon me, and evidently meaning in a financial way. But I had set my heart upon a faith-test, and replied, "Oh, it will be all right, you have nothing to do." Meanwhile I had not a cent in my pocket, and my home in Evanston was wholly dependent upon me. Then followed for a few months the only stress I ever knew in relation to dollars and cents. I often went without a meal because I had not the money to buy it, and walked many miles for want of the nickle that would have secured a car-ride. I was out at the elbows and shoe-tops, and generally dilapidated so far as this world's goods are concerned; but it seems to me I never knew a happier life. As I walked the streets and saw the hungry looks of that great strange throng which, in Chicago almost more than in any other city I have ever seen, smites the gaze of a well-wisher of his kind, I used to say in my heart, watching the tramps and ne'er-do-wells: "I declare you all look hungry, and you don't know that a friend of yours is passing by; but I am very much at one with you, for, praise the Lord, I'm hungry, too!" I remember a friend asking me after awhile how I was getting on. I told her something of these experiences; but that in spite of all of it I never had so good a time. I was learning something about the hardships of the world and the riches of the Lord, and somehow I felt as if I owned Chicago.

For ten years I was on the war-path, helping to put up the telegraph lines all over the land, so that when the messages went out from head-quarters at Chicago, there should be women to receive them. A meeting a day on an average for these ten years, and a thousand towns reached with the Crusade Gospel, testified to the blessing of the Lord upon these efforts.

A publishing house was founded in Chicago in 1881. It has attained a business of $180,000 in the last year, publishes our paper, the *Union Signal*, with its weekly subscription of 75,000 copies, has printed in 1889, 130,000,000 of pages of temperance literature, and has for four years declared dividends to its stock-holders of from four to seven per cent. on their investment.

Scientific temperance instruction laws have been secured in all but eleven of the States. We have forty departments of work, grouped under the heads of Organization, Evangelization, Education, Social Work, and Legal Work. A woman is at the head of each of these in the nation, and another at the head in each State, while those in the states are supposed to have their correlate local superintendents in each auxiliary. Our following in this country, including honorary members, Bands of Hope, etc., is estimated at half a million, and our organizations, all told and of all kinds, about ten thousand. We have seen that Local Option is, as it has been so aptly styled, "too local and too optional." We work in all the constitutional amendment campaigns in States, but we believe that National Prohibition is the true goal, the key-stone to the arch, and we are crowding all sail for that more and more as the years go by. High-License is the pet aversion of the White Ribboner. We believe it is the Trojan horse in the temperance camp, the devil's counterfeit for the true gold of Prohibition. We believe that it applies moral chloroform to the tax-payer, blinds the perceptions of the good to moral distinctions, and is the only set-back that the temperance reform has suffered in the last ten years.

The work for the promotion of social purity has had a large expansion in our society. It has fallen to my lot to stand at the head of this department, besides being President of the National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Our local Unions are taking the most active interest in the White Cross and White Shield work, which we divide under the heads of National, Reformatory, and Legal. Better laws for the protection of women have been secured in nearly all the States. Literature by the million pages goes forth to pastors, parents, teachers, from our publishing house, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

During the past eight years of its history the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union received an average of less than $1,000 a year. The fund comes from the payment of ten cents per member by each local Union. From $15,000 to $22,000 has been received this last few years.

The coming of Christ in the customs of society and in the laws of the land has always appeared to me to be part and parcel of His coming to the individual heart and life; therefore I regard the movement to which I am devoted, and whose evolution I have watched with unspeakable affection and gratitude, as a Gospel Temperance movement through and through, which may it ever remain as White Ribbon women move steadily forward singing as their battle-cry of freedom, "For God and Home and Native Land."

PRISON REFORM.

BY THE HON. Z. R. BROCKWAY,

General Superintendent of New York State Reformatory.

[The subject of prison reform is attracting much attention in this country. Through the influence largely of Dr. A. Rosebrugh, the indefatigable Secretary of the Ontario Prison Reform Association, a commission has been appointed, which is taking evidence on the subject, which will doubtless lead to decisive action in the direction of prison reform. Our friend, Dr. M. Lavell, Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary, has kindly promised an article on the subject for this Magazine. In the meantime we reprint from the *Chautauquan* the accompanying article by the distinguished leader in prison reform in the United States.—ED.]

The present generation can scarcely know that the humane treatment of criminals by imprisonment in penitentiaries is of comparatively recent origin, almost within the present century. The horrors, abuses, and errors of the then existing criminal codes and penalties in the latter part of the eighteenth century led to an attempt to moderate some, to abolish others, and generally adjust the punishment to the offence, and for this purpose penitentiaries were provided; that at Philadelphia in 1790, the New York Penitentiary in 1796, other States following.

The care of criminals in penitentiaries, beginning just prior to the year 1800, was by two very different systems. Pennsylvania and New Jersey adopted solitary confinement, which soon came to be designated and known as the Separate System; while New York and other States adopted the Silent System, at first denominated the Congregate System. The Eastern State Penitentiary at Philadelphia is to-day the type, indeed the only remaining American type, of the former; the Auburn State Prison is the original American Silent System prison, having served as model for most of the prisons since erected in this country. The Separate, or Pennsylvania System, contemplates continued confinement for his period of sentence, for each prisoner, in a separate cell, say eight by twelve feet, lighted from the ceiling, and having each a small exercising yard, roofless, about the size of the cell. In this room or cell the prisoner eats, sleeps, lives, working as best he may at handicraft work, being allowed a small share of his meagre earnings; and when, for baths or other purposes prisoners are removed, they are supplied with hood and cloak, to conceal their identity. The object of this system is to prevent the prisoner

from holding intercourse with his fellow-prisoners, and to compel him to hold communion with himself.

In opposition to the Pennsylvania System it is said, it is fundamentally wrong, in that solitude tends to barbarism; a man can be fitted for society only in society; that the very worst society a prisoner can have is the convict companionship of his self-communion; that the official and permitted visits to his lair are necessarily brief, infrequent, and perfunctory; that the prisoner cannot be trained to successful industry unless taught to labor in connection with other workmen upon the modern division of labor system, as in factories; that no state of increasing population and consequent increase of criminals will so increase prison accommodations as to provide what is practically a separate prison house for each prisoner—so that, as in the Eastern Penitentiary now, more than one prisoner must occupy the same room, giving convict association without supervision; and, finally, that the prevention of communication among prisoners confined under this system is impossible.

The Silent, or Auburn System, seeks to secure sufficient separation by strict rules, close supervision by day and complete separation by night; production and instruction in industry are accomplished in large shops supplied with modern means and machinery; while, by the different arrangement of cells, in tiers, opening upon a corridor, and the assembly of all in a commodious chapel, the chaplain's personal Sunday communication is facilitated, and the advantages of a considerable visible congregation for the public address is obtained. This system is undoubtedly more difficult to administer.

The Pennsylvania System, since its inception, has made no progress, and is only now preserved at all in public favor for the reason and to the extent that it has departed from its central principle, viz., solitary confinement or complete separation. Neither has the Auburn System made much actual progress in improvement, but now seems emerging from its familiar routine and about to test its possibilities for rational reformation of corrigible prisoners and for restraint of the remainder.

The retributive element in human penalties is fraught with evil among prisoners. Their estimate of the undue severity engenders bitterness and revenge, or they are encouraged in crime by undue leniency, or if, peradventure, the prisoner's perverted sense of justice should accidentally be met by his sentence and punishment, then, after having suffered suitably, he considers that his accounts are squared and every obstacle to resumption of criminal conduct freely removed. Man cannot properly retribute his fello

man; He only who sees the end from the beginning, who knows the hidden springs of human action, can rightly repay. There are no known facts of history showing actual permanent diminution of crimes through intimidation; the criminal impulse in individuals or the mass requires not a long time to adjust itself to the customary penalty; and prisoners discharged from the worst prisons are surest to commit fresh crimes. Neither is it generally true that prisoners under punishment do, unassisted, occupy themselves with moral meditation and good resolves; but, on the contrary, they oftener grieve over lost indulgences and resolve to "get even" with society or with somebody. Moreover, if retribution, deterrence, repentance, and redemption were possible products of penitentiary punishments, there is nowadays none of it; for the punitive purpose is subverted by the improved conditions of prisoners, accorded them out of the humanity of modern Christian society. There is then a pressing need for a penitentiary system that shall more effectually protect society from crimes—a demand the new adult reformatories are intended to meet.

These reformatory prisons are generally for the confinement of felons alone, males between the ages of sixteen and thirty years, first offenders in felony, who are by the committing court adjudged reclaimable. The laws governing committals to these reformatories indicate a most gratifying advance of public sentiment, in that they do not contain any discoverable purpose of punishment, having regard solely to the reformation of prisoners, who are sentenced not for definite periods of time, but within the statutory term of years for the particular offence; their release, conditional or absolute, is left to the discretion of the prison managers, to be based, however, upon a reasonable probability of the prisoner's reformation. On admission to a reformatory, the culprit is taught that he is esteemed by the community as unfit for liberty and must change his character, gaining confidence to secure it. He is confronted with his liability to a long term of imprisonment on the one hand, and with the possibility of shortening it, by worthiness, even to the period of a single year; thus the love of liberty, the most powerful motive with prisoners, is at once employed for his voluntary preparation of himself for satisfactory citizenship. So strong is this motive that almost all criminals, committed under this system quickly respond, becoming, often unconsciously, awakened and willing subjects for the established disciplinary or training process. The demand made upon the prisoner is for self-regulated good moral conduct; pure and precise personal habits and deportment, with manliness in every relation; mental growth, to be shown in mastering school tasks previously impossible for

him; and, not least, an actual performance in industry, which involves instruction, production, together with industrial inspiration. Such training is enforced or accomplished mainly by the motive named, by means of a marking system that for imperfection in any desired particular operates to retard the progress toward release. The usual effect is to place the prisoner under a tension of effort consciously for liberty, but incidentally and unavoidably for progress of improvement toward his reformation.

These state reformatory plants cost usually about a million of dollars each; that at Elmira, New York, having cost, for construction and improvement to date, quite a million and a half. The buildings are steam heated, well ventilated, lighted with electricity; the dietary is ample and of good quality; the clothing is sufficient and not of a distinctively degrading pattern; good libraries are provided, and from time to time instructive and entertaining lectures, concerts, and readings of high character are supplied.

Thus, the ordinary conditions of life in the reformatories are even superior to the prison conditions in the improved penitentiaries, yet without supplying additional inducements to crime, for the uncertainty of the period of detention and the stringent reformatory disciplinary *régime* quite counteract any attraction the privileges and opportunities might otherwise possess. The modern reformatory is a severe training school; it has been not inappropriately termed a school of adversity. The prisoner's treatment is not influenced by his repulsiveness or attractiveness, nor is much regard given to the character of his particular crime, his temporary discomfort or delight is little considered; but the cultivation of the man out of his bad character into a better state is the purpose kept constantly in view. The old tastes and habits are interrupted by compulsion at first and until new and better impressions are made; new and better activities of mind and body are required to be practised, to the formation of good habits; the creation of new habitudes, indeed, a new character, which, with a good degree of certainty determines the future conduct. Discipline, physical and technical training, education, religion, all skilfully and inspiringly conducted by a highly centralized governing authority, are, in brief, the usual means, made more effective by the system of sentence and by the conditional release or parole of all prisoners, by which they are steadied and tested before they fully regain their liberty.

The penitentiary portion of penological science is nearing a crisis. The care of criminals requires now penitentiary treatment different from that of the modern state prison. Penitentiaries

must be more serviceable to prevent crime, or they are worse than useless. Experience teaches that severity rarely deters and never reforms. What then shall be done? The answer is plain. Make the prisons really reformatory, and thus they will become preventive of crimes. For this, only simple changes are required, and there are really no serious obstacles in the way. Let us proceed as follows:

Classify the prisoners of a state or prison into two divisions, separating the good from the bad; let all be confined under the indeterminate sentence, or under such a modification of it as is now applied to prisoners in reformatories; give increased attention to renovating the physical man for increase of his mental activity and character; supplement such training with careful education in school to the extent of each prisoner's power to receive and develop; add manual and technological instruction, until the prisoner in prison does actually earn his subsistence and becomes habituated to live by his own honest earnings; at the same time train him in practical ethics, thoroughly testing his appreciation of common morality in his daily life; teaching him also, when it is possible for him to know it, how to love and trust the Almighty Father of us all. A penitentiary system conducted for such a purpose must not be influenced by partisanship, either political or religious. The public generally must learn where true economy lies, that a considerable yet really comparatively small expenditure, to support prison reformatories that really reform, is more economical and better in every way than an apparently smaller but actually larger public expenditure for courts and machinery of the law, made necessary by the criminals remaining at large, committing depredations not only, but carrying with them, wherever they are, an influence of moral corruption that entraps our youth.

MOTHERS.

One mother, once, when her encircling arm
Grew powerless to shield her child from harm,
Wove a frail basket of the trembling reed,
And strengthening it with loving heart, she laid
Him helpless, thus, beside the river's brim,
Trusting that God would keep and care for him.

Since then all mothers, taught by her, have known
God's care is larger, better than their own.
They weave their trembling faith into an ark,
And strengthen with their prayers the tiny bark,
And trust their growing children thus to Him
Who saved the lad beside the river's brim.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CITY MISSION WORK.

BY A MISSION WORKER.

For some years past, in the cities and large towns of Protestant Christendom, the minds of thoughtful Christian people have been greatly exercised in regard to the almost heathen condition of a very considerable proportion of the population, and earnest efforts have been made for their evangelization. Many agencies are now at work with most encouraging results, but at present it is our purpose to refer to but one, a young and comparatively small mission in the city of Toronto.

Nearly six years ago, a lady who daily passed up and down one of the leading thoroughfares of Toronto, was struck with the number of children who apparently lived on the streets; their rags, manners, and language indicating a sad neglect of all that was necessary to rear respectable citizens. Her heart went out in sympathy to these waifs, and the prayer breathed was, "Lord, what will Thou have *me* to do?" Later on, on hearing some children under five years of age blaspheming the Saviour's name, it dawned upon her that possibly they had never heard of Jesus except from the lips of the profane, and if this was the case with these, might it not be so with many more? At once the question arose, "Who is responsible for this condition of things?" The answer came in words of mighty power, "*You*, in so far as you can help it, and do not." This was enough. The strong conviction already felt that she was called of God to go and labour in the midst of this class of the community was confirmed, and she determined from that time forth to consecrate herself afresh to the Lord for this work. It was not a passing fancy, but a growing and all-absorbing conviction burning into her heart day and night.

For some time the way seemed hedged up, but at last the path was made clear, she could give up her beloved class in the Sabbath-school of twenty-five or thirty young girls, some of whom had almost grown up with her, and rent a room for her class of street children. At the time there were several other mission schools in the city, though she did not know of any of them till afterwards.

A decision as to duty and plan of action having been arrived at, the next step was to tell her pastor, Rev. Dr. Stafford, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, what was in her heart. Both thought favourably of the project, and spoke words of encouragement.

As in most undertakings there are difficulties to surmount, so now the first one presented itself—not a room could be secured in the locality desired. For nine months agents and landlords were visited, often involving the taking of long walks to see them, but all to no purpose. In the meantime the building of a new Orange hall had been steadily progressing, and as in September, 1886, it neared completion, the thought occurred to her that possibly somewhere in the structure a room might be obtained. Inquiring from the workmen, she found out the Chairman of the Trustee Board, Mr. E. F. Clarke, now mayor of the city, who received her most kindly and seemed interested in her effort. He laid the matter before the trustees, and a letter came from the Secretary informing her that a heated and furnished room was at her disposal for the time being at least, on condition that no injury be done to it. It may be added here, that after six months' occupation by these rough children, not a mark of any kind was to be found on the white walls or a chip out of the woodwork, which could not be said of many rooms used by boys from refined homes. This unexpected liberality was a great encouragement.

As soon as the room was secured, the Sabbath-school Superintendent, Mr. J. B. Boustead, authorized the purchase at the Methodist Book-Room of hymn-books and other requisites to the amount of five dollars, as a start for the class.

All was now prepared for the scholars, the opening day being fixed for the first Sunday in October, but how were they to be got? For a long time previously interviews were had with some of these little city Arabs, and inquiries made as to whether they went to any Sunday-school. It was only those who said they went nowhere who were invited during the week preceding the opening to come at three o'clock the next Sunday. The time arrived, but though many fair promises had been given not one had been kept, and the first Sunday in October of that year found only the teacher present.

Shortly before this a young lady friend volunteered to assist, and accordingly on the second Sabbath both teachers were at their post, but without a single scholar. It became evident then that inviting alone was not sufficient; the boys and girls must be brought; and so the two ladies went out and visited the neighbouring streets to find out where the non-attendants at Sunday-school played. Many were spoken to, and again invited for the next time. The following Sunday the younger lady on the way to the hall, met four boys and they consented to accompany her. They came again the next week, and brought three others with them. The following Sunday there were thirteen, and very shortly the number increased to over forty.

It may be thought that as there were now many more than in their most sanguine moments these teachers had ventured to hope for, their happiness would be complete. But can the uninitiated draw on their imagination sufficiently to picture the scene? It is impossible. As the numbers increased so did the confusion; and had not other teachers, both gentlemen and ladies, come to render their assistance, and that an instrument had been kindly lent, nothing could have been accomplished with the unruly and lawless horde. Music alone brought order out of dire confusion, for frequently there would be a mass of juvenile humanity in motion in the middle of the floor. The first day when there were only four, something could be done. They enjoyed singing, and knew several hymns sung by the Salvation Army on the streets. All four were chewing tobacco vigorously, which furnished a theme for a few moments' discourse. They were asked to give up the filthy habit, but said they had used the weed so long they could not do without it. One boy was only seven years old. They put away the offensive weed, however, for the time, and on the next Sunday took a new boy out who was chewing, made him empty his mouth, and then brought him back.

A great deal of singing—and many had fine voices—the use of a blackboard, and the teaching of the International Sunday-school lessons by means of the picture of the Leaf Cluster were at last found to engage and interest the children, the majority of whom were boys.

In the following spring, as the number of teachers had been increased, and money had been contributed by friends, it was thought that an advance should be made. In a few weeks another place was secured containing two rooms of different sizes. With the funds in hand the rooms were papered, painted, and whitewashed, and necessary furniture bought. Rent had to be paid, but with the necessity came the means. Without solicitation a good lady of the church promised to pay it for a year, and others, unasked, were continually handing money to one and another of the workers, so that every want was supplied.

It had been felt for some time that one hour a week was too little to combat and counteract the antagonistic influences of all the other hours, and now that the mission had complete possession of its rooms, it desired, if possible, to have them open every night. At once Gospel and song meetings were started on Sunday evenings at the close of church service, and on Thursday evenings. It was hoped that the parents would become interested and attend, and to this end some of the homes (if they may be called by such a name) were visited. However, it was discovered that many were

Roman Catholics, and of course would not come. Occasionally a few adults dropped in, but the older boys, with a few girls, formed the bulk of the audience. Many called boys were really young men, from sixteen to twenty-three or twenty-four years of age.

Besides these purely religious services, a Band of Hope was begun on Monday nights; night-schools on Tuesday and Friday evenings (for many could not read), and Saturday was called recreation evening—a free and easy meeting. The rooms were well lighted and heated; periodicals of various kinds were scattered about; different games of a quiet nature were allowed, and a savings' bank opened. At every meeting there was more or less singing. This was one of the most useful evenings of the week, for the teachers mingled with the scholars in a friendly way at a game or in conversation, and an opportunity was thus afforded of studying individual character and influencing and helping personally those who at other times were spoken to in groups.

An attempt was also made to establish a mothers' meeting and girls' sewing-class, but these have not been very satisfactory so far, though it is hoped that under efficient management next winter they may be more successful.

Later on the rooms were also opened on Wednesday evenings as reading-rooms for men. During the summer most of the men leave the city for work in the country, and the boys find out-door games more to their mind than indoor meetings. The teachers also, almost without exception, take a holiday at this season, and so only a very few meetings can be kept up. A remarkable feature of this work has been that most of those who came in the early months of the mission have attended ever since, and are present on every occasion when the doors are open.

Before the first year in the new premises expired more accommodation was needed, and so other rooms were rented and the partitions taken down, making one large room and three class-rooms, besides a square hall, which could be used as an extra class-room.

In the following November the Official Board of the Metropolitan Church voted the mission an allowance of one hundred dollars, and about a year after adopted the mission entirely, organizing within itself a Home Missionary Society, having for its object the carrying on of this mission and the planting of others, if thought expedient, in poor and neglected parts of the city. For the past year this Board has carried on two missions, one on Wilton Avenue and the other on Lombard Street.

A year ago last January, the mission, a sketch of whose history has been given, was obliged to leave its old quarters on Church

Street, and now occupies large and commodious rooms in the basement of a warehouse on Lombard Street.

Last October, the Superintendent of the mission and three of the gentlemen helpers attended the Convention, in Buffalo, of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada, and there gained information and inspiration, which gave them a new impetus in their work. Space will not permit, or I would like to enlarge on the advantages to Christian workers of all kinds to be derived from these conventions, the next of which is to be held in Hartford, Conn., from the 6th to the 12th of the coming November.

Shortly after the return from the convention, some of the gentlemen visited a place called the "Model Lodging House," where from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five men and boys find a lodgment in the two rooms of the basement during the winter months. Others who can afford to pay more occupy other parts of the large house. It is on Lombard Street, directly opposite the mission. The landlord granted these young men permission to go downstairs and invite the lodgers to the mission services, and a number of them responded and came. It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of the place and its occupants. For five cents a night these men get shelter, and shelter only. Around the two rooms, which open into each other, is a platform about one foot high, slightly raised towards the wall, on which the men find their only bed, all lying with their feet toward the centre of the room. At times they are crowded close together, and to secure a place have to lie down early. There are no pillows and no covering. The only article of furniture is a stove. Of course, all kinds of men are to be found there. Some were brought up in respectable homes, but drink, that deadliest of enemies to human weal and happiness, has robbed them of everything that makes life worth living. They are in a despondent condition, having forfeited their position in family and home and country, as well as their self-respect. Their friends have long ago lost confidence in them, and they themselves have done the same, and say within themselves, "No man careth for my soul." Others are criminals and vile characters, and there are some few who through misfortune cannot afford more congenial quarters, but still maintain their integrity. The atmosphere is indescribable, as may be imagined from the fact that so many are huddled together in a warm room; that the whole wardrobe of the men is on their backs, and worn week after week in most cases without change; that they are without bathrooms, and that the worst tobaccos are being smoked there at all times between six in the evening, when they are admitted, and eight

in the morning, when they are obliged to leave, unless they buy meals in the house. By many the time is spent in card-playing, and coarse and ribald jokes and stories, mingled with the maudlin talk and profanity of the drunkard, make night hideous to the weary and sleepy decent man or boy. It is doubtful if the latter can remain decent long amid such surroundings. If anything be needed to finish the picture of discomfort, it may be added the prevailing epidemic, la grippe, had numerous victims in that cellar.

It was to this place, a mission field in itself, that the young men paid a visit before every religious service began last winter. About one hundred and fifty men and boys generally attended the Sunday night meeting. There was a always a good deal of singing, reading of Scripture, and an earnest address from some one specially invited, or from one of the missioners themselves. This was followed by an after-meeting, when those remaining were dealt with more personally. On New Year's Eve, at the holiday festival, after supper had been partaken of, about forty expressed a desire to begin a new life. It is impossible to calculate the results of the winter's campaign, but over a hundred and thirty signed the pledge, and many are now living changed and, it is believed, Christian lives. Most of these men have gone to work in distant places, but besides those engaged in the city and doing well, good news come from afar.

Much of the suffering and want were caused by scarcity of work, so that part of the duty of those labouring in the mission was to procure employment, as far as they could, for men and boys, and never did one of them refuse anything that could be found for him to do. Some who through drunkenness had been separated from their families for years, returned and made a comfortable home for them.

This work brings its reward with it in the growth and development of the young Christians engaged in it, as well as in the joy experienced at the return of a prodigal one. If any Christian wishes to realize what pure unalloyed joy is, let him begin at once to bring others to the Saviour; and when the moment comes that someone, as he grasps his hand or sends a note, says it was you who first led me to Christ that I might find Him, his happiness will be inexpressible. As one and another of these mission workers are scattered abroad during the holiday season, and are being re-invigorated in body and mind, they are taking on fresh energy for the coming season of city missionary work, and are eagerly looking forward, in the name of Christ and the power of the Spirit, to the conflict with the powers of darkness. It is ex-

pected to extend the work and open a lodging-house, clean and under Christian influence, with reading-room, baths, soup kitchen and cottage meetings, as has been done by the old Richmond Street Church now on McCaul Street, several of whose young people were engaged in the Lombard Street mission last winter, but who are now engaged in mission work in their own.

All the workers were novices when they began, and have still much to learn, but they are constantly gaining experience. About forty attended at different times last winter, every evening of the week having a separate set of teachers or helpers responsible for the night. Unselfishness and patience have every chance to perfect themselves in this work. These young people seem never to be utterly discouraged even in the midst of disheartening circumstances.

If this very crude and imperfect sketch but stimulate some one else to go down into the by-ways and alleys in search of those less highly favoured than themselves, the object of the writer will have been attained. There is much to do, and few seem ready to undertake it. It may be asked, "Is there need for such work when there are so many churches?" There is but one answer, "Yes, for these people and even children cannot be persuaded to enter our fine churches, with well-dressed congregations, and therefore we must go out to them." The sooner this fact is recognized the better, and the less of denominational distinction exhibited the larger the number of people that will be brought under the influence of the mission, for all have their prejudices. The people should be led to Christ first, and then urged to attach themselves to some branch of the Christian Church according to their preference. In every city and town there is work to do not touched by the churches. Surely some loving heart will ask to be directed by the Spirit, so that those in the depths of sin and misery may be lifted up.

HOPE.

How dark and dreary were this life of ours
  Did not the star of hope shed brightest beams!
How flat and tasteless were our little joys,
  Could we not weave them into happy dreams!
And yet what seems the veriest dream of all,
  That we shall live beyond this earthly pale,
Is by the grace of God no dream at all,
  But a reality that shall not fail!

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

THE history of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church has been that of a natural and spiritual growth. The vital seed planted in the hearts of Christian women was the constraining love of Christ, drawing them out in tender pity and helpful sympathy towards heathen women and children.

There was a good deal of curiosity and speculation when this young shoot appeared above ground in the garden of the Church some welcomed it with hearty good-will, prophesying grand results; others thought it an intruder, which would consume the light and air belonging to other trees which had been earlier planted.

This little sapling at once sent out its tender branches in three directions, towards the French Canadians, the Indian tribes, and the daughters of Japan, striving to reach as many of the women and children of these people as possible, knowing that "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Subsequently another branch shot out in the direction of the poor enslaved Chinese girls in British Columbia.

This tree has been growing in a symmetrical way during its eight or nine years of existence, and rich fruit has been gathered from all its branches, stimulating and nourishing mental development, and alleviating physical distress, but above all, affording spiritual nutriment to perishing souls.

The roots of the tree are in the hearts of the Church at home, expanding and enriching them; occasionally a little rootlet runs out against hard clay or a stone, meeting only cold repulsion. Does it forthwith wither and die? Not at all. It merely turns aside to more congenial soil; but that spot loses the privilege of furnishing nutriment to some little twig away up in the tree, which is budding and blossoming and bearing fruit for the life and enrichment of souls in this world and the next.

May the dews of heaven, yea, showers of blessing come upon this tree, reaching from the utmost leaf to the most deeply imbedded rootlet, making every part beautiful, fragrant and fruitful.

Let us look at the various branches. The Methodist Educational interest of the Province of Quebec centres in the French Institute, opened October 22nd, 1889, where forty-three pupils were admitted during the winter, eighteen girls and twenty-five boys, ranging in age from ten to twenty-six years. The Woman's

Missionary Society pays a yearly amount covering the interest of the money required in erecting a large enough building to accommodate the girls' department; it also bears a proportion of the running expenses according to the number of girls in attendance. In addition, there are three French day-schools supported by the Society, partially in one case, but wholly in the other two. Satisfactory advance has been made by the pupils in their studies, and better still, a number have been brought to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Work among the Indians is extending, but enlarged liberality is necessary, that more may be done. Industrial schools are needed, that these roamers of the forest and plain may be taught how to support themselves and no longer be treated as children. The Woman's Missionary Society is still labouring at these different points.

The McDougall Orphanage, at Morley, is mainly supported by it, and by an annual grant from Government; but the growth of the Institution and its usefulness are seriously hindered by the want of a suitable building and proper industrial appliances. Provision has been made for a new building for the Girls' Home, now at Port Simpson, British Columbia, but the site has not yet been settled, and there is a possibility of removal to Bella Bella, two hundred miles farther south. When we hear of the good work done in the neighbouring country of Alaska by the American Presbyterians, conducting an Industrial School of one hundred boys and fifty girls, where shoemaking, carpentry and other useful employments are taught, the desire is intensified to "go and do likewise."

At Chilliwhack, B.C., the Society has erected and furnished a Home and School for forty children, the only Protestant institution in all that valley open to Indian children. Surely here is an opportunity of building not upon "another man's foundation." Gratifying progress is reported in study, habits of neatness, singing etc., but still more encouraging is the good news of spiritual enlightenment and salvation.

The Chinese work is still somewhat limited. Nine girls are sheltered and instructed in the Home in Victoria, making good progress in their studies; some of the elder ones are quite anxious to be sent back to their own land where they seem eager to work for the Master whom they profess to love. A wider field than the maintainance of this Home seems opening up. The poor women and children crowded in close quarters in Chinatown appeal by their need to Christian hearts for friendly visitors bringing the Gospel of peace. Surely when the heathen are brought to our very doors, it becomes us to meet them, not with bitter exclusion

and harsh treatment, but with the spirit we may imagine our Saviour would show were He now with us facing this question. Let us remember that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation," and persuming that He may have appointed the home of some of these to be in our fair land, let us do to them as we would have them do to us.

The only foreign work of the Society is in Japan, where there are three stations. The first, and most important, is in Azabu, Tokyo, where for six years a flourishing and highly satisfactory boarding school of over two hundred pupils had been maintained. From this centre have gone out rays of light and influence into many homes and hearts, the history of which eternity may alone unfold. The Sabbath comes as a revelation to many, an opening into a new world. The Holy Book is studied with eagerness, and, while we in Christian lands are almost excluding this treasury of highest wisdom from our schools, it is found to be of the greatest advantage to have it daily taught in the schools planted in heathen lands, and examination papers on Scripture subjects are sent home showing greater proficiency than, we fear, would be found among the young people of our own country, from whom so much more might naturally be expected. Who can estimate the influence of this Christian training on the future life of these young school girls, coupled with the example of those from whom they are receiving instruction.

An enlarged political freedom is now being granted the people of Japan, and there is a tendency to the extreme of lawlessness in some quarters. How necessary, then, in order to promote stability in the nation and lead it to its highest development, to have hearts imbued with a love of the truth, and to teach all to "fear God and keep His commandments," as conducing to man's highest happiness and welfare. How grateful we should be that we were permitted to enter that land where the favour of the people and eagerness for English were at high tide. Surely it becomes God's people to watch His providences, prayerfully and promptly co-operating with them.

A heavy cloud has recently enshrouded that favored spot, the centre of so much hope, prayer, effort and success. The one who has given so much of her life during the past five years to this work for God, is in a moment stricken in her tenderest love; and as she returns to the home land, those left behind will feel that they, as well as she, specially need abounding grace for all their necessities. It is a time to pray that nothing may be allowed to hinder the progress of Christ's kingdom in that land.

Two other schools are under the care of the Society—in Shidzuóka and Kofu, two ladies in each case bravely carrying on the enterprise. In all the stations evangelistic work is prosecuted in connection with the educational, the one helping the other, and encouraging results following. Some of the ladies devote their chief energies to this instruction of the women in Scripture truth, meeting with them weekly; and also in supervising the work of nine Bible-women, who from day to day are visiting the sick, the inquiring, the indifferent, giving a word of comfort, counsel or exhortation, as the case may require.

Thus God has graciously used the Woman's Missionary Society to accomplish some definite and tangible results. The Gospel has been brought to many hearts who otherwise would most likely have still remained spiritually destitute; homes and schools have been built and maintained for the education and shelter of the young, and some idea given of a Christian home and a Christian Sabbath.

The one aim has been and still is, "the evangelization of heathen women and children." There are many other lines of Christian work which are very important and necessary, but there are other agencies to accomplish these. Is it desirable that this Society should leave its own legitimate sphere, and by encroaching upon that of other Societies, embarrass them and weaken itself? Appeals are made to this latest missionary organization to build churches for white settlers who have gone from a land of Christian privileges to distant parts of our country, where these are as yet unknown. A most deserving object (and one which the members of the Woman's Missionary Society as individuals, are undoubtedly found assisting), but why not work through the proper and legitimate channel? The General Missionary Society exists partially for this very object, why not increase its income so that these crying needs may be met?

"This one thing I do." A distinct purpose with its steady pursuit, suitable attention being given to other matters as far as they can be made subservient to the general aim, this is the way, with our present human limitations, to accomplish the highest results. There is great power in concentration of effort—expansion may weaken force.

The claims for thought and action which press upon the individual and upon the Church are overwhelming, and sometimes very disheartening. Shall we try to respond to them all? Impossible. Shall we not rather give our sympathy to all and our energy to those which seem to our prayerful judgment the most important, and to which we are providentially led?

—Com.

BILLY BRAY THE CORNISH MINER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

From one end of Cornwall to another no name is more familiar than that of Billy Bray.

On Sundays, when one met crowds of strangers making for the whitewashed chapel that was perched up amongst the granite boulders, or when one found the quiet "church town" thronged by the well-dressed people, the usual explanation was that Billy Bray was going to preach.

If you had overtaken Billy on the way you could not have been long in doubt as to who he was. A little, spare, wiry man, whose dress of orthodox black and the white tie indicated the preacher. But this was evidently no preacher made out of broadcloth and choker. The sharp, quick, discerning eye that looked out from under the brows, the mouth almost hard in its decision, all the face softened by the light that played constantly upon it, and by the happy wrinkles round the eyes, and the smile that had perpetuated itself—these belonged to no ordinary man. And with the first suspicion that this was Billy Bray there would quickly come enough to confirm it. If you gave him half a chance there would certainly be a straightforward question about your soul in wise, pithy words. And if the answer were what it should be, the lanes would ring with this happy thanksgiving.

Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord; and for the most part aloud. He couldn't help himself; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "I lift up my foot, and it seems to say 'Glory!' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say 'Amen!' and they keep on like that all the time I walk."

But probably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say; "my Heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nightingale, for He made them both."

This good, useful, quaint man, was born in the little village of Twelveheads, near Truro, Cornwall, in 1794. As a young man, he was exceedingly wicked, and indulged in all sinfulness; and after being absent from his native country seven years, returned to it a drunkard. But throughout these years the constant danger to which he was exposed in his work, and the hair-breadth escapes, filled his mind. His conscience tormented him; dreams terrified him; at times he feared to sleep lest he should wake up in hell.

At length there came into his hand a book written by one who would have been a kindred spirit. It was John Bunyan's "Visions

of Heaven and Hell." The vivid picturings of the lost roused Bray to great anxiety. The description of two souls in hell cursing each other for their misery, was himself and a drunken companion, and the thought burned within him—"Shall he and I, who like each other so much, torment each other in hell?" That wound did not heal until he met with the Good Physician. It was deepened by the words of his wife, who had once enjoyed the favour of God, but had left her Saviour. She frequently would talk of the remembrance of her joy and peace, "O Billy, no tongue can tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord!"

"Why don't 'e begin again, then?" asked Billy, "for then I might begin too. Get converted, and show me the way, for you bean't such a sinner as I be."

Though he suffered this bitterness, "the devil had such a hold of him," as he said, that he was ashamed to pray before his wife, and went to bed without kneeling.

But Billy's trouble was too much for his shame. In the middle of the night he sprang out of bed and fell on his knees and prayed for mercy. "The more I prayed, the more I felt to pray," was his account of it afterwards; and day and night, at work and at home, he wrestled for deliverance from the guilt of sin. His companions reproached him for making such a noise—like him of old, he was "roaring all the day long." But Billy could not be quiet until the Lord Jesus had spoken peace to his soul.

"You would roar out too if you felt my load, and roar I will until I get it off," was all Billy said in reply.

Work, and food, and sleep were forgotten in the intensity with which he sought the Lord. One day, as soon as he reached home, he went straight to his room, and determined to press into the kingdom.

He prayed, "Lord, Thou hast said they that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and they that knock shall have the door opened—and I have faith to believe it." That instant the Lord made him happy. "I shouted for joy," he tells us; "I praised Him with my whole heart for what He had done for a poor sinner like me. . . . Everything looked new to me—the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. . . . . I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. . . . . They said I was a madman, but they meant I was a glad man, and glory be to God, I have been glad ever since!"

Billy Bray at once determined to possess all the privileges and gifts that this new-found religion afforded. He joined the "Brianite" or "Bible Christian Methodists." Billy thought it wanted all the help he could get to reach heaven, and was not going to lose this help of fellowship with the people of God.

The earnestness of his devotion was soon felt. Such a fire as burned in his soul could not but spread. Religion to him was not

a duty to be done—not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours —not a benefit-club, a comfortable provision for "rainy days;"— it was a life. Never left behind, never put off with the Sunday clothes, never hidden before great or low, good or bad—but in him, flowing through him, speaking in every word, felt in every action, seen in every look—deep, true, abiding religion was with him altogether a life. Dead indeed unto sin, he was now living unto God through Jesus Christ.

Billy had "lighted his candle," and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a safety-lamp, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley—nor like the chapel gaslight, that burned only on Sundays and at the week-evening services. Once lighted, it was put into perhaps a common-place sort of a candlestick, but all at home could see by it. And as the world about him was "a dark world," he thrust his candle into a lantern and took it forth wherever he went and guided not a few from "horrible pits" that threatened them, into the way of salvation. One thing about this lighted candle Billy never forgot—that it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it. His words on this matter deserve to be written in gold:—

"There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own Him, and us enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, He gave me strength to tell all I met with that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me He would do for anybody else that would seek His face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul He gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places of work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, 'Now, if you will hearken to me I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I do not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.' Then I should pray in what people call simple language, but as I hope the Lord will have me. When praying I used to say, 'Lord, if any of us must need be killed or die to-day let it be me—let not one of these men die, for they are not happy; but I am, and if I die to-day I shall go to heaven.' When I rose from my knees, I should see the tears running down their faces, and soon after some of them became praying men too."

Within a week his wife recovered her lost joy, being led by her husband's hand to the Saviour whom she had forsaken.

From the time of his conversion to the day of his death Billy's zeal for souls was "a flaming fire." It seemed never to be checked by any difficulties, never turned aside by any opposition. Hindrances only summoned a stronger faith and ensured a mightier triumph.

No account of this quaint, warm-hearted Cornishman would be

complete without some allusion to the wonders he did in the way of chapel-building. To the apostle's list of the triumphs of faith he proved that yet another could be added. By faith he built chapels and paid for them too.

Amidst very many difficulties and hindrances he commenced with his own hands a chapel near the place where he lived. "The dear Lord," he tells us in an account of it, "raised me up many friends who sent me money to pay the masons; we got the chapel walls up, and the timber for the roof. But we had not got enough by one principal, and I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some timber, or money to buy some."

Here then was the little place, the last bit of timber used, the last penny was spent. What is to be done but close it for want of funds! that was an utter impossibility in Billy's mind. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of hosts;" and kneeling in simple, earnest, believing prayer, Billy ever had access to Him: how then could he doubt?

The next morning Billy came down to his work without timber or money, but with faith in God. He didn't wait long. A man who lived near there came up to him and asked abruptly—

"What do you want a pound note for?"

"Just the money I want to put up a principal on that end of the chapel," said Billy, with twinkling eyes.

"Well," said the man, "I never knew such a thing in my life, for all the morning it has kept coming into my ears, 'Go down and give Billy a pound note;' and now here it be."

So off went the happy little man to buy his principal, blessing the Lord all the way.

He managed to get all ready for thatching the roof. Then, he says, "I put a man to work at it—that would cost one pound ten shillings; and when the man came to be paid I had but one pound, so I wanted ten shillings more. The Lord put it into my mind to go into a high road near, where a great many people went up and down to work. The first man I met was P. B. I said to him—

"'You haven't given me anything yet for my Father's house.'

"'No, I haven't,' says he, 'and sha'n't neither.'

"'What,' I replied, 'are you amind for the Lord to say to you in that day, You saw Me an hungred, and gave Me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; a stranger and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not?'

"Well,' says he (frightened rather, we suspect), 'I doan't mind if I give 'e ten shilling.'

"So he gave me the ten shillings, and I went home and paid the thatcher."

But Billy's troubles were not at an end when the house was finished. Some of the "Society" who had held themselves aloof from his efforts opposed his having "preaching" there, and sought to prejudice the ministers against taking it on the Circuit-plan. Would that the stubborn faith that can work well

were always softened and beautified by such submission as Billy showed now! He locked the chapel door, and carried the key home, and hung it on a nail behind the door. Then kneeling down, he said, "Lord, there's the key. I have done what Thou hast told me to do; the chapel is built, and there is the key. If it is Thy will that the key should stay there seven year, or that it be taken down every minute of the day, Thy will be done, my dear Lord."

"That very day," Billy adds, "our preacher appointed services at my chapel even oftener than I should have asked him if I'd done it. The Lord soon revived His work, and we gathered a great many members. A large new chapel has been built there since then. No wonder that the devil was so much agen me while I was building, and put his servants to hinder me so, for I have seen at one time fifty down asking for mercy, and mercy they had."

The next chapel he built was at a place called Kerley Downs. Billy has himself written the account of it.

"I told the preacher we could have a spot for a chapel, and if he did not call a meeting of trustees, I should begin about the chapel myself. So he appointed a day, and got trustees; but all that promised to help left me to myself.

"My little son and me went to work, and got some stone; the good friend who gave the land lent me his horse and cart, and we soon set the masons to work.

"Those who read this must remember that I was a very poor man, with a wife and five small children at that time, and worked in the mine underground. Sometimes I was forenoon 'core,' and when I had taken my dinner, I should go to the chapel and work as long as I could see, and the next day do the same. The next week I should be afternoon 'core;' then I should go up to the chapel in the morning, and work until the middle of the day, and then go home and away to the mine, the week following I should be night 'core;" I should then work about the chapel by day, and go to mine by night. I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it. Bless and praise His holy name, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!"

When the chapel was about half-way up the devil tempted Billy—"They are all gone and left you and the chapel, and I would go and leave the place too.

His answer was like himself,—"Devil, does'n' thee knaw better 'an that? By the help o' the Lord I'll have the chapel up, or lose my skin on the down."

Billy's argument against every objection was this, "If this chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, that would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well enough if I got to heaven; for 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with his chapel-building we must content ourselves with this.

The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it wanted a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eyes fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing," cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' steer behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him, and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said—

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here, I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand—

"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un, I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the actioneer cried—

"Six shillings, going for six."

A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught.

"Seven," cried the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis on'y six, there's the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and much to Billy's astonishment the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he, in a rather disappointed tone; "but anyhow I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll go down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel, when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un, anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end."

"They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily; "I've given seven shilling for en, an' shall have to skat en up for firewood."

Then as his big eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"Bless the Lord," cried Billy, "'tes just like Him. He knew I couldn't carry en myself, so He got this man to carry en for me."

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

XVII.—AMOS MAKES EDITH A PROPOSAL.

After Edith's visit to Manchester, life at Bradley went on in a very even and satisfactory way. Her affairs were not again discussed, even by the most intimate of friends. Amos had made himself very popular in Bradley; he had given nobly to its charities, and he had a way, not only of interfering in local troubles, but also of making them disappear.

The rector found his hands wonderfully strengthened by this straightforward, pushing, generous man. And as he stood at Edith's side, very much in the attitude of a watch-dog noting, with pleased or lowering face, any attention or want of attention to his daughter, no one was inclined to incur his ill-will.

For the ill-will of Amos was by no means a bark without a bite. Mrs. Lumley would have said, had she dared, that she and the squire had been almost worried to death by him. And, indeed, it was well known that the proud woman had been compelled to entreat Edith's espousal of her cause, in order to prevent the auctioneer's flag which Amos had promised them. But having brought them to this point, Amos was glad to put the utmost extent of mercy in the hands of Edith.

"Tell her," he said, "she can send t' squire to me. If thou says be easy wi' them, I'll warrant I won't be hard."

"Mrs. Lumley wants to see you, herself, father."

"Nay, nay, I'll do no business wi' women. I'm too soft. If she didn't mak' a fool of me, she would call me a brute. But ta can tell her thou hes saved her home; and for t' rest, let Squire Lumley speak for himsen. If it hurts his pride a bit it will do him good. He hes never done aught but spend money all his life, and nobody as I can hear of, hes hed t' gumption to give t' young man a bit of good advice. I shall not let my opportunity pass; he'll be sure to get some truth from me, and happen it will do him good."

The tie between Edith and her father-in-law had become a very strong and tender one. He admired her thoroughly; her business tact elicited his sincere admiration; her little economies were his delight.

Martha Thrale listened to him with many silences and reserves. She liked Edith better than she had ever hoped or intended to like her, but women see women in a way men have not the faculty of seeing them. The pretty wiles and flatteries that were so charming to Amos, and in which he so thoroughly believed, affected Martha with a trifle of wonder and contempt. She saw through them, and wondered why Edith should take a bye-way to her object when there was a high-way.

"She is a varry fair specimen of woman," she would say, a little impatiently, "but she is'nt an angel. She hes her faults, like all t' rest of women."

"Then, I hevn't seen them, Martha."

"No, because she mak's so much o' thee. One would think thet she never hed a father of her awn."

"She hed a varry mean one, poor lass; I sud really hope thet she does find a different mak' o' a man to old Bradley."

"Dear me, Amos! Thou beats everything. Setting thysen up above a daughter's awn father. It isn't right, ta knows."

"Isn't it? I wouldn't set mysen varry high by topping Luke Bradley. I'm not an angel, either, Martha, but I hope as I am a better sort of a man than Luke Bradley was."

"Well, Amos, Luke Bradley is dead and judged now, and thou hesn't any right to say aught. I hope he knows how good thou hes been to his daughter."

"Ay, I hev been good to Edith. But Edith is a woman as is worth a man going out of his way for."

"She's varry well, I hev known some better, I think."

When conversation got to this point, Amos had always the good sense to turn it upon the subject about which their opinions were unanimous—little Joe.

"Did ta iver see such a fine lad?"

"Niver, Amos, unless it were his father." Then the child's beauty, his spirit, his loving disposition, his bright intelligence, were afresh discussed, and Amos smoked, and talked, and listened, until he was in a state of supreme satisfaction with himself for owning such an admirable son and such an extraordinary grand-son.

During the following Easter holidays, Amos was most of his time at Bradley. He had Perkins there, and he went over the accounts of the estate with him, and was much gratified at the handsome balance. He never took into consideration the retired way in which Edith had been living during the absence of her husband, the omission of the summer travel, and the winter's entertainments; he put the whole sum against his own management. And this not out of any intentional desire to appropriate credit not justly his own, but simply because his tremendous self-esteem led him to make all things feed its never-ceasing hunger.

The Saturday previous to Easter Sunday was a perfectly charming spring day; and in the afternoon Amos asked Edith to take a walk with him.

"Why not drive, father? Then we can take little Joe with us."

"Nay, I don't want little Joe this afternoon, and I am going a way that would be rather hard on thy fine carriage and horses."

"Won't it be hard on me, then?"

"Not a bit. Put on a pair of thick shoes, and I'll give thee my arm."

Edith did not make any further opposition. She had come to understand that her father-in-law's unusual movements always had a purpose in them; and she was little curious as to what new thing was now in his mind.

They went leisurely through the park, admiring its excellent condition. After passing the gates, Amos turned to the left, and followed a rapid, brawling stream some distance up the hill. There was but a bridle path, and the road was rough, but it was one of great beauty.

In a few minutes they came to the head of a glen, and here the water took a leap of fifty feet, making, in its irresistible momentum, what is called in local speech "a force." Amos stood looking at it with a face full of speculation, while Edith who had never been there since her childhood, expressed her hearty delight.

"It is the loveliest spot!" she cried; "we must bring little Joe here, and have a picnic. Oh, how exquisitely sweet and fresh and charming it all is! It seems, up here, as if the world had just been made, father."

"Ay, it is a bonny place; but the beauty of it isn't what I'm thinking of, Edith. There is a grand water-power here. I've been up before—looked at it summer and winter. I say, there is a grand water-power here."

"Well, what of that, father?"

"It is a fair, even-down sin and shame to hev so much water-power doing nothing."

Edith smiled. "I believe, father, that you think forces and becks were only made to run mills."

"Whativer could they do better? So much water—so much water going to waste! It mak's me varry unhappy, Edith."

"This place was for beauty, father—a little covert for the lady-ferns and blue-bells. I didn't know before that I owned such a pretty spot."

"There, now! What good does its beauty do? Who iver secs t' lady-ferns and blue-bells? Who do they feed and clothe? Looking pretty is all varry well, but neither nature nor women folk hev any right to stop there, if they can do aught else"

"There must be some places left for recreation, some places left to delight the eyes, and rest the mind and body."

"I hevn't any objections, I'm sure. There are lots o' bonny places, fit for nothing else, with no water-power worth speaking of. This place hes more privileges.

"I think it has."

"Edith?"

"Yes, father?"

"I'll build Joe a cotton mill right here, if thou art willing. I'll buy the land of thee a fair price."

"I do not want a cotton mill so near the park, father. It will spoil the pretty rural village, too."

"What is ta talking about? I sall put up t' handsomest mill that can be made o' stone and mortar. I'll mak' t' chimney so that folks will come miles and miles to hev a look at it; and I sud like to see t' park or t' village a mill of that kind would spoil."

"Bradley is such a pretty, rural, idyllic little village."

"I don't know what ta means with thy fine words, but I'll tell thee what I think o' Bradley. It wants somebody with sense and

gumption to do summat for it. Such a lot of tumble-down, thatched cottages and sleepy dunderheads of hedgers and ditchers I niver saw before."

"They are happy and contented."

"Because they know no better."

"Bevin is not very far off. If they want mill work they can go to Bevin."

"They are like childer; they stay at home, even though home is but a middling place. Edith, thou hes no right to hev so much water going to waste. It ought to find good homes and plenty o' bread for a thousand mouths, and mak' money without end for thee and Joe."

"Do you really think that?"

"To be sure, I do. See, now! I'll build a mill. I'll hev it ready for t' looms by t' time Joe is ready for it. I hev vowed that he sall niver hev part nor lot in Bevin Mill, but I niver said thet I wouldn't build him a mill at Bradley."

"My father always dreaded having a mill near the park. It was for that reason he bought the land around Kattel Force."

"Thy father made his money in mills."

"Yes—but you know the Bradleys were country gentlemen. They had become poor, but they had always been at Bradley. My father, like many other old Yorkshire squires, began manufacturing in order to rebuild the fortunes of the family."

"Well, whativer he did thou can do. I sud think that he bought this varry bit o' land, if he hed an ounce o' sense, with t' sole idea that some o' his descendants would be wise enough to build a mill here. Naturally, he'd want them to hev t' benefit o' such a grand factory site."

"Oh, no," she answered, a little fretfully; "just imagine that cascade of silver water black and foul with the refuse of dyeing vats. And the stream all the way down, with its fringe of primroses and blue-bells, how soon it would become dirty! The flowers would perish, and the clean air be full of smoke."

"Silver water, as ta calls it, will mak' a sight o' gold for thee. And it would be better to see a thousand men, women and children on its banks than primroses and blue-bells; for I do hope ta doesn't even human beings wi' flowers and ferns and such like."

"It is such a new idea to me, father."

"I'm a bit astonished at that. Thou art such a clever woman, I was sure thou would have thought of Kattel Force and Joe together, before this."

"No, I had not. Of course I knew that Joe must have a mill somewhere near Bradley, and I was going to speak to you about it. I thought there was plenty of time."

"There is no time to lose if we build our awn mill—not a day. Now then, tak' what I hev proposed into thy head, and turn it over a bit. I think ta will see I am right."

"It will need thinking about in many ways."

"This is t' varry place for Joe. A good road can be easily

made here, and his gig will bring him to thee any time in twenty minutes. And if Kattel suits Joe and thee, thet's the main thing, I sud say."

"Well, father, I will think of what you have said."

"Do, Edith, my lass. And don't thee waste time. We'll hev to be making ready for Joe's home-coming. If ta will help me, we'll do our best to mak' no mistakes with him this time."

"You are the dearest, noblest, most generous father in the whole world! It would be a shame to cross you very far.

"Ay, I try to be. And I hev a famous good daughter. A father would do a good deal for a lass like thee."

"I will speak to Perkins, if you don't mind. He may know of some more suitable place."

"Ay, he may—and he may not."

"If we can buy a suitable site not on our own land, all the better."

"Mebbe. But speak to Perkins if ta likes. He's not a bad one to ask; for if there's a bit o' land, far or near, in ta market, he generally knows all about it."

XVIII.—AMOS BRAITHWAITE AND SON.

Amos had acceded to his daughter's wish to consult Perkins with apparent satisfaction; and with almost unnecessary haste he decided privately to follow Edith's intention. He went early on Monday morning to see the lawyer, so early that he had to seek him at his residence. The two men knew each other too well to tempt deception, and Amos, without any preparatory explanation, said, "I'm before business hours, Perkins, but I hev a good reason for bothering thee. I want to build Joe a mill on Kattel. Mrs. Braithwaite is afraid o' spoiling her view and her rural village, and thinks thou can mebbe find her a better site. Now, I know thou can't, and if ta could, I don't want any other site found. Think of it. Can ta find a place half so suitable?"

He stroked his chin a few moments, and seemed lost in a deep reflection on the water-power of the locality, but this answer was as definite as Amos could desire.

"I really do not know of any site but Kattel that could be procured for the purpose building a mill. There is a bit of land on Thorny Beck, but it belongs to Lady Charlton, and she refused to sell it to John Nelson, because he wanted to build a mill on it."

"I want thee to tell Mrs. Braithwaite that. Don't forget to tell her it, whativer ta does. I think it will do a deal towards making her settle on Kattel."

"I don't see how it can."

"Because ta niver studied up women; they aren't in thy books. Tell Mrs. Braithwaite about Thorny Beck, and I sudn't wonder if she settles at once, just as I want her to."

Having opened the subject, Amos did not allow it to drop.

Whatever Edith thought, Amos had made up his mind that there ought to be a mill on Kattel Force. A fine mill on that eminence would be a pleasant sight to him. Braithwaite Mill on Kattel Force. "My word," he thought, "If Luke Bradley can know it and see it!"

As for Edith she made as brave a struggle to preserve her little glen as could be expected. She spoke to Perkins and directed him, if possible to find other land, even though the price was a little extravagant. She told him frankly that she did not want to destroy the lovely stream, and transform the quiet hamlet into a dirty, turbulent mill village.

But Perkins had already settled the matter in his own mind. He saw now why Amos had helped the Wesleyans so liberally to turn the old mill into a chapel, and he could not help admiring the forethought of his old client. He was almost quite sure that the plans Amos had made for Joe and Edith would be, in the end, very wise ones, and that he would best serve her interests by encouraging them. In fact he could find no single reason for discovering another location to please Edith, and he could find at least a dozen good ones for pleasing Amos.

So when he visited Bradley on the subject, he was very regretful, but also very positive. He had been able to find nothing at all suitable but a tract on Thorny Beck, and it was three miles away."

"Is there a good road to it?"

"Oh, yes, a very good road."

"That might do. Who owns it?"

"Lady Charlton."

"Will she sell?"

"She was anxious to sell until she heard it was to build a mill on. Then she flatly refused. But I might hev known she would, for she refused John Nelson, and made some varry contemptuous remarks about mill gentry, at t' same time, which is neither here nor there. I thought as you and her were friends she'd mebbe not mind your mill. But she wouldn't hear of it."

"Oh, indeed! She wouldn't hear of it?"

"She says it is so unpleasant to see mills. They are so suggestive of work, and poverty, and vulgarity, and a deal of other disagreeable things."

"But, Mr. Perkins, if we build on Kattel Fell, it seems to me that her ladyship will be obliged to endure the sight of a mill."

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. Braithwaite. But you see Mr. Joe is to be considered first."

"And it is your awn land."

"Of course."

"And when you can't do as you want—"

"Then I must do as I can."

"Just so, Mrs. Braithwaite."

And the end of the matter was that Amos got his own way. Before the spring was quite over, men began to dig up the blue-bells and primroses to a level, and grade a wide road, and then to lay

a foundation of mighty strength, upon which, month after month, rose gradually a tall, gigantic pile of masonry, something like a model prison, a great, vast, empty shell of enormous strength, into which Joe was to bring the steam and metal witchcraft of Lancashire.

Nearly ten years had now passed since that morning when Joe took his father's check for £5,000 and left him. If any one had then told the handsome, rather conceited youth the point to which he would arrive in ten years, he would have regarded his life as a failure, and felt anger at the supposition. But our views of life up to a certain age constantly change; the success of one decade is not the aim of another, and Joe sitting with his godfather, on the last night of his apprenticeship, was satisfied with the prospect before him.

"Thou art ready for work, now, Joe. Thou art a good man, and a good cotton-spinner, and I'm proud of thee in both ways. What wilt ta do with thysen? Has ta thought of it?"

"I have been thinking a great deal of it."

"Will ta ask Mrs. Joe to build thee a mill? Thou could tak' her as thy partner, J. & E. Bradley, Cotton Spinners."

"No, no, my wife is my wife, and I'll not mix her with my business. I am going to ask my father to lend me sufficient money to begin business in a rented mill. If he will not do it, I shall ask you, godfather."

"Thou ask thy father. He niver said he would not lend thee money; and if he did, the sooner he breaks the wicked oath the more of a man he will be. I hev told him that, in so many plain words before this. Give thy father a chance to be a good father, by being a good son. I'm none afraid but what Amos Braithwaite will do about right for thee."

The next day Joe went home, and Edith radiant and beautiful, was waiting for him. When he stepped from the train to the platform, it was with the free, independent air of a man who knows the cunning in his ten fingers is good for his fortune, and Edith recognized his manhood and his authority. He spoke to the coachman differently, and the man answered differently. In less than an hour the wife and the servants understood that he had come home as master.

The first persons he saw on entering Bradley parlour were Martha Thrale and his father. Martha was putting the last festival touches to the tea-table. Amos was serenely smoking at the window; Joe went straight to him. He put out his hand, and said frankly, "Father, I was very wrong not to take your advice ten years ago. I am very sorry for my folly. I hope you will forgive me."

"Say no more, Joe. I hev forgiven thee long since. Sam hes written reg'lar to me. I know all about thee, my lad."

"I'm so happy to see thee here."

"I hed to come here. When ta left thy wife I was forced to look after her for thee. Dost ta think I was going to let Tom, Dick, and Harry hev leave and license to say this or that about her?

Not I! I don't know whativer she would hev done without me." And Amos laughed heartily, as he said, "Ay, ta may well kiss that big lad o' thine, Martha; I hev heard tell that he is as hot a Methodist as thysen now."

It is not often that anticipated joys realize their promise, but this reunion did. It was, perhaps, the happiest evening in all the experience of Amos. He had so much to tell, and so much to listen to, and Edith's praises of his kindness and wisdom were exceedingly pleasant things to listen to.

In the morning he said to Joe, "I want thee to tak' a walk with me, Joe. I hev summat to show thee." And as they neared Kattel he asked, "Is ta going to stick to cotton-spinning, my lad?"

"Yes, I am, father."

"Will ta tak' me as thy partner?"

"Father, do you really mean it?"

"Do I iver talk on both sides o' my mouth? I hed a bit o' brass lying idle, so I bought some land on Kattel, and I hev built a mill on it, for I tell thee, Joe, it was a sin to see all that water going to waste. Now, if ta likes, thee and me will fill the mill with spinning-jennys. And, my lad, we'll drive all Wharfdale before us. Thou can manage t' cotton mill, and I'll stick to t' wool and Bevin."

"I niver knew I had such a good father. Why, you have been thinking of me and planning for me all the time I have been away.'

"To be sure I was. Does ta think I was go to let Sam Yorke take my place? Is it a bargain? Sall it be Amos Braithwaite and Son, Cotton Spinners?"

"I shall be the proudest man in Yorkshire when that day comes."

"Then thou can begin to be proud this varry hour. See there! That is our mill, Joe. It wants naught but t' loom and t' hands; thou can get them as soon as iver ta likes."

A very happy summer followed this arrangement. Amos and Joe were so busy that the long days were far too short, and Amos often wished "time were nobbut in t' market, so as he could buy a few hours ivery day at any quotation." What ridings over to Bevin and Bradley there were! What consultations, what extemporized meals in both houses. Martha and Edith grew really fond of each other, while they discussed the uncertainty of dinners and teas, and the necessity of strengthening food for such busy men.

But time makes all events a little stale, and even the opening of the big mill was forgotten in a newer event of more personal importance, the advent of Joe's second son. When Martha Thrale lifted the little crying mite of humanity in her arms, she forgave Edith everything. And there was no hesitation about the name of this boy. He was called Amos as soon as he came into the world.

Amos was wonderfully delighted. He gave all his hands a

holiday and a big feast, and he had again a desire to go into Bradford and buy a piece of jewellery or silverware; this time he did it. And if the newly arrived Amos Braithwaite, junior, could have used a full silver dinner service he would have received it from the proud and happy grandfather.

Just after making this delightful outlay, he met Joshua Perkins, coming up Darley Street. "Hes ta heard?" he asked, in a lofty, exultant tone. "I told thee my Joe was no fool. T' mill is doing beyond iverthing. T' little rural village is getting to be a busy town, and yesterday, Perkins, there was another Amos Braithwaite arrived in this world."

"It is rather hard for a man to be a fool that hes got a rich father, a rich wife, and a rich godfather."

"Stop thy talk, Perkins. There's many a lad hes hed rich upholders—richer than Joe hes, but there's varry few lads who, if they hed lost four years and £5,000 in a lawyer's office, would hev hed spirit enough to kick t' law and iverything about t' law to the 'back-of-beyond,' and then go to work like a man."

Mr. Joe married?"

"I am coming to that. There's a fewer still, who, when they make a mistake in their wedding venture, hev t' sense to find out what is wrong, and then set themselves to put it right. Why if my Joe married for love now, he'd hev nobody but Edith Bradley, even if she'd worked in a mill and hadn't a sixpenny bit."

"It's a topsy-turvy world, Braithwaite. We'll see how things are ten years after date. There'll be changes, changes, no doubt, Mr. Braithwaite."

"There will be one change we won't wait ten years for, Perkins. We are going to spend no more money on lawyers. We hev got a lawyer in t' firm now. Good afternoon to thee."

However, this was but a passing breeze; for one morning, more than ten years afterwards, Perkins went to Bevin mill to see Amos, and found that he had gone to Bradley. He followed him there, and was told he was in the summer-house with the children. There Perkins soon came upon him, as happy as a boy among Joe's eldest four children. Amos, junior, was busy pulling to pieces a bit of toy machinery, and Jean Braithwaite, aged six, was examining her grandfather on the history of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, an examination from which the self-made man came out with discreditable confusion, on account of defective early training.

He put Jean off one knee and Sam off the other, but it was with difficulty he could get away from the children, and Perkins wondered "if they weren't a great trouble to him."

"Not nearly so much as thou art. Whativer does ta want today?"

"Barley-steads is in t' market, and Mr Joe wants to buy it. I told him he should know first of any one."

"Joe is up to t' mill."

"My word, Amos, what a change that mill hes made in Bradley. T' village is a big town, and I hear Mr. Joe is to be mayor."

"Thou hears a deal of nonsense. Joe hes more sense than to mind iverybody's business. And I told thee what t' mill would do. If owd Bradley hed hed as much sense as a hank 'o wool he would hev turned thet water into gold thirty years ago. A man hes no right to let so much water-power go to waste."

"I heard also thet Mr. Joe was going to run t' Conservative ticket for parliament."

"Joe could do it, but he's far too good a man for such a job. James Sedbergh left it because of its irregularities and the bad hours it kept. My Joe is thet way too. Hev you heard as he is to preach in t' new chapel to-morrow?"

"No."

"Eh, but he is. Joe's a local preacher now, and a varry good 'un, too. Education wer'n't flung away on him. I'll be bound. Martha Thrale's that set up as niver was. Stay all night, and go to t' chapel to-morrow and hear Joe preach. Thou'lt hear the best sermon as iver thou heard i' thy life."

Here they were interrupted by a glad cry of "There's grandpapa! We've found grandpapa!" and Joe and Elizabeth, with the children, came down the lilac avenue to meet them. Joe was a handsome, portly man now, with the grave look of one who carries the daily life of a thousand souls in his hand; and, this evening, with the slightly preoccupied air of one who has also a sermon on his mind. And it was pleasant to see how thoughtful Elizabeth was of this, how she quieted the children, and contrived that Joe should get away unobserved to the library after tea.

Pleasanter still to see the whole village tending chapelward next morning; to see Benjamin trying to subdue his usual pompous, bustling way, and set an example to all of grave and serious attention. He watched Joe and his four children off to Sunday-school, and then turned to Perkins with a face eloquent beyond the power of language. In an hour he took Elizabeth on his arm and followed. Perkins and Martha Thrale completed the proud and happy family group. Humanity, under average circumstances, is full of sympathy, and the whole congregation entered into the father's joy as he sat in the big pew with his grandchildren around him and his eyes fixed upon the preacher, who was so near and dear to him.

It was not by any means a great sermon, but it was one that suited the audience; a plain, earnest talk on "redeeming the time," and on looking hopefully forward even from the mists of our mistakes. For Joe

> "Held it truth with him who sings,
> To one clear harp in divers tones,
> That man may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

And Joe knew what he was saying; for he was only preaching the thing that he had done.

THE END.

INDIAN HYMNS.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

THERE is music in the souls of the people of every race and tongue. It may be expressed in very weird strains or in the most commonplace tones, but there will be harmony, pleasant to the ears of those whose hearts are in sympathy with the people and the language they speak. The stolid countenance of the red man hides the gentler passions of his nature, and we are almost tempted to believe that the painted savage of the war-path and the peaceful occupant of the lodge are strangers to the tender emotions of the singing tribes of men. But our fears are chased away as we wander among the lodges, for there we see the instruments of music and can hear the shouts of the dancers, the gay laugh of youth, and the sweet songs of the women at their daily toil. Songs of life and death, love and war are found in the languages of the Indians. The Spanish conquerors listened to the natives of Mexico singing hundreds of songs, and still may we hear the Six Nations' Indians chant the Iroquois historical song.

During several important movements in English history and also during the French Revolution, the ballads of the people exerted a powerful influence over the minds of the populace. Recognizing this fact, Christian teachers have embodied many doctrines in songs and hymns written for the Indian tribes in their own language. When Las Casas, the Roman Catholic apostle of the Indians, was labouring amongst the natives of Mexico, he introduced the doctrines of the Christian religion among the hostile tribe by means of songs. With the help of some monks he translated into the language of the people and in verse a summary of the leading doctrines of the Bible. He secured the assistance of Indian traders who occasionally visited this tribe, and taught them the song, with its accompaniment on Indian instruments of music.

The traders reached the tribe, made some presents to the chief, and spread their wares before the people. After the day's trading was over, they called for musical instruments and began their song. They sang of creation, the fall of man, the life, death and resurrection of Christ and the judgment to come. The people listened with wondrous awe. Here, surely were ambassadors from the gods. The Great Spirit must have taken compassion upon them to send them these teachers. Night after night for a whole week did the people ask the traders to repeat the song, so eager were they to hear and learn. The traders told them of the teachers who sang these songs, and the Indians entreated the priests to teach them more fully the doctrines of the wonderful song.

Well do I remember attending an Indian camp-meeting at Kettle Point on Lake Huron, where Shawanese, Pottawotamies and Ojibways, sang with delightful enthusiasm the songs of Zion in the Ojibway tongue. Sometime ago I listend with pleasure to some Sioux children attending the Sioux school at Portage la Prairie, who sang very sweetly some hymns in the language of the Dakotas.

And who that has ever gone to the Indian Reserve at Morley, nestling at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, can ever forget the hearty and intelligent singing of the Stony Indians.

Important is all this, yet it is difficult to translate English hymns into the languages of the Indians and make them with the original metres of the tunes. A thorough knowledge of the language is necessary to make a competent translator, so that all the meaning contained in the words and ideas may be fully and intelligently expressed in both languages. There are a large number of hymn-books in the languages of the red man, such as Ojibway, Mohawk, Oka, Sioux, Eskimo, Chinook, Clallam, Cree and many others. These are doing good as teachers of truth, supplanting the native customs by those that direct the mind toward independence of spirit and a morality that is true.

The following hymn in the Blackfoot language, I composed some time ago, and now it is sung in the lodges with delight:

NOQKIMOKIT.

TUNE.—"*Come to Jesus.*"

Jesus, Jesus, noqkimokĭt, noqkimokĭt anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus, noqspumokĭt, noqspumokĭt anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus nĭtûkomimoa, nĭtûkomimoa anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus, nĭtaikimoka, nĭtaikimoka anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus nĭtaispumoka, nĭtaispumoka anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus, nĭtûkomimok,' nĭtûkomimok' anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus nĭtaiûqsapsûk', nĭtaiûqsapsûk' anuqk,
Jesus, Jesus, Kĭtûkomimo, kĭtûkomimo anuqk.

TRANSLATION.

HYMN TITLE.—*Take pity upon me.*

Jesus take pity upon me now,
Jesus help me now,
I love Jesus now,
Jesus takes pity upon me now,
Jesus helps me now,
Jesus loves me now,
Jesus is kind to me now,
Jesus, I love you now.

THE LAST EXTREMITY.

BY MISS ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"Nurse, Nurse, must I die?"

Glassy, hollow eyes, looking forth from a sunken face where Death has already left his mystic seal, repeat the query of the parched and quivering lips.

The busy nurse, with a ward full of patients awaiting her attention, pauses but a moment, and, stooping to rearrange the pillows of the sufferer, by compassionate silence, more eloquent than any words, gives a mournful assent.

It has come, then—the last extremity! Dimly imagined in the more thoughtful moments of far-away, happy childhood; contemplated occasionally, with growing horror and awe, in the golden time of blooming youth; in later days, sad, sad days of loneliness and friendlessness, almost welcome in its possibilities of rest and forgetfulness.

It had come, and with it a vivid realization of the horror and corruption of the tomb. Rest and forgetfulness were mere possibilities. Equally possible the tribunal of an offended God. God! Mysterious! All powerful! He, whose holy name every day falls lightly from the profane lips of the veriest cowards! Whom we can contemplate calmly and critically enough while secure in the realities of the physical world around us. But how different the emotions awakened by the thought of Him when that world is slipping from beneath our feet, taking with it friends, companions, attendants, as much or as little as we may have ever possessed; taking with it the bodies which we have always called ourselves, but which we realize so plainly to be not ourselves, as they weaken and decay, while the restless spirit intensifies.

In an agony of helpless horror, Magdalene fell, in sheer exhaustion, into a troubled slumber; in which the white-cotted ward, with all her fellow-sufferers, and the kind nurse whose tender touch and gentle eye brought such comfort, had all vanished. Alone she lay upon a desolate plain, her shrinking spirit searched and scorching through and through in the burning rays of a great Light beyond a distant Rock. With all the magnetism of the eye of a great and pure Intelligence the Light shone round and through her, till every thought and every fault and every sin of the past lay naked and open in that devouring Fire from which there seemed to be no escape. Oh, the shame! The agony! The fear! Material fire for a thousand years would have been more endurable, than the long, long moments of that

awful scrutiny. Writhing in the torment of it, an exceedingly bitter cry is wrung from the tortured soul: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Immediately the Light abates, as though a shadow had interposed, and softly over the desert a wondrous Presence moves, and with a face of ineffable sweetness bends above the suppliant, wrapping the wounded spirit in a blood-stained robe of healing. The fierce Light abates to mellow beauty, sweet perfumes fill the air, and voices of rare melody declare, He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil." "And My people shall never be ashamed."

The dying woman awoke.

On the opposite wall, glorified by the light of a magnificent sunset, hung an illuminated card containing the words of the heavenly chant, which the convalescent in the next cot repeated softly, over and over, as though she loved them. The scent of the rose and heliotrope announced the presence of a rare bouquet, which had been placed upon a little table at the bedside; and above all rose the voice of an innocent child, singing with childish joy the pretty song, "God is Love:"

> "God is Love. The little birdies
> In the tree-tops overhead,
> Seem to say with their sweet voices,
> Praising Him by whom they're fed.
> God is Love, God is Love,
> All things tell us God is Love."

Triumphantly she sang the chorus, while flowers and sunshine and beautiful sunset sky seemed to join in happy assent.

"'God is Love,' is that true, Nurse?

"He 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"But He is a 'consuming fire.'"

"To sinners who will not repent—who will not believe. You believe, Magdalene?"

"I believe, but I'm a great sinner."

"He 'commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' 'He is not willing that any should perish.'"

An assenting smile was the only answer of her who now needed no telling of the grace of Christ.

"Kiss me, Nurse," she said. Then, her face radiant with the new-born love of Him who had shown such wondrous love to her, she sank into a sleep which knew no earthly waking.

Ottawa, Ont.

CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERING.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." —St. Matt. ix. 36.

It is only of late years that I have noticed the beautiful and significant fact that on every occasion Jesus Christ saw the multitude He pitied them. He did not hate them. He did not fear them. He loved them, and yearned for their happiness. He saw that they were often more sinned against than sinning, and that they were not wolves, desiring to tear and rend everybody, but that they were foolish "sheep." Now, I have called your attention to this remarkable characteristic of Jesus Christ in order that I may also say how profoundly delighted I was to read the speech with which Colonel Duncan, the representative of the Holborn Division of Finsbury, seconded the Address of the Queen in the House of Commons. In the course of that brief speech, which entirely deserved the marked and unusual commendation which it afterwards received from the great leader of the Opposition, Colonel Duncan used these words: "With regard to another subject, it was terrible to think that sometimes from the day children opened their eyes on this world to the day they closed them they saw nothing but misery and pain. Was this our boasted civilization? Colonel Duncan goes on to observe: "Words could not express the misery which was in our midst. Far better than words would it be if we could see at the bar the little faces of hungering children. Now, when we were going to have, as he hoped, more prosperity in our trade, was the time when we should remember that unless we raised our eyes higher and higher to the second table of the Law, our duty to our neighbor, we should fail miserably as citizens and legislators. But to succeed required more than law, more than legislation, it required sympathy – a sympathy which blossomed into fruitful action."

What I wish to point out is this—that the demand of Colonel Duncan, that in the public life of this country we should have, not only law and legislation, but also sympathy, is exactly what Christ said, and is the supreme need of our country and of every country. This sentiment is an intensely Christian sentiment. It is the application of Christianity to public life; and that I may assist in some humble degree, in such an application, I have arranged for these Sunday afternoon conferences. It is quite useless for us, at this time of the day, to say our prayers in private, and profess to be very good Christians, unless we are prepared to apply the ethical teaching of Jesus Christ to public affairs also, and unless we introduce, both into law and into policy, the sympathy which Colonel Duncan so properly demands. But if Colonel Duncan had made that speech two thousand years ago, before Christ came, he would not have found anybody to support him. It was an absolutely unknown sentiment; it did not exist; and I want this afternoon to give a few illustrations of the startling contrast

between a sentiment like this and the current ethical teaching of European society when Jesus was born. The idea that the masses of the people, and women, and even the little children, to whom Colonel Duncan refers, had ever any claim at all upon the sympathy of great men never presented itself to the Greek or Roman mind. The Greeks and the Romans were intensely selfish; the State was selfish; the individual was selfish; and because both the State and the individual were selfish, both were intensely hard. Take, for instance, the best man of classical heathenism, Socrates. All who know anything about him admire him in many respects, and yet he, the noblest product of the old Greek culture, was so entirely devoid of this Christ-like sympathy that he himself tells us that he thanked the gods every day that he was a man and not a beast, a male and not a female, a Greek and not a barbarian. Thucydides again, in some respects the greatest of ancient historians, in his great book, which has been more or less influencing our politicians from that day to this—and when I quote it. you will understand the origin of some current opinions—said man's mission was to subjugate his fellow-men in order to prevent them from subjugating him. Is not that a sentiment that still obtains among foolish people? Pericles, the great Athenian of the golden age of Athens, told the Athenians that it was their duty to make all men fear them. It never entered into the head of Pericles to imagine that it would be a more excellent thing to make all men love them.

It was commonly said by the great men then that it was a law of Nature that the strong should trample on the weak, and some very distinguished representatives of the British Government have just been saying practically the same thing in India. The Greeks, who are sometimes held up to our admiration, exterminated entire populations of their fellow-creatures in cold blood, and they constantly sold women and children as slaves. Aristotle, the great philosopher of Greece—who is carefully studied at Oxford and Cambridge, with whose sentiments the minds of the young gentlemen of England are saturated, and who still creates the opinions of men who write in *The Times*, and who speak on political platforms, said that slavery was a social necessity; that it was the corner-stone of civilization; and that there must always be slaves. You will remember on a recent occasion I poured as much contempt as I could—although that was not as much as it deserved—upon the absurd idea that we had anything to learn from the so-called "Republics" of Greece and Athens. Athens a Republic! There were 20,000 free men when it was at the height of its political freedom, and at the same time there were 400,000 slaves. How the 20,000 freemen had the impudence to call themselves a Republic, I cannot tell. Why, the very idea of a commonwealth, or of true freedom, never existed until Christ taught it and lived it. At Sparta there were 36,000 free citizens and 364,000 slaves. The overwhelming majority of the citizens in all these heathen lands were slaves, and when Jesus Christ, the Friend of man, was born, there were at least 650,000 slaves in Rome alone; and I may say, further, that the modern freedom which recognizes the manhood of every man, which has struck a blow at slavery, was absolutely non-existent when Christ came. The working-man in every country under heaven was a slave. As a matter of fact, the working-man is still a slave to-day in every part of the world where the influence of Christ has not manifested itself.

If anybody owes anything to Jesus of Nazareth, the working-man does ; and if the English working-man is free, and enjoys the franchise, he owes it entirely to Jesus Christ, because until He came, all the great, and gifted, and wise men were of opinion that it was a contemptible thing to be a working-man.

And while the working-men were slaves, the aristocracy occupied their time in writing the beautiful poetry so much admired by us. There was no limit to the cruelty practised on these slaves. Thousands of these poor wretches worked in the mines in chains. The evidence of a slave was always extorted by torture. Demosthenes, the most polished speaker of antiquity, whose orations are studied by the clever young men and women of England, constantly practised it and advocated it ; and Plato also considered torture to be the best way of cross-examining a slave. I need scarcely say that this diabolical torture was inflicted upon the female as well as the male slave. Again, Plato, the golden thinker of Greece, who did in some respects reach a lofty level—a level far higher than that of many Christian teachers—positively regarded it as a mark of an educated man to despise his slaves. Think what that implies, and see the absolute world of difference there was between even so great and good a man as Plato and Colonel Duncan. Female slaves were absolutely at the disposal of their owners' lust. Social vice was unblushingly practised and advocated by everybody. Aristotle and Plato both advocated infanticide, and counselled physicians to allow working men who were ill to die.

If we turn from the current ideas of Greece to those of Rome, we shall find that the Roman law taught that property had its rights ; but it never taught that property had its duties. There are still too many at the Roman standpoint. The Roman father had power to sell his children as slaves. It was a common practice for these fine old Roman gentlemen to expose the old and infirm slaves—that is to say, when they were no longer of any use, they would turn them out on the roadside to die of starvation ; and many of those who were held up to us as examples were guilty of such conduct. Take such a man, for instance, as the Emperor Trajan, in some respects a very fine fellow, whom our sons are taught to admire On one occasion he compelled 10,000 slaves to fight as gladiators. It took these unhappy men one hundred and twenty-three days to kill one another. Trajan was worse even than the modern prize-fighter and his patrons. Unless public opinion puts down these ruffians, we may some day sink to the level of Trajan The Romans actually compelled naked and unarmed slaves to fight with lions and tigers, and no one was shocked or horrified.

Again, there was no charity to the poor among the Romans, no hospital of any kind for the poor, the sick, and the slave in heathen Rome until the influence of Christ appeared and manifested itself there. Quintilian, a famous writer, in addressing a rich man, used words which express the utter absence of any such sympathy with the poor as Colonel Duncan so properly demands from the British House of Commons. He said : "Could you [a rich man] possibly let yourself down so low as not to repel a poor man from you with scorn?" So that the fine old Roman gentlemen felt it was due as a matter of honour to despise and reject the poor. Take another great Roman, Titus, in some respects a noble character. On one occasion, by way of giving a little amusement to the people, he arranged a fight

between gladiators and slaves, the result of which was that 5,000 men were killed.

This was the state of society when Christ came. There has been an immeasurable advance since then, although many heathen elements still remain; but whatever advance has taken place, is entirely due to the teaching of Jesus Christ. Those of you who, like myself, diligently read *The Spectator*, will be very much struck by the way in which that great organ of public opinion is always complaining that the old hardness which once distinguished the English nature is passing away. Mr. Froude also thinks we are ceasing to be Englishmen. Now, these keen observers are quite right; for certain elements of ruffianism which used to be found in John Bull are disappearing. The influence of Jesus Christ is spreading. The leaven of Christianity is working in the House of Commons, and a distinguished member of Parliament assures us that we ought to have more sympathy with the people. It has gone as far as that, and that means a good deal. If you will just cast your eye back over the characters of modern English history you will find that the party of sympathy is the triumphant party.

All the great achievements of the most distinguished and powerful statesmen of this country, have been due to the appeal they have made to the sympathy of the masses of the people. How did the late Lord Shaftesbury overcome the opposition which was offered to his beneficent proposals, but by appealing to the sympathy of the English people? Women and children were obliged to live like animals until the Factory Acts delivered them. How did John Bright acquire his immense influence in this country when he was the Tribune of the English people, except by his deep sympathy with the poor? What was it that moved this country in a way that has completely revolutionized our foreign politics, except our sympathy with victims of of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria?

Nobody who keeps his eyes open and honestly faces the fact can be ignorant of this—that Socialism is spreading among the masses of the people. Why? Because the Socialists have expressed intense sympathy with the sufferings of the people. If you think Socialism is wrong, the only way by which you can prevent Socialism from acquiring in a few years predominant influence in this country will be by having as much sympathy with the unemployed and starving poor as the Socialists have. The time, I think, has come when all those persons who wish to prevent what might even be a revolution in this country should remember what Colonel Duncan said, and be prepared to prove that they are not only willing to pass laws, but to take to heart the sufferings of their fellow-men. In Palestine, at the time when our Lord came, nobody was allowed to be a judge until he was a married man and a father, because they said a bachelor had a hard heart, and that it was only when a man's heart was touched by the tender love of little children that he would be able to dispense justice with mercy. It is as necessary that those who make the laws and those who administer the laws should realize, in order that we may conduct human affairs successfully, that we must not only have law and justice, but we must have sympathy—the sympathy of Jesus Christ.

METHODISM AND THE NEW ERA.

Nothing in modern history is more remarkable than the unparalleled growth of Methodism during the last hundred years. The youngest of all the great Protestant Churches, it is already the most numerous. It has grown suddenly with the British Empire, and chiefly within the limits of the English-speaking communities. Mr. Stead reminds us that the world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking peoples. Methodism at this moment commands the allegiance of a larger number of English-speaking men and women than any other section of the Christian Church. Of course, we include in this estimate the United States of America, where Methodism occupies the position that Anglicanism occupies here. The one great drawback to the influence of Methodism in the English-speaking world is the fact that it is at present split up into so many sections. But already in Canada all the Methdist Churches have united, and have consequently become the most numerous and influential body in that great Dominion. The movement in favour of Union is growing and spreading in the Australian Colonies, in the United States, and in the Mother Country. If the Methodists only acted together they could already control the destinies of the English-speaking peoples. Some day they will act together for spiritual purposes. And it must not be forgotten that they alone, of all the Protestant Churches, have an organization sufficiently compact to cope with the organized strength of Rome. Again, as to the socialistic tendencies of the age, Methodism has ever been above everything else a "Connexion" or a Brotherhood. There is a sort of Freemasonry among Methodists that distinguishes them from other religious bodies. Their ministers are organized on a socialist basis. No man receives the stipend to which he might be individually entitled. Even so distinguished an orator, for example, as the late Dr. Punshon, never received more than £250 a year, with certain additions for the maintenance and education of his children. The itinerancy and the class-meeting tend to bind Methodists together, and to produce the fraternization which is peculiar to them. Now this spirit of brotherliness is the very soil in which Socialism naturally grows, and of which socialism, in some form, is the inevitable expression. Lastly, as to the position of woman. She has always occupied in Methodism a more prominent and active sphere than in any other community except the Society of Friends. In former generations, as George Eliot reminded the public in "Adam Bede," woman preached; and woman is beginning to preach again. Tens of thousands of women have occupied at every period the semi pastoral position of class-leaders; and in the Salvation Army, which is essentially a Methodist movement, the absolute equality of women has been recognized from the first. These peculiarities of the Methodist Church are very striking; and they at least prove that Methodism is peculiarly qualified to deal with the special characteristics of the Era upon which we are now entering. If Mr. Stead had written about Methodism rather than about the Pope he would not have found it necessary to exhaust all the resources of his audacious imagination in proving that the religious movement he was describing might have before it a period of unparalleled prosperity in the

twentieth century. Methodism is already adapted to the new Era so far as its potentialities, its genius and its natural tendencies are concerned; although very much remains to be done before it is really ready for its work. Methodists must close their ranks, must frankly accept the principles of democracy, must seek a much higher and broader culture. But all these things are possible and easy if Methodists have the sagacity to adapt themselves and their system to the necessities of the New Era.—*Abridged from the Methodist Times.*

WORLD-SICKNESS.—A SONNET.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Of all the ailments that exhaust men's hearts,
And paralyze men's souls, can any show
Such crowds of victims rushing to and fro,
For help, as this world-sickness? The best arts
That wisest skill of pharmacy imparts
Effect no cure. The vaunted healing flow
Of Nature's spring—alas! how well we know—
Can never anodyne these inward smarts.

And yet, oh, fevered and world-jaded soul!
Consumed with maladies that nought can quell,
There is a medicine can make thee whole;
Take from the hand of Christ the crystal cup
Of His pure grace—that Holy Grail, filled up
With sacramental wine; drink, and be well!

Learn to give, and thou shalt bind
Countless treasures to thy breast;
Learn to love, and thou shalt find
Only those who love are blest.

Learn to give, and thou shalt know
They the poorest are who hoard;
Learn to love, thy love shall flow
Deeper for the wealth outpoured.

Learn to give, and learn to love;
Only thus thy life can be
Foretaste of the life above,
Tinged with immortality.

Give, for God to thee hath given;
Love, for He by love is known;
Child of God and heir of heaven,
Let thy parentage be shown.

METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

We quote from the London *Methodist Times* the following vigorous paragraphs on this subject :

"One of the most patriotic and most sacred national duties is to dash our whole weight against the existing liquor trade. Whether an innocuous liquor trade could exist in the millennium is a speculative question which, as sensible men, we decline at present to discuss. What we do know is that the liquor trade as it actually exists to-day is the chief instrument of the devil in resisting the evangelization of England. It confronts us at every turn. It is the ceaseless and prolific source of debauchery, crime, disease, pauperism, and death. The public-house is the very vestibule of hell to the countless thousands of the people. We must declare irreconcilable war against it. We are delighted to know that the great majority of the students at our theological colleges are total abstainers. (In Canada all ministers and members are required to be.) If our young ministers wish to gain the ear of the people, if they wish the working-men to believe in them, they must be avowed and hearty total abstainers. If a man will not even give up his glass of beer or his glass of wine for the sake of his less privileged brother, he may have very excellent theological arguments in favour of his self-indulgence, but the poor will not regard him as their friend. The time has come when nothing except downright, practical, self-sacrificing sympathy can influence the masses of the people.

"But if we smash the liquor trade in the name of the Lord, we must put something else in its place. The public-house is the club, the reading room, the debating hall, the committee room, and the parlour of the working-man. We must give him social and business facilities elsewhere. Why not in our numerous unused vestries? Why not light and warm and beautify a vestry in connection with every chapel, and open it to the working-men? Let them read, and talk, and smoke there, instead of in the public-house. Why not place a vestry at the disposal of every benefit club and trade society in the neighbourhood, so that they may hold their business meetings in that vestry, and not be driven to the public-house? Why not keep a vestry open every day during the dinner-hour, so that the working-men may not be compelled either to eat their dinner in the open-air, in the cold and wet, or to go into the warm public-house? Why not open the chapel every night for a bright and cheerful service, or for a lecture, or for a concert? The minister, of course, cannot always be present. But why not give the laymen a chance? We have entered upon a democratic era. Our chapels must be democratised. The middle classes who built them and once used them had homes and all the comforts and conveniences of home life. Thousands of workmen—aye, and shop assistants too—have no home, in the proper sense of the word. The publican and the music-hall manager have taken advantage of this. Let us provide an innocent and blessed counter-attraction in our chapels and vestries, which have cost immense sums of money, and which are now dark, empty, and useless during the greater part of the week. To sign the pledge is not the end, but the beginning of the good work. To keep the pledge is the great matter, and that is possible only by the blessing of God granted to us when we use sanctified common sense.'

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. ROSE.

With the death of the Rev. Dr. Rose almost the last link is severed which connected the present generation with the pioneer fathers and founders of Methodism in this land. He was almost the sole remaining example of that heroic band. And a noble example he was—strong and stalwart of frame, vigorous in body as in mind, of fervent piety, of ardent zeal, of indomitable energy of character both in things secular and things sacred. Those pioneer preachers had need of sturdy frames. And what a goodly fellowship they were in this respect—the brothers Ryerson, Dr. Green, Dr. Evans, Dr. Rice, Elder Case and many another. If some, like Father Corson, Richard Jones, and Henry Wilkinson, were of less herculean mould, they made up by nervous activity their lack of massive strength.

Most of us remember Dr. Rose only as he appeared in later years, calmly poised, self-contained, impressive in speech and sedate in manner. But in his earlier years he was a veritable "Son of thunder." His stentorian voice could be heard for a mile at a camp-meeting, and he was mighty in the Scriptures, and in bringing the Gospel to bear on the hearts and consciences of men.

His simple, child-like piety he maintained to the end of his life. He was of a wonderfully sympathetic nature, and in hours of bereavement and sorrow there was no more tender consoler and comforter than he. None who have heard him pray in the house of mourning or by the open coffin of the dead will ever forget the tear-compelling pathos of his petitions. The same note of sympathy with the suffering was strongly seen in his ministering to the poor and suffering in the asylums and homes for the indigent and disabled in body or in mind. Almost to the very last he maintained a toilful service from which many younger men shrank.

The present writer had opportunity, surpassed by few, of seeing Dr. Rose almost every day for years—often under circumstances which would try any man's patience and temper—when over-pressed with work, when suffering from physical nervousness, when he had to keep a wet sponge by his side to cool his fevered brow and yet discharging the duties of a vast and increasing and often perplexing business. Yet we never saw in him conduct other than that becoming a Christian.

He was a man of noble and generous impulses and instincts, of magnanimous and forgiving nature.

> "He carried anger as the flint bears fire,
> If much enforced showing a hasty spark,
> And straight was cold again."

He grappled his friends to his heart with hooks of steel. Those who knew him best loved him most—men who, like Dr. Potts, were his sons in the Gospel; or, like Dr. Punshon and Dr. Ryerson were his brothers in council, learned to revere and honour him more as the years passed on.

In his domestic relations especially, this sweetness and tenderness of his nature was most strongly shown. Never was father more tenderly revered and beloved. His son, Samuel, when received into full connexion with the Methodist Conference, in relating his Christian experience said that he did not wonder that he was trying to serve God with such a father and mother as he had; and all the while tears of quiet joy were flowing down that father's cheeks. Happy father to see the reward of his Christian training and hear his sons rise up and call him blessed.

Amid the pressure of travel and public duties the present writer snatches an opportunity to lay a humble wreath of loving tribute on the tomb of his revered and honoured friend. A more adequate memorial of his life is expected from a filial hand at an early date.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

Nova Scotia.—Yarmouth was the place of meeting. The Stationing Committee completed their first draft of stations in two sessions. Three new missions were established. The Conference opened on the day appointed with a prayer-meeting, followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Rev. J. Teasdale, President for the past year, presided. Two hundred persons partook of the sacred elements.

During the first session seventy ministers and twenty-nine laymen were in attendance. Only two transfers had been made into the Conference and one was tranferred to Newfoundland Conference. One minister resigned and went to the United States, and another, who resigned last year, returned and was received. Rev. T. W. Smith, the historian of Methodism in Eastern British America, was elected President, and the Rev. J. G. Angwin, Secretary.

General Superintendent Carman and Dr. Dewart were present at the Eastern Conferences. Their presence was greatly appreciated. The public services—missionary, educational and temperance—were all numerously attended. The net increase of missionary income is $321.18. The Educational Fund reports an increase of $87.12. The Sustentation Fund reported a decrease of $95.09. Its total income was $1,560.21, which was distributed among the brethren labouring on thirty-nine poor missions.

The report from the Statistical Committee contained many interesting items. There is an increase of ten ministers in four years; 1,325 members, twenty-one churches and six parsonages have been built during the quadrennium, being an increase of church property amounting to $119,080, and also an increase of ministerial support $1,709.63.

Two evangelists had been employed during the year, only $100 was required on their behalf from the Evangelistic Fund. Their labours were made a great blessing to many.

Four ministers had died during the year. A memorial service was held, when honourable mention was made of the venerable Thomas Angwin, sixty years in the ministry. James Buckley, fifty-four years an itinerant; A. F. Weldon and —— Bond, all of whom had done good service for the Master, and their names are cherished by their brethren.

Sabbath was a great day, Revs. Dr. Carman and J. A. Rogers were the preachers in the Conference Church, when large congregations were delighted with their soul-thrilling discourses. The love-feast was a season of spiritual enjoyment, led by Rev. G. C. Huestis; and the Sunday-school meeting was one which edified the little folks.

The report of the Memorial Committee contained several recommendations, all of which will be considered at the General Conference. One is for an extension of the ministerial term, and another requests candidates and probationers to submit a written sermon in connection with their examination.

The Sunday-school Report was grand — 235 conversions were reported there are only 226 schools, but they raised $1,198 20 for missions.

One of the speakers at the Missionary meeting was a lady, Mrs. McCoy, who represented the Woman's Missionary Society. Her speech was an earnest appeal on behalf of the heathen women, which created great sympathy among the audience. The Woman's Missionary

Society has raised $22,000 during the year.

A very gratifying report was presented respecting Mount Allison College, 299 names are on the roll of the three institutions, thirty-one of whom are preparing for the ministry. A Musical Conservatory is in course of erection in the Ladies' College, to cost $15,000. The College has been in existence about forty-seven years. About 5,000 students have attended for a longer or shorter period, of these about 1,500 were ladies and not less than 200 ministers had been educated within its walls. Some are missionaries in South America, in India and Japan. Mount Allison students are among the most successful missionaries and teachers. Others have distinguished themselves in business and the various professions, in schools and colleges and in the legislatures, both Local and Dominion.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.—This Conference assembled at Fredericton, Rev. Dr. Sprague was elected President, and Rev. Thomas Marshall, Secretary.

Miss Willard and Miss Gordon being on a visit to New Brunswick, in the interests of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were invited to address the Conference. The ladies received an enthusiastic welcome to the platform. Their addresses were such as might have been expected from their well-known character and ability.

Among the ministerial changes is that of Rev. D. D. Moore, who has embarked in the mission field in India, and Rev. B. Clappell, B.A., who is engaged in similar work in Japan. Only one probationer had completed his term and was ordained, and eleven others were continued on probation; there was only one candidate received on trial, but four others were to be employed, under Chairmen, four probationers were also allowed to attend college.

The solemn question, Who have died? produced deep emotion. These honoured brethren were Revs. R. Duncan and H. Pickard, D.D.

The Treasurer of the Missionary Fund reported an increase of $190.84. The Educational Fund also has an increase of $146.59; Woman's Missionary Fund, $603.69; Sustentation Fund, decrease, $60.04. The claims on the Superannuation Fund are so great that only 60 per cent. of the claims can be paid.

Some benevolent friends had presented $270 to the Book Steward to enable him to send the *Wesleyan* to several poor families. A good example for benevolent brethren.

There is one minister in this Conference, the Rev. H. Daniel, who has been sixty years in the ministerial work. This is such a rare occurrence that the Conference resolved to adopt a special resolution in appreciation of the services of the venerable man, recording thanks to God for sparing him so long.

The brethren in the East are alive to the cause of temperance, and resolved to memorialize the House of Commons in Ottawa on behalf of a prohibitory law.

Some want the Constitution of the Stationing Committee so amended that both district representatives shall be elected by the district meeting.

The Book Room report shows that the sales of the year amounted to $24,813.64, an increase of $286.34. The profit on the business of the quadrennium is $1,874.53.

Rutherford College, North Carolina, has conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. R. Alder Temple.

Newfoundland.—The Conference met at St. John's. The Rev. Wm. Swan was elected President and the Rev. J. Nurse, Secretary. The Conference was in session eight days. All the sessions were harmonious, and the public religious services were numerously attended. Great regret was felt at the removal of the Rev. George Boyd to the London Conference, as for several years he has been an influential minister in the Conference. Rev. J. S. Peach, who has been a member of two General Conferences, has been fifty years in the ministry in Newfoundland. For the last two years he has been blind but he attended the Con-

ference and delivered a jubilee address on the Sabbath evening in one of the large churches. He detailed many interesting reminiscences and concluded with the following words: "I have no fear for Methodism in this country, if you walk by the same rule, and mind the same things. Put Christ forth before the people; preach Christ crucified—for all—then the energetic power of the Spirit shall accompany the Word; it will be spirit and life to those who hear—the deaf shall hear, the blind shall see, the lame shall walk, and the lepers shall be cleansed. I desire your prosperity; may the Lord make you a thousand times more than you are—Amen."

One minister, Mr. Jennings, resigned through family affliction. His removal was much regretted. Rev. J. Goodson died during the year. Another minister, from physical infirmity, was compelled to retire from active work. Four young men were ordained, who represented England, Newfoundland, Wales and Ireland. Six probationers were received into full connection. The Ordination Sermon was preached by the Rev. T. H. James.

There are 63 ministers and probationers in the Conference, 106 churches, an increase of 14 in the quadrennium; parsonages 40, an increase of 5; Sunday-schools 153, with 9,725 scholars, 971 are meeting in class; 350 conversions during the year; members in society, 10,065.

There is a Methodist Orphanage in St. John's, also a College, both of which are valuable institutions, though the latter has a burden of $20,000 to carry. The members of the college class do good work in evangelistic labours, they have an excellent stringed band. The Allan Steamship Company conveyed a pipe organ from England for the College Hall free of charge.

The representatives to the General Conference, both clerical and lay, are all new men, except Hon. J. J. Rogerson, who has attended several previous Conferences.

The women of Newfoundland, like their sisters in the West, are active in mission work. The Missionary anniversary was enthusiastic, and the Holiness meeting was a season of power.

The Irish Wesleyan Conference.

Belfast was the place of meeting. Rev. C. H. Kelly, President from England, presided. This is the one hundred and twenty-first Conference held in Ireland and the eighteenth held in Belfast. Revs. Jos. Bush, ex-President, Dr. Rigg and Professor Davison accompanied the President. Rev. O. McCutcheon was elected Vice-President, Rev. Jas. Donnelly was re-elected Secretary. Rev. Dr. Wallace McMullen was elected delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church to meet in September. The Doctor is also to represent the British Conference on that occasion, so that he will have onerous duties to discharge Bishop Warren and Professor Little were present as delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Seven young men who had completed their probation were ordained, twenty-three continued on probation and thirteen were presented as candidates, but only nine of them were received.

Death had been busy during the year, four ministers had died; one of whom, Rev. R. T. Tracy, M.A., was nearly one hundred years old, Dr. Kerr was called away when only fifty-four, but W. Burnside was eighty-one, and R. Kingsborough was seventy-seven. Four retired from the active work, two of whom had travelled forty years.

The Sabbath services were well attended, thirty-one Wesleyan places of worship in Belfast and suburbs and many churches of other denominations were supplied by members of Conference. Open-air services were held in different parts of the city, and revival meetings were conducted, at the Mission Hall.

The ordination and sacramental services were numerously attended. Five ministers and five laymen were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference to be held in the United States in 1891, and $1,250 appropriated towards the expenses of the ministers.

Advisory Councils were recommended to be formed in all cities and towns where there are more than two circuits.

The question of extension of ministerial term of circuits occupied some attention and several were in favour of it.

The Conference decided that, as the centenary of the death of John Wesley will occur in 1891, services suitable to the occasion shall be held in the various circuits. Mr. Wesley died in London, March 2, 1791.

Primitive Methodist Church.

The seventy-fifth annual Conference was held in Sunderland during the first week of June. Rev. J. Hallam was elected President, Mr. E. Jennings was elected Vice-President and Rev. J. Watson, Secretary.

On the second day of Conference, a deputation of one minister and one layman, was appointed to take part in the demonstration in London against the Government proposals to compensate publicans.

Sixteen ministers had died during the year, one of whom had attained the age of eighty-nine; fourteen others were allowed to retire from the active work, one of whom had travelled over fifty-two years, and four others more than forty.

A deputation of Nonconformist ministers resident in Sunderland paid their respects to the Conference, also a deputation from the Band of Hope Union. These fraternal gatherings are always pleasant.

The statistical report was not so encouraging as might have been expected, there being a decrease in the membership, but there was an increase of 1,680 scholars in the Sunday-schools; 1,065 past the age of fifteen were regarded as Church members, besides more than 2,000 under fourteen years of age who were members of juvenile classes.

In respect to the examination of probationers and candidates for the ministry, sixty were examined, twenty-four of whom failed, thirty-two were required by the circuits.

The income of the Missionary Society is nearly £15,000 sterling, but in addition nearly £4,000 had been collected specially for Africa. A steam launch has been provided for Fernando Po, and an outfit for the Zambesi Mission to the Barotse. A gentleman in Sheffield sent cheques for £65 for various funds. Among several appointments made for connexional offices that of Rev. R. Tanfield greatly interested the present writer, who had the honour of recommending him for the ministry forty-seven years ago.

The Book Room report was full of statistics. Several of the serials reported a decrease of subscribers. The Magazine has 5,000 less subscribers than it had twenty-five years ago, but since that time some smaller monthlies have been brought into competition with it, altogether the sale of publications of all kinds have amounted to 2,108,104.

Sixty-three new churches have been built during the year; nine old ones, two cottages, and four plots of land had been sold. Nearly $80,000 was raised towards the new edifices. There is a Connexional Insurance Company, in which most of the churches are insured. The profits of the Company for the past year were nearly $6,000.

The Connexional Orphan Home supports twenty-seven orphans. Several gentlemen pay the cost of one orphan each. A memorial church is to be erected at Standley, Staffordshire, where the first Primitive Methodist class, consisting of ten members, was formed.

Thirty-six representatives were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference, the Rev. Dr. Antliff and Thomas Guttery are among the number. Both these gentlemen are well known in Canada. The former is uncle to Dr. Antliff in Montreal, and the latter was stationed some years in Toronto. Among the laymen are two old friends of the present writer, viz., Mr. R. Clapham, and Mr. J. Coward, J.P.

Rev. Geo. Stansfield, whose great age renders him physically unfit to discharge conferential duties, has resigned his position as a member of the Deed-poll. He has been over sixty years in the ministry.

Rev. J. F. Porter, who laboured a few years in Canada has been stationed thirteen years as Superintendent of the North Bow Mission, and was stationed by the late Conference to Stepney Tabernacle, London.

The General Committee, after careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that no better test of membership can be adopted than attendance at class.

Rev. Joseph Wood, M.A., of the Connexional Theological Institution, Manchester, has received the degree of D.D., from the Wesleyan College, Montreal. He well deserves the honour.

Methodist New Connexion.

As was intimated in our last, the Conference of this branch of Methodism met at Dewsbury. Rev. James Le Huray, a native of Guernsey, was elected President, and Rev. S. Walker, Secretary.

The Missionary Anniversary was successful. During the past year there have been numerous additions on the Home Missions in Ireland and in China. The income has increased.

The Sunday-school report stated an increase of 498 scholars. In fourteen years the scholars have increased 15,550. Three probationers were ordained to the full work of the ministry.

An increase of six ministers was reported, and forty-nine members, but 3,481 had been lost by deaths and other causes. One young minister, Rev. J. K. Robson, goes to China at his own expense. All the funds of the Conference reported an increase of income, but some of them very small. An increase of missionary income is necessary.

Six members of Conference were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference, among whom is the Connexional Editor, Rev. Dr. Watts.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of establishing the order of deaconesses, denominational extension in London, and condemnation of the practice of reading sermons.

The students at college, though only few, less than a dozen, have filled 522 preaching appointments, including some taken on vacation.

The Book Room report was well received. The profits were larger than last year.

The debate on union with the Methodist Free Church was lengthy, and was characterized as one of great ability. The Conference was crowded during the entire debate. Dr. Watts', Dr. Stacey's and the Rev. J. Medicraft's speeches were the ablest that were made.

Several annual meetings of the districts have been held, in most of which strong resolutions were adopted condemnatory of the compensation clauses of the Governmental License Bill. Similar resolutions were adopted at the district meetings of other branches of the Methodist Church, so that all the Methodist bodies are of one mind on this question.

Bible Christian Church.

The Girl's College at Edgehill, Bideford, sent up eleven candidates for the recent musical examination of Trinity College, and all passed. Of these, nine were pianoforte candidates and two violin candidates.

The District meeting was held at Swingfield, near Canterbury. The reports showed an increase of 120 members. Much had been done towards increasing the church property, the Sunday-schools were in a prosperous condition, and the receipts in aid of the circuit and mission funds were higher than in any previous year.

The Bible Christian missionaries in China are greatly encouraged with their success. Having acquired a knowledge of the language, the yare now regularly preaching in several places in the province of Yunnan, and the hearts of the people are becoming affected by the great truths of the Gospel.

A mission has been opened at Ilfracombe with very encouraging prospects.

Favourable reports have been received from China. The brethren there are now able to preach in the language of the people, and have

opened several preaching places in the Province of Yunnan, and the hearts of many people are evidently affected by the truths of the Gospel.

Items.

The General Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church assembled in Sydney, New South Wales. The test of membership in future is to be attended at a monthly fellowship meeting, and the Lord's Supper. Ministers may remain on circuits five years on certain conditions. A new mission is to be commenced on a group of islands known as New Guinea, at the earnest request of Sir William McGregor

The two missionary Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Taylor of Africa and Dr. Thoburn of India, are both in America in the interest of their respective missions. Dr. Thorburn attended Mr. Moody's recent Conference at Northfield, and received $3,000 for his missions. Both the Bishops represent their fields as white for the harvest, and men and money are greatly needed. Bishop Taylor, in an address which he delivered in New York, said that eight of the hardest missionary stations in Africa were managed by women, of which the most difficult was carried on by a little Canadian. He did not give her name, but stated that she was among the wildest tribes and doing the best work of all. Two young ladies recently sailed to Liberia mission, one of whom was raised a Roman Catholic.

The Bishops of the M. E. Church South have appointed the Rev. R. N. Sledd, D.D., the fraternal messenger to our General Conference.

The net gain in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past four years is 186,156.

A meeting in commemoration of the centenary of Jesse Lee's entrance into Boston, was held under the old elm on the common where the noble missionary preached one hundred years ago. A table made expressly for the purpose was used for the platform, and it will be preserved by the New England Methodist Historical Society.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has been invited to cross the Atlantic and take part in the centenary celebration of Methodism in Boston next fall.

The Illinois Methodist Churches are to celebrate their centenary in 1893.

Rev. J. B. Hamilton has started a little paper called *Our Veterans*, in the interests of the Superannuation Fund, which he is endeavouring to establish.

During this year the question is to be voted upon by the lay members of the Methodist Episcopal Church as to whether women shall be eligible as lay delegates to the electoral and General Conference.

Illustrations of four Methodist Churches recently built were published in the New York *Christian Advocate*, the aggregate cost of which exceeded half a million of dollars.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, recently received a unique gift from natives on the north-east of Lagos in the shape of a king's robe—a token to the Missionary Society of their appreciation of benefits received through its agents.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield recently died at Poughkeepsie, and left an estate valued at $70,000, to be applied to Connexional Funds.

The evangelistic party to India, of which Rev. Dr. Pentecost is the head, is likely to be large. Lord Kinnaird and his two sisters will be among the party. All are to pay their own expenses.

Rev. W. Hay Aitkin, the well-known English missioner, has accepted an invitation to go to South Africa and hold a series of mission services in the colony.

The Wesleyan District meeting of Bristol was recently held at Newport. The Vicar of St. Pauls, Dr. Wrenford, sent a congratulatory letter to the meeting. He is reported as being one of the most saintly men. At his prayer-meetings Presbyterians, Methodists, Salvationists and church folks are so blissfully united that the communion of saints is a weekly reality. The worthy Vicar is an open-air preacher, and the

common people hear him gladly. Sanctification is his favourite theme, on which he both preaches and writes considerably.

The Baptists of London have instituted a forward movement, in connection with which a Deaconesses' Home was recently dedicated. Ladies will be trained in nursing and other work among the poor in the more central districts of the metropolis.

An important meeting was recently held at McMaster University, Toronto, when Miss Adelaide Smiley was appointed Principal of Boulton Ladies' College, and Miss Daniels, B.A., was elected to fill the chair of Science.

The chair of Modern Languages in the University will be filled by Professor M. S. Clarke, B.A. Thomas Mackenzie, M.D., was appointed lecturer in Biology. The chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology is expected to be filled by Rev. T. Trotter, B.A. Professor C. Goodspeed, from the Maritime Provinces, was elected to the chair of Systematic Theology, and will be chairman of the Faculty of Theology.

The new church at Azabu, of which the Rev. Y. Hiraiwa is pastor, was dedicated in January. It is the largest in the city.

Rev. B. Chapple, M.A., and J. W. Wadman, M.A., of Prince Edward Island are on the teaching staff in the Methodist Episcopal College at Aoyama, Tokyo, Japan. The college is a beautiful building, and has land consisting of twenty-five acres well laid out.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church, which has not a white man among its members or any organic relations with any white organization, reports a membership of 460,000. It has 12,000 places of worship, 10,000 ministers, 15,000 Sunday-schools, supports its own denominational papers; has missionaries in the West Indies, Mexico, and Africa, and it reports contributions of more than $2,000,000 annually for the support of the Church-work, and is about to erect a college at Harrodsburg, Ky., which will cost $30,000.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Richard Clarke. This excellent man was in the ministry of the Methodist Church for about forty years. He was a man of sterling integrity. He owned a large library which he carefully studied, hence he was a preacher far above the average, During the last nine years he was chairman of Parry Sound and Bracebridge Districts. He leaves a widow and large family to mourn his death. Six sons carried him to the tomb. One of his sons was lay representative at the late Bay of Quinte Conference. His death occurred on Dominion Day, July 1, 1890. Dr. Shaw, Assistant Missionary Secretary, preached the funeral sermon.

Rev. W. Young. The day following the death of Mr. Clarke, this venerable minister was called to his eternal home. He had attained the age of eighty-two, and was in the fifty-fifth year of his ministry, though through loss of voice he had been on the superannuated list for about thirty years. For nearly a quarter of a century he did grand work in the ministry on some rugged fields of labour. During the years of his superannuation he labored to the full extent of his physical ability to help the Church he so much loved. He took deep interest in all the affairs of Methodism, and was an extensive reader, especially of Methodist literature. Many a profitable hour was spent at his home when the writer laboured on Frankford and Trenton circuits. Six sons carried him to the grave, two of whom, Egerton and William John, are well-known Methodist ministers. His old friend, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, preached his funeral sermon.

Rev. Samuel Rose, D.D., was one of the tall cedars in our Lebanon, and was one of the last of the fathers to be removed. His death occurred July 16, after a brief illness, though for a few years his health was declining. He was absent from Conference this year, probably for the first time since he entered the ministry. Dr. Rose was a native of Prince

Edward County, where he was also converted and began to preach. His first appointment was among the Indians at Orillia. For six years also he had charge of the Muncey Industrial School, so that he had an extensive acquaintance with the aborigines. He did good work on many hard fields of toil. It was the lot of the present writer to labour in Albion Circuit several years after Dr. Rose, and whenever his name was mentioned the people always spoke of him as an earnest, devoted brother, who not only preached, but visited them at their houses and sold a great number of books He never forgot Mr. Wesley's instructions relative to circulating good books. Few men possessed better business ability, or was more fond of work than Dr. Rose. When he was Book Steward for fourteen years it was often remarked how that he was abundant in labors. As chairman of district, co-delegate, treasurer of several funds, and member of important committees, he performed good work for the Church. Even since he was superannuated, twelve years ago, he has regularly attended church services, and has rendered efficient aid as far as his strength would allow. He was eighty-four years of age when he died, and had been in the ministry about sixty years. One of his sons is in the ministry, and another sustains the important office of Chief Justice in Ontario. Two daughters also survive him. His wife died some months ago. Dr. Potts, whom he had long regarded as a son in the Gospel, preached his funeral sermon to an overflowing congregation in the Metropolitan Church. Your fathers, where are they?

The Methodist Episcopal Church has sustained a heavy loss in the death of General C. B. Fisk. He occupied a foremost place both in church and state, but he never forgot that he was a Methodist, though he was beloved by ministers and laymen of all denominations. As he was little more than sixty years of age and appeared to be full of vigour, many years of valuable labour were anticipated from him. At the last General Conference he seemed to be the most important manager of business matters. He was prominent at the General Missionary Committe, the Book Concern, Collegiate institutions, etc.

Few men were better qualified for public speaking. His genial wit and repartee always served him admirably. As a presiding officer he was eminently successful, while he was always ready to aid the temperance cause and all benevolent institutions. The New York *Christian Advocate* says: "We believe that since Bishop Simpson went to his grave and Lucy Webb Hayes to hers, the millions of Methodist people have not uncovered their heads in greater sorrow than when 'earth to earth, and dust to dust' was said at the grave of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk; and that more non-Methodists never mingled their tears with ours than upon this occasion."

Book Notices.

Current Discussions in Theology. By The Professors of Chicago Theological Seminary. Vol. VII. Pp. 410. Price $1.50. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

The seventh volume of this annual review of current theological discussions has about the same characteristics which have marked the previous issues, and which have made them valuable. It gives a comprehensive outlook as to what has been done in the whole range of sacred learning during the past year. In

its preparation, critical reference has been made to the most recent literature, and while the consideration of new works necessarily is brief, yet enough of the results of the latest investigation is given to make the book of immediate value to the student. While the writers of the various departments are not in sympathy with mere theological novelties, yet nothing is omitted which should have a place in such an annual survey. The necessity of noticing that which seems to be new, and which claims to be better than the old, naturally gives prominence to radical teachings and criticisms, but it is of these things, especially, that the student and pastor desire to be advertised. The discussions cover exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. They present such a summary of that which is agitating the theological world as makes the volume indispensable to the pastor and the student who keep abreast of the times and have an intelligent apprehension of the drift and progress of ideas.

Rambles and Reveries of a Naturalist. By the Rev. William Spiers, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S., etc. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a fine example of science made easy to even unscientific minds. The author describes his holiday rambles amid some of the fairest scenery of Great Britain, and interprets the significance of nature's mysteries and enigmas. In some of the chapters he reads the revelations of the stony pages of the past; in another he describes the marvellous forms of life in a wayside pond; in another he leads us forth star-gazing through the "Tuscan artist's optic tube" into the depths of heaven; in another he peers through a microscope into the world of the infinitely small; and everywhere he discovers the handiwork of the Divine, and looks through nature up to nature's God. We have peculiar pleasure in commending to our readers, especially to our young readers, this admirable volume. The book is well illustrated with cuts which make more clear the teachings of the text.

Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson, with a hitherto unpublished portrait. By Charles J. Woodbury 12 mo., cloth, gilt top, $1.25. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The writer of this book, who had exceptional opportunities for access to and intercourse with Mr. Emerson, has furnished the latter's admirers and lovers of culture generally, a service of the highest value in preparing this faithful record of the poet's opinions, freely and spontaneously expressed in conversations on current thought, literature, philosophy, and criticism; his views as to what knowledge and culture are most worth; and his thoughts about contemporary writers and workers. The book is at once an epitome of his philosophy and a commentary upon the time and society in which he lived.

Practical, Sanitary and Economic Cooking. By Mrs Mary Henman Abil. Prize Essay published by American Health Association.

A good deal of social and economic reform is destined to have its root in the kitchen. Many of the ills of life, physical and moral, spring from poor food and bad cooking. The little book under review is the best statement that we know of, of the scientific facts as to the elements of food composition, the due proportions of blending them and of preparing them for the maintenance of a sound mind in a sound body. We commend the book as a sort of gospel of physical well-being.

Under the Palms and Among the Pimento Groves. By the Rev. Henry Buting. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a graphic story of life in the West Indies, in the old slavery days before the emancipation of the negroes in 1838. It illustrates the triumphs of the Gospel even under

the cruel slavery *regime*, and gives a vivid picture of the abuses of that institution. The touching scenes of Emancipation Day, when Britain achieved one of the greatest glories of her history, are well described. The book has more than a passing interest. It is a sort of Uncle Tom's Cabin of Jamaica it its way. It has a number of graphic illustrations.

The Class Meeting: Its Value to the Church, etc. With Supplement. By Rev. W. H. Thompson, Simpson Johnson, and E. Smith. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 10 cents.

This little book owes its existence to the fact that two laymen offered £50 for the three best essays on the class meeting. In response to the advertisement, 203 essays were sent in from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, West Indies, Australia and China, and out of this vast number three were selected, as in the opinion of the adjudicators, best entitled to the rank in which they are published. Other essays were highly commended.

Mr. Kelly has published the essays in neat book form, containing first-class paper and good type. The book is on a vital subject and deserves a wide circulation. Such a book should always be in great demand. The writers have produced a little brochure which may be of great service to those who may have any doubts respecting the utility of class meetings. Class leaders who desire to make their meetings so attractive that there will be fewer absentees are furnished with useful hints. We cordially recommend the volume.—E. B.

Regeneration: Its Nature, Conditions and Concomitants. By Rev. T. L. Wilkinson.

This pamphlet of 33 pp. 8vo., is a Lecture delivered before the Niagara Conference of 1889, and is well worthy of a place in every theological library. Mr. Wilkinson is a fearless thinker, and is never afraid to avow the courage of his convictions. Through life he has been a hard student, and all his productions, published and oral, largely partake of the analytical. He is a careful reasoner, and cannot take any opinion, no matter by whom expressed, without having subjected it to a critical examination.

The first part of this Lecture is a clear exposition of the subject of Regeneration, and, so far as we can perceive, there is not a sentence that does not harmonize with the Methodist standards. Those who have known Brother Wilkinson only as a controversialist will be delighted to find that he has not forgotten the old landmarks.

Towards the latter part of the Lecture, where the subject of Entire Sanctification is introduced, the writer's views will be regarded as scarcely in harmony with some of the Methodist fathers. Mr. Wilkinson had not sufficient space to write at length on this theme. His positions are well stated and carefully wrought out. While we may not agree with him in every expression, we are glad to have read the Lecture, the circulation of which cannot fail to do good, particularly among our rising ministry.—E. B.

Lessons of Prosperity and other Addresses. Delivered in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds. By Rev. W. L. Watkinson. London: Charles H. Kelly.

This neat little volume contains fifteen discourses, which were delivered at noonday in one of the large manufacturing towns of England. A few of them were delivered in Manchester. The custom of holding brief religious services in some of the large centres of population in England has been adopted with considerable success. Great tact is necessary for such services. The minister needs to be specially qualified, and the topics selected must necessarily be such as will secure attention from busy men.

Mr. Watkinson has been about thirty years in the ministry, and has proved himself eminently qualified to discuss live questions. In this volume he displays extensive reading, and seizes upon passing events and

striking incidents to illustrate his theme. Most of the texts are taken from the Old Testament. The topics are selected from events which are not often used in pulpit themes. Their novelty is attractive, and the terse, perspicuous style of the author could not fail to secure attention. There is no waste of words. Every address is *multum in parvo*, and all abounds with home truths. Such books as these, and some others which Mr. Watkinson has written, are well suited to the present age, and should be circulated widely among busy men who have not time to read more elaborate works.—E. B.

The General Hymnary Tune Book. London: Charles H. Kelley. Toronto: William Briggs.

Every religious revival is accompanied by a special outburst of song. So was it with the Lutheran Reformation. So especially was it with the Wesleyan revival in Great Britain. The present book is the offspring of the revival services of the West London Mission, and a very excellent collection it is. From the unusual metrical forms of many of the revival hymns, a large number of tunes have been expressly written for this book. It is a valuable addition to the hymnody of the churches.

Studies in the Book. By Revere Franklin Weidner. New York: F. W. Revell. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a veritable *multum in parvo*. It contains a series studies on the New Testament prepared by Prof. Weidner, especially for the use of students of the Biblical Institute, Chicago, of which Mr. Moody is President. But it is equally useful to all Bible students. It gives in exceedingly condensed form the principal facts about the Book, its interpretation, its inspiration, its chronology, its doctrines, etc. We would like exceedingly to see this course of study taken up by Epworth Leagues, Bible-classes, and, indeed, by all thoughtful Bible readers. It is interleaved for MS. notes.

Ready for Business, Choosing an Occupation. A series of practical papers for Boys. By George M. Manson. New York: Fowler & Wells. Price 60 cents.

This is a book of excellent practical hints on the advantages, etc., of such professions as engineer, architect, builder, chemist, journalist, merchant, banker, etc. It will give much valuable information to parents and young people on the wise choice of a life-work.

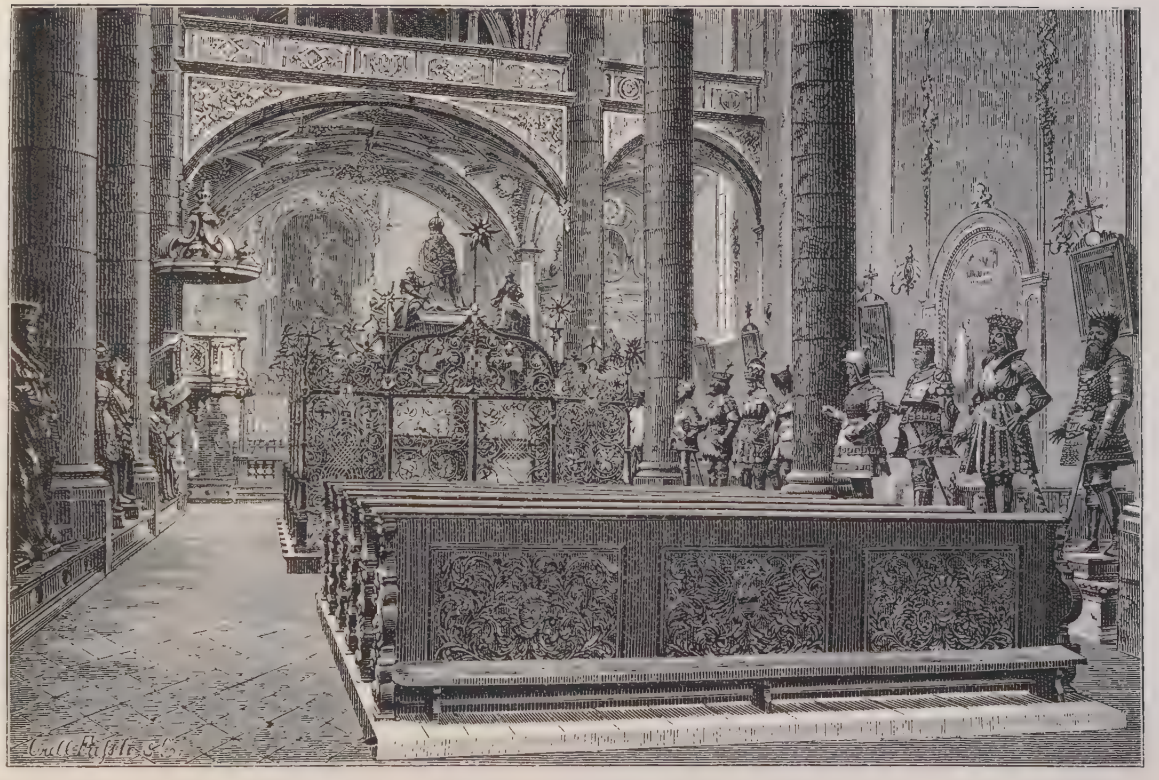
Works by the Rev. H. Harris.

Walks in Paradise.
Stray Beams from the Cross.
Within the Pearly Gates.
Feathers from an Angel's Wing.
Words of Life.
Where He Met with Jesus.

These books are all published by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D. They have had a very large sale, some of them reaching the thirty-first thousand, and have won the high commendation of such competent critics as the late Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh. They are marked by devout piety and religious fervour. They cannot fail to arouse the careless, to inspire and encourage the awakened, and to console the sorrowing. They exhibit remarkable eloquence, a high order of imagination, and great literary skill and good taste. We wish for them a still more extended mission of usefulness.

Miss Kennedy and Her Mother. By Friba. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an interesting story of English life with episodes on the Continent and relations of colonial life in Australia. It gives glimpses of the titled high life which we in Canada know so little about and care less, but which is so attractive to many readers. Like all the issues of the Wesleyan Conference office, the religious tone of the work is excellent and the mechanical get-up is very handsome.



TOMB OF MAXIMILIAN I. HOF KIRCHE, INNSBRUCK.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

October, 1890.

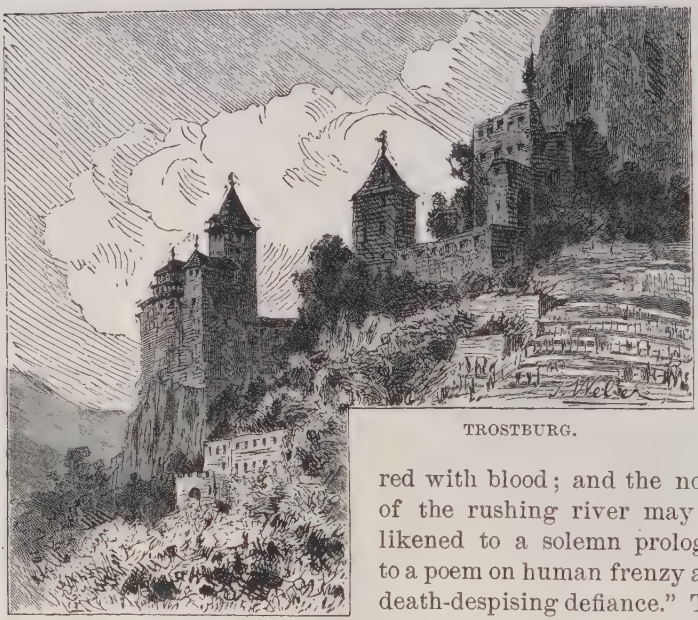
CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

BOTZEN TO INNSBRUCK.

THE FIRE TOWER, INNSBRUCK.

On a blithe summer morning we take train at Botzen —described in our last number—for the ride over the Brenner Pass to Innsbruck. Some of us get possession of an observation car with glass sides, giving fine views of the striking scenery. The road traverses first a seemingly boundless garden of vines, fig and other fruit trees. Soon it enters a wild gorge, known as the Devil's Way, the *Via Mala* of southern Tyrol. Red porphyry cliffs rise on either side, crowned by grim castles, now chiefly ruins. One of these, the Trostburg, a tremendous overhanging pile of cliff-like walls and towers, is shewn in our cut, and near Clausen is a vast benedictine nunnery on a crag 800 feet above the narrow valley. It has been successfully a Rhætian fortress, a Roman castle, an episcopal residence, and a baronial hall. A crucifix on a tower marks were a nun, pursued by the French soldiers, in 1809, flung herself over the cliff and was killed.

The pines and birches remind us that we have left the fig and olive behind. We climb a steep ascent, and crossing a lofty iron viaduct get a good view of the modern granite fortifications of Franzensfeste. It commands the entrances to three valleys and provinces, and would form a formidable obstacle to any hostile army. One of these valleys we enter a stern granite ravine. "Here," says Dr. Noé, "Every foot of earth is a battle-field. To the master of these defiles the way lies open to the south, to him the way to the Illyrian east is open. The gloom of the defile seems like a memory of those days when the Alpine stream ran



TROSTBURG.

red with blood; and the noise of the rushing river may be likened to a solemn prologue to a poem on human frenzy and death-despising defiance." The Eisack brawls ever louder, the din of its waves drowns the roar of the train. Near here was found a huge stone carved with the emblems of the god Mithras, probably a relic of the days when the sun god was worshipped on the "high places" of the Alps. In blasting the rock in this ravine in one day two tons of powder were simultaneously exploded. Still more castles—Thurmburg and Rifinstein, Strasburg and Rapenstein, then the decayed old town Sterzing, once a rich mining town, now fallen into decay. The noise of the hammers has died away, the galleries have fallen in, the banks of ore are overgrown with grass. High over all rises the snowy summit of the Schneeberg. At the mountain hamlet of Gossensass, which means not "Goose-sauce," but "Goths' seat." The railway

makes a long loop, climbing the side flanks of the Pflerscher-Thal valley—fine mouth-filling words around here. From here to Gossensass one may walk in ten minutes; to go by train requires 26 minutes. The ride around this loop is magnificent. What most attracts the eye are the azure clefts of the ice-fields, which we approach on the railway within a distance of five miles in a straight line. Nowhere else in Europe does a railroad approach so near to the eternal ice. As we return to the mouth of the valley, lying far below like a toy village, we get our last look at Gossensass.

Now we cross the summit of the pass at an altitude of 4,485 feet, through a narrow cleft, in which lies a lonely mountain tarn,

THE "GOTH'S SEAT," TYROL HIGHLANDS.

the Brennersee. We now rapidly descend through a wild valley, threading many tunnels and passing many places with such pleasant musical names as Kraxentrager Banerkogl, Pflerscher-pinkl, Kirchdachspitze, Schönjöchl, Gschnitzalth and Mieselkopfp. Under the walls of the vast convent of Wilten we glide and into the fine station of Innsbruck—that is, the "bridge of the river Inn."

We are soon comfortably installed in the Tiroler Hof, the best hotel in the Tyrol, and after lunch sally forth to "do" the town. Innsbruck is the capital of the Tyrol and has 30,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 2000 men. It seems to be situated in a cup the sides of which are the engirdling mountains. The

architectural character of the town is well shown by three contiguous streets. If the Herzog-Friedrich-Strasse with the Stadtplatz and the "Goldnen Dachl" show us the Middle Ages, the Maria Theresien-Strasse bears more the character of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while the Museum-Strasse to the east, with its handsome private houses, reminds us of the prosperity and extension which the town owes to the opening of the great railway. Both customs and costumes are very odd. Fiery little horses dash around with carriages to which they are attached on one side of a central pole in a very lopsided-looking manner. When they stop, the drivers cooly unhitch one trace and thus prevent a runaway. The wide stately modern streets

SUMMIT OF THE BRENNER.

are commonplace enough, but the narrow ancient ones are like a page out of some romance of the Middle Ages. Over the shops are queer signs with elaborate wrought-iron work, representing scarecrow-looking double-headed Austrian eagles with very dishevelled iron wings, and the like. Some of the house-fronts are ornamented with frescoed pictures from top to bottom. Many have great arcades, the sidewalks being under the building (as shown in cut on this page and separated from the street by arches, with huge buttresses. Near our hotel is the beautiful Rudolf's Fountain, commemorating the 500th anniversary of the union of Tyrol with Austria in 1363. The odd-looking structure,

seen in one of the cuts, is the Feuerthurm, or Firetower, with a strange bulbous top. The huge Tyrolese mountain waggons, used for freighting merchandise over the mountains, are of most ponderous build. The wide and beautiful Maria Theresa Street is shown on page 294. The snow-clad mountains seem almost to overhang the town. The monument is surmounted with a statue of the Virgin Mary, erected in honour of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, for this is a thoroughly Roman Catholic city. The Golden Dachl is a now faded gilt copper roof, covering a rich Gothic canopy with flamboyant paintings of the Emperor Maximilian and his two wives, whose effigies we shall see in the Hofkirche, is part of a palace erected in 1425. The tomb

MEDALLION ON MONUMENT TO THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

of the Emperor is one of the most famous monuments in Europe. I have seen nothing anywhere more impressive. In this church, Christina of Sweden, daughter of the Protestant champion Gustavus Adolphus, embraced the Roman Catholic faith, which she disgraced with her infamous life.

In the churches numerous votive-offerings—wax figures of arms, legs and feet—add their corroboration to the testimony that "Maria hat geholfen"—that Mary had helped the sufferer. Theatrical-looking angels in wretched taste surround the altars, and the architectural details are over-laden and meretricious.

I entered the Hof Kirche, or Court Church, through the cloisters in the rear, and found myself in the chancel separated from the nave by an iron screen. Before I observed, in the half light, that she was at prayer, I asked a peasant woman the way into the

church. She immediately sprang from her knees to show me the way, with an eye keenly expectant of a fee, and then went back to her devotions. The roof of the church is supported by very tall Corinthian columns, and its decoration is in the usual poor taste. But we soon forgot this in the presence of the majestic monument of the dead Emperor Maximilian I. The bronze effigy of the Emperor kneels in prayer on a massive marble sarcophagus, with seated figures of the evangelists at the angles. Ranged on

MARIA THERESA STREET, INNSBRUCK.

either side are twenty-eight statues of his heroic ancestors and kinsfolk, in the guise of mourners and torch-bearers. The grave, austere, homely, realistic figures—all over life-size—were wonderfully impressive—the men long-haired, in heavy armour richly decorated, some with visor sternly down; the women with embroidered robes, tall stately statues, the drapery being very severely and simply arranged. The finest figure, that of King Arthur of England, is attributed to the celebrated Peter Vischer, of Nuremberg. It is a heroic young warrior in chain armour

HICHTSEE.

The two wives, the sister, father and grandfather, and more remote kinsfolk of the Emperor keep for evermore their solemn vigil around his tomb; and kneeling among them the poor peasants and market-women, for over three hundred years, have counted their beads and pattered their prayers.

On the sides of the sarcophagus twenty-four exquisite marble reliefs represent the principal events of the Emperor's life—marriage scenes, state pageants, battle pieces, celebrations of victory over the French, the Turk, Bohemians and Venetians, battles and sieges, scenes in camp and court, all crowded with figures, among which that of the Emperor may be recognized in the varying aspects of youth, manhood and age. The conception and execution of this noble monument are equally fine.

THE WILDE KAISER NEAR KUFSTEIN.

To this monument Longfellow refers in his poem on the death of Bayard Taylor:

> "Dead he lay among his books!
> The peace of God was in his looks.
> As the statues in the gloom
> Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
> So those volumes from their shelves
> Watched him, silent as themselves."

Very simple, but scarcely less impressive is the marble effigy of Andreas Hofer, the Tyrolese patriot and hero, who was captured by the French, tried and acquitted by his judges, yet ordered to be shot by Napoleon himself. Above his monument is the glorious watchward, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

In the dusk I wandered alone across the Inn and through the quaint suburbs, and back through the deserted streets—they go to bed very early in Tyrol—and again in the morning took a last mental photograph, as well as laid and bought some souvenirs of the old-world town which I shall never see again.

This souvenir business is, as Cowper says of poetry, "a pleasing toil," especially when, as was the case with most of our party, we had a very limited acquaintance with the language in which we make our purchases. But it is wonderful how far a very little German will go. With "Haben sie?" "Wo ist?" "Gedanke" and a few more words, one can do quite a business on a very small capital.

LIFE.

BY PAMELA VINING YULE.

> Dawn, peaceful, fair, with Morn's first tints alight;
> Flutter of bird-wings; voices, feet astir;
> Toil, girt for effort—Labour's ceaseless whirr—
> Sleep, dreamless 'neath the curtain-folds of Night.
>
> A tiny rill, from caverned darkness sprung;
> A stream, aggressive, deepening, wid'ning still—
> A river singing to each listening hill—
> At home at last, the ocean tides among.
>
> A skiff, afloat upon the treacherous deep,
> Breeze-kissed, wave-rocked, now floating, now at rest,
> Now storm-tossed, struggling bravely toward the West,
> Harbour at last, and winds and waves asleep.
> Such that strange something with all myst'ries rife,
> Uncomprehended, unexplained, called Life.

Brantford, 1890.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

X.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

OFF THE TRACK.

Saturday, July 2nd.—Our train was late, and all were glad when Sydney was at last reached and we found ourselves driving swiftly through crowded streets, to Government House. The afternoon was so fine that I enjoyed a stroll in the gardens—from which there is a lovely view of the harbour—immensely. I had heard so much of it that I had fully expected to be disappointed, but it more than fully realized all my preconceived ideas of its attractions.

After a refreshing night I awoke, and was soon at the window enjoying the lovely view over the harbour. At 10.30 we went on board the steam-launch, and steamed down the harbour towards Watson's Bay. We soon saw the *Sunbeam* lying at anchor in the

little inlet called Watson's Bay. The gig was alongside, and we were speedily on board, and was delighted to see Tom looking so much better.

We returned to the man-of-war steps, close to Government House, where a large crowd had assembled to give us welcome. They formed a little lane for us to pass through, cheering lustily, and smiling and nodding as if they were glad to see us. There was nothing formal or obtrusive about their welcome. It was, in truth, a real, warm, honest greeting from friends across the sea, and it touched both Tom and myself deeply. All such demonstrations invariably give me a choking sensation in my throat, and I was not altogether sorry when we had made our way through the crowd of kindly welcomers and reached the steep pathway leading to Government House.

Monday, July 4th.—I awoke at five, and wrote letters. The doctor would not hear of my going out, as my cold was no better. Lord Carrington, Tom and Mabelle went for a long walk, calling on Cardinal Moran, and paying visits to the picture-gallery, the Anglican cathedral, and other places; and after an early dinner all the party went to the meeting of the Royal Humane Society. I was bitterly disappointed at being unable to attend, and perhaps do something to encourage the friends of the St. John Ambulance Association.

Tuesday, July 5th.—After lunch we started in a carriage-and-four for a long but most delightful drive to the South Head. It was very charming to have the occasional glimpses of the many inlets and creeks of the harbour.

There was a large and pleasant party at dinner, and in the evening an "At home," at which I was interested to meet several Sussex people. The world is very small after all!

Wednesday, July 6th.—I had a busy morning, and at noon went on board the yacht, returning by three o'clock to meet Mr. Montefiore at the large picture-gallery. At eight o'clock I went down to the shore and looked at the Volunteers drilling in the open. They certainly are a splendid body of men, and their drill is quite wonderful. I have never seen such good cutlass drill anywhere, and I have "assisted" at many similar inspections.

Thursday, July 7th.—To-day we called on the Mayor, and were taken all over the fine buildings which are being erected as a memorial of the Centenary of New South Wales. Lord Carrington, Tom, and the remainder of the party went to a shoeblacks' concert, the performers at which had originally been some of the roughest ragamuffins in the city.

Tuesday, July 12th.—At 1.45 some friends came on board the

Sunbeam to lunch, and directly afterwards people began to arrive for an "At home," which lasted until 5 p.m. At five we all went to the Legislative Council and Assembly. We were afterwards shown over the Chambers and their libraries by Sir Henry Parkes. The dining-room was much prettier than that of our own House of Commons. From its balcony there is a magnificent view of Sydney town and harbour. It is the oldest Parliament House south of the Line, having being built early in the century.

Wednesday, July 13th.—I had, as usual, a busy morning, and

SUMMER HILL CREEK.

left at eleven o'clock, with Tom, Mabelle, and Captain Gascoigne, to lunch on board the German man-of-war *Bismarck*. We had to hurry away directly afterwards, to be in time for the meeting which the Governor had kindly convened at Government House in connection with the St. John Ambulance Association. The meeting, held in the drawing-room, was well attended and successful. That over, there was only scant time to rest before an early dinner, after which we went to a meeting of the Geographical Society at the Freemason's Hall, where Mr. Bevan the explorer gave us an interesting account of his fourth and latest voyage to New Guinea.

Thursday, July 14th.—I had a busy morning with Mr. Wright,

working until half-past eleven. Tom had made an appointment to visit the Goodenough's Sailors' Home, but, having a great deal to do on board the *Sunbeam*, he asked me to go on his behalf and meet the manager and the committee of the institution. Mr. Shearston, the manager, seems a perfect enthusiast, and too much cannot be said in praise of his self-denial. He has given up the whole of his private house, except the bedroom and the tiniest little scrap of an office, for the purposes of the Home. They not only take in good characters, but go into the streets at night and pick up sailors, no matter how intoxicated they may be. They put them to bed, and endeavour to send them back to their ships in the morning, so far recovered as to escape reprimand and perhaps dismissal. Captain Hammill and Mr. Bevan lunched with us on board the *Sunbeam*, and later on the yacht was shown to a large number of people. After Lady Carrington's "At home" we had a quiet dinner, after which I did a good deal more work with Mr. Wright.

Friday, July 15th.—An early start had to be made this morning, in order to meet Sir Henry Parkes at the station at nine o'clock. Precisely at nine we left the station in a comfortable saloon carriage, and passing through the suburbs of Sydney, reached Parramatta at 9.30. Conspicuous in the landscape rise the double spires of its handsome church, which is more than a hundred years old. After leaving Parramatta our way still lay through orchards and vineyards, until we reached Seven Hills Grove, commanding a beautiful view. The charm of the landscape was the really Indian blue of the distant hills, from which they derive their name of Blue Mountains. It is not a blue haze, but a vivid blue, with tints varying from darkest indigo to palest cerulean blue; but the colours are everywhere intense, and there are no half-tones. Perhaps one of the most attractive views is that just before reaching Katoomba, nearly 3500 feet above the sea-level. I should have liked to stay for hours.

On our return journey we had to wait nearly half an hour at Blackheath, and as I was not able to walk far, I utilized the time by taking photographs. But no sun-picture can ever give the least idea of this scenery. The noonday had dispersed the mists, and all the delicate details of the more distant landscapes were brought clearly into view. We travelled at a terrible pace, and the sharpness of the curves threatened every moment to send the train off the line. These sudden turns and jerks had the effect of making us all rather uncomfortable. I felt quite sea-sick.

After passing Sir Alfred Stephen's magnificent place we reached Falconberg, and by this time I felt so tired that I was truly glad

of my carrying-chair. I do not think I could have walked even the short distance between the station and the house. Arrived there, I was obliged to ask leave to lie down, instead of going to see the beautiful fern-glens with the rest of the party. It was a great disappointment. I was able, however, to enjoy the lovely distant view from the veranda, as well as the closer view of the rocky sandstone cliffs and fern-clad gullies; and I could hear the mocking note of the rarely seen lyre-bird, the curious cachinnation of the laughing jackass, and the occasional distant note of the bell-bird. Even this brief rest amidst these pleasant surroundings refreshed me greatly,

KATOOMBA.

and I felt much better when later on we resumed our journey. The engine-driver was told to go slowly round the sharp curves.

and we were spared a repetition of the unpleasant experience of the morning. We arrived in Sydney a little after six, feeling much indebted to Sir Henry Parkes for his great kindness.

There was no time to think of rest, for I had to dress immediately and go with Tom to the Ambulance meeting at the town hall. It was a very good one, and afterwards the committee of the Williamstown and Port Melbourne Sailors' Home presented me with a testimonial, in order, as they said, to express their gatitude for what we have been able to do for them.

Saturday, July 16th.—I awoke feeling so tired that Dr. Hoffmeister made me remain in bed till the middle of the day in order to keep quiet, though I contrived to get through much work with pen and pencil.

Lunch was ordered early, and a little after two we went on board the yacht to receive the ladies of the Wollahra centre of the St. John Ambulance Association, to whom, according to previous arrangement, I presented certificates. At half-past three the contractors came on board with their wives and lady friends, and were soon followed by the members of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club and their friends. The boys' band from the *Vernon* played extremely well during the afternoon, the lively music and brilliant sunshine adding cheerfulness to the proceedings. When the general company had left, the boys had a hearty meal of tea and cake, and were delighted with being shown over the yacht.

Tom and I were obliged to hurry away at half-past four, in order to see the Naval Brigade at exercise, under the command of Captain Hixon. Their drilling and marching past were admirable, as were also their volley and file firing; while the rapidity with which they formed into rallying squares to resist cavalry was really marvellous. Towards the close of the proceedings it was growing dusk, and the bright-coloured tongues of flame from the rifles showed sharply against the dark blue sky. Tom presented the medals to the men and made them a speech; and after all was over we returned to Government House.

Sunday, July 17th.—Tom and Mabelle went on board H.M.S. *Nelson* at 10.30 a.m. for church-service. The day turned out so lovely that I was persuaded to go round the Botanical Gardens in a bath-chair. What seemed so puzzling in this climate is the existence of tropical, semi-tropical, and temperate plants side by side.

In the afternoon I had intended to go to the cathedral with Lady Carrington, but felt so unwell that I was obliged to lie down for a time, and then sit in the sun and try to recruit. I had, however, to go to bed at five; but I made an effort and got up

again at seven, in order to appear at our last dinner at this charming house, where we have spent so many happy days and received so much kindness. After dinner we had a long talk over new and old times, and all felt quite sad at the prospect of the inevitable parting which must come to-morrow.

Monday, July 18th.—Lovely sunrise—the last we shall see, alas! in this beautiful place. Very busy; rather a worrying morning; so much to settle and arrange. Went off to the *Sunbeam*, feeling quite sad that the moment of departure had at last arrived. The Admiral came on board the *Sunbeam* at the last moment, bringing some violets as a farewell offering. Sailed slowly away, and gradually lost sight of the Heads in the darkness.

COOK'S MONUMENT, BOTANY BAY.

Tuesday, July 19th.—At half-past twelve Tom came below to announce our arrival off the port of Newcastle. Our head was then put off the land, and we hove to, to wait for the tug. It was a change from pleasantly gliding along through the water at a speed of nine or ten knots an hour to a nasty pitching motion which made us all very wretched. Everything began to roll and tumble about in a most tiresome manner; doors commenced to bang, glasses to smash, books to tumble out of their shelves, and their was a general upset of the usually peaceful equilibrium of the yacht. So unpleasant was this, that I suggested to Tom that, instead of waiting outside for the reception tug, that we should get up steam and go into harbour at daylight so as to have a few hours' rest. This we did, and glided into the harbour precisely

at 5.30 a.m., anchoring just off the railway pier, and quite taking the good people of Newcastle by surprise.

Everybody was most kindly anxious to show us everything there was to be seen, but Tom thought the lengthy programme would be too much for my strength. At half-past ten the Mayor and Corporation came on board to give us a cordial welcome and present an address. At 11.15 we embarked in two steam launches and went up the harbour, which looked gay and beautiful, the port being crowded with shipping.

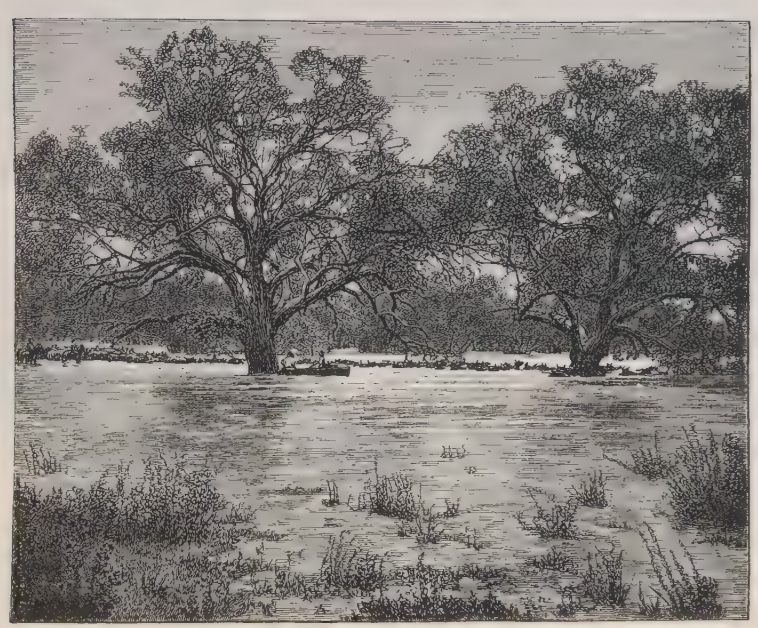
Our first visit was to the hydraulic cranes, by which a ship can take in a thousand tons of coal in ten hours. From the cranes we went a little farther up the harbour, to the landing-place, where a dense crowd eagerly awaited us. Carriages were in readiness, but Tom rather upset the plans by his usual wish to walk instead of going in state in a coach. I fear he severely tried the lungs and legs of his entertainers by taking them at a brisk pace up a steep hill to the high-level reservoir. As soon as I got into the carriage a basket of fragrant violets was given to me by the school children of Lampton, one of the collier townships in the neighbourhood. We drove past the reserve and up to the reservoir, from which there is a fine view of the town and surrounding country.

After leaving the reservoir we drove through another quarter of the town. Every house had at its door a smiling group of people, who greeted us warmly. Leaving the town, we went on to Nobby Head. The position is fortified and garrisoned with a company of the Permanent force. Though it was comparatively calm to-day, the waves rolled in with great force; and it is said that in bad weather the sea is perfectly frightful. Just inside the Heads, not thirty yards from the shore, a small black buoy marks the spot where a steamer went down with every soul on board, not only in sight of land, but actually in port.

On leaving the fort we drove to Mr. Black's wool-shed, where the various processes of dumping and preparing the wool for shipment were explained to us. It is wonderful to see how the bulk of a bale can be reduced by hydraulic presure. Having partaken of their hospitable entertainment, we were conducted by our kind hosts into a train which was waiting, literally, at the door of the shed, and were taken off to the Newcastle Colliery Company's Works.

As soon as we cleared the suburbs the country became very pretty, and the place where we left the train, to descend the coal-mine, was really quite romantic, and entirely different to what one sees in the Black Country at home. There were several

charmingly designed triumphal arches for us to pass under, all made of semi-tropical flowers and palms. Some of the party got into the cage, and descended 400 or 500 feet into the bowels of the earth. A few of the ladies declared they felt nervous; but there was really nothing to make them so except the total darkness. Arrived at the bottom, we found many miners with candles stuck in the front of their hats, and carrying lamps of the simplest construction—a piece of waste stuck into the spout of an ordinary can filled with what is called China oil (a decoction of mutton fat)—waiting to light us on our darksome path. Several trucks were



CATTLE CROSSING THE DARLING RIVER.

ready perpared, into one of which I got with the children, and we started, a large and merry party. On our way in we met all the miners coming out, for they leave of work at 3.30 in order to be at the pit's mouth at four, only working eight hours a day.

All mines bear a greater or less resemblance to each other, whether they contain black diamonds, like the one in which we then found ourselves, white diamonds, gold, silver, tin, copper, gypsum, or any other mineral. There is the same descent in a cage, the same walk through workings—higher or lower, as the case may be—or ride in a trolly or truck along lightly-laid rails, and the same universal darkness, griminess, and sloppiness about

the whole affair, which render a visit, however interesting, somewhat of an undertaking. Thousands, not to say millions, of cockroaches of portentous size enlivened if they did not add to the pleasure of the walk. We passed a great many horses, in good condition, going back to their stables for the night. They are, it is said, very happy down in the pit; so much so, that when during the Jubilee they were taken up for three days' holiday, there was the greatest difficulty in preventing them from returning to the pit's mouth, at which men had to be stationed to drive them back, for fear they might try to put themselves into the cage and so tumble down the shaft. Horses very quickly adapt themselves to circumstances; and I dare say the garish light of day was painful to their eyes, and that they were anxious to return from the cold on the surface of the ground to the even temperature of 80° in the pit.

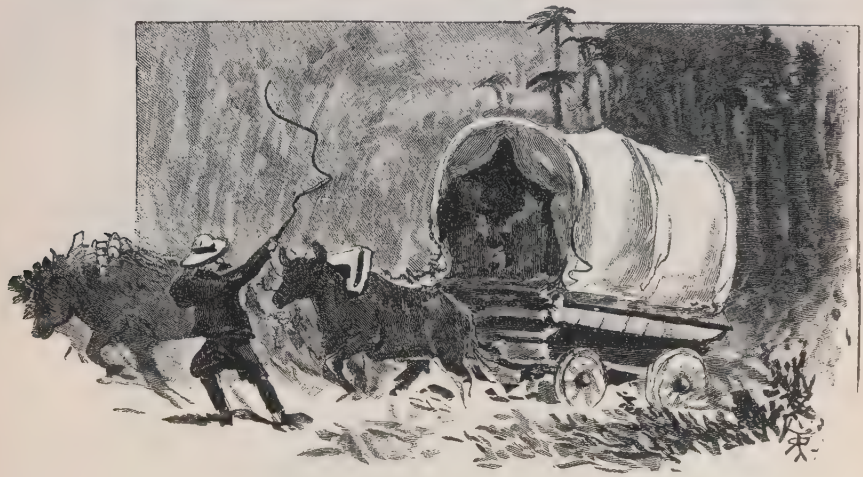
Our walk was a long and weary one, and I felt thankful when we approached the pit's mouth and could breathe cooler and purer air. Our hosts were anxious that I should go a little farther; but I could not do so, and sank down in a chair to rest. At the pit's mouth crowds of women and children had assembled to see us, and a little farther off a train was drawn up, filled by ladies and gentlemen who had preferred to wander about park-like glades, while their more energetic friends had made the descent into the coal-mine. The united party—numbering, I should think, nearly one hundred—next proceeded on board the *Sunbeam*, for a very late five o'clock tea and a hasty inspection of the vessel. At an early hour I retired to rest, utterly worn out.

Wednesday, July 20th.—Contrary to my usual habit of awaking between four and five o'clock, I was sound asleep when tea was brought at five a.m.; and I should dearly have liked to have slept for two or three hours longer, so completely was I exhausted by yesterday's hard work. But it could not be; and after a cup of tea, and a little chat over future plans, I set to work sorting papers, and putting names in books, to be given to our kind hosts of yesterday, in remembrance of our visit. At 7.15 we entered the boat which was waiting alongside, and proceeded to the shore, Tom, as usual, pulling an oar. The line from Armadale to Tenterfield is the highest in Australia, and is considered a good piece of engineering work.

Thursday, July 21st.—The train reached Tenterfield about one o'clock this morning, and we drove straight to the Commercial Hotel, where we found comfortable rooms and blazing fires. Soon after eleven came Mr. Walker, of Tenterfield, who had kindly called to show us everything worth seeing in the township near

his station. His is a large holding, even for Australia, 300 square miles in extent, and stretching fourteen miles in one direction and eighteen in another.

The township of Tenterfield, like all new Australian towns, is laid out in square blocks, with corrugated iron houses, and various places of worship for different denominations. Mr. Walker has about 70,000 head of cattle usually, and from 50,000 to 100,000 sheep, but his stock is somewhat reduced this year on account of the long drought. We took a few photographs, and should have taken more had not the focussing-glass of the camera got broken. Then we drove back into the town, and, I think, round almost every street, and saw all the public buildings, which are indeed creditable to such a new and rising township.



GERMAN WAGGON.

Friday, July 22nd.—In spite of the strict injunctions we had received to be punctual at seven o'clock, it was 7.15 before the train started. We passed through a pretty but barren country, and reached Warrangarra, on the frontier, in about three-quarters of an hour. There I saw the most extraordinary-looking coaches, dating, I should think, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, with enormous reflecting-lamps, which produced a curious effect in the day, but doubtless are useful for bush-travelling at night. No sooner had we alighted from the train than—I cannot say to my surprise, for familiar faces are always turning up in unexpected places—the grandson of an old wheelwright at Catsfield came to speak to me, inquiring first after our family and then after his own belongings at home. I was able to give him good news, and

to tell him of the alterations going on at Normanhurst, where he had worked for a long time. He had been out here four years, and did very well until last year, when times became so bad. He consulted me about taking the advice of his relations and going home. I told him I thought it would be a great pity to do so at present. Working-men in the colonies have a good time if they can only keep sober and are honest and industrious. Indeed, those in the Old Country can scarcely form an idea of how superior the working-man's condition is out here. Of course, there are are quite as many ne'er-do-weels here as in the Old Country, and I fear that the policy of the Government rather encourages this class, and that there is trouble in store in the near future. The so-called unemployed are mostly utter loafers, who will not give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. They refuse to work for less than eight shillings a day, and many of them if offered work at that price only dawdle about for a few hours and do really nothing.

At Warrangarra Station we left the train and stepped through the rail fence which divides New South Wales from Queensland. A walk of about two hundred yards brought us to the Queensland train, where we found a comfortable carriage prepared for our reception. We went on climbing up till we reached Thulunbah, upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. This extensive table-land looks something like the prairies of South America, only with more trees and fewer undulations. The occasional fires we met with on our way heightened the resemblance.

From Tawoomba the railway rapidly descends, dropping as much as 1300 feet in ten miles. The scenery somewhat resembles that of the Blue Mountains, and is even more beautiful. The exquisite effects produced by the waning daylight lent a peculiar charm to this landscape. I caught a severe cold on my arrival at Brisbane, and have been in bed for three days. I have, therefore, nothing to chronicle.

Monday, July 25th.—In the afternoon drove to "One-tree Hill," a richly-wooded height, commanding a splendid view of Brisbane, and of the far-extending range of mountains running parallel with the coast. On our return to Government House the horses bolted, the carriage was smashed to pieces, one of the horses was fearfully injured, and we had a narrow escape from a fatal accident.

Wednesday, July 27th.—We all rose early and started by the 9.30 train through a pretty country for about an hour, to Ipswich, an important town. On reaching the station we were received by a number of school children, who sang "God save the Queen,"

and then presented Mabelle and me each with a lovely bouquet. Marburg is an interesting German settlement, formed in the last twenty years. The settlers have, by the most laborious efforts, cut down the dense scrub with which this part of the country

TURPENTINE TREE.

was covered. Their frugality, their patience under many privations, and their industry have been rewarded. They grow maize, sugar, tobacco, and vegetables, but their cattle seem to be the most thriving and successful part of their business. On the whole, it

may be said that Queensland is far more adapted to be a pastoral than an agricultural country.

But our adventures were not over for the day. In going down a steep hill our driver did not allow quite enough room, and caught the back of one of the long low German waggons which are used in this district. The hind wheels came off, and a woman and child who were seated in the waggon were thrown into the road, shrieking and screaming. Fortunately they proved to be more frightened than hurt, and the waggon having been repaired, and the child and its mother comforted with pictures and sugar-plums which I happened to have with me, they went on their way.

Saturday, July 30th.—At 5 a.m. we dropped anchor in Keppel Bay, but had to wait for the tide to rise. We landed in the course of the morning and made quite a large party. We found a convenient little landing-place, and looked over the telegraph station and post office, which are mainly managed by the wife of the signalman, Aird, an honest Scotchman, who knew me from my books, and was very anxious to give us a real hearty welcome to his comfortable little house. In the afternoon, all the inhabitants of the station came on board to see the yacht of which they had read and heard so much, and which they were glad to see, as they said, "with their own eyes."

LOSS AND GAIN.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
  Its light no more the country-side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold! the east grew red
    With morning.

I sighed that merry spring was forced to go,
  And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!
    'Twas summer.

Half broken-hearted, I bewailed the end
  Of friendships, than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend,
    And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
  Only that something better may be given,
Until at last we find this earth exchanged
    For heaven.

ARAB CHIEF.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

AT HOME IN DAMASCUS.

At home in Damascus! How strange it seems to-day, amid the common-place and familiar circumstances of my every-day work in this prosaic west, to think that I was ever, in veritable fact at home, in the far-off and famous Oriental city. How curiously, sometimes, as I thread the monotonous throngs in the streets of my own little busy town, the thought comes sharply to my mind of far other scenes, of crowds brilliant in all the variegated vestures of the picturesque East; of architecture, quaint and unfamilar, of mosque or khan; of narrow streets, and darker archways, and crooked bye-lanes, and of all the strange delightful medley of sight and sound which gives to eastern travel its peculiar charm. What wonder-working magicians, after all, are the steamship and the railway, making good the boast of fairy Puck, and girdling this round earth with a cincture which annihilates space, and is going far to steal a march on time. Like a dream, indeed, but yet a dream that was once a delightful reality, is that sojourn of a week in the home of my dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, in the very heart of the old city; giving me at once the opportunity of seeing its many-sided life as ordinary tourists never could have, and of studying from close and personal observation the influence and value of missionary work, and especially of the work of a medical missionary—for the doctor belongs to the Edinburgh Medical Mission—among, perhaps, the most fanatical of Mohammedan populations.

It was about six o'clock in the evening of a glorious day that my friend M. and I drove up to the terminus of the French Diligence Company at Damascus, after the long, hot and dusty journey from Beyrout, whither, a week before, we had gone with our party. From four in the morning we had been travelling, with just a halt for lunch at noon, first up the long, winding road to the summit pass of Lebanon; then down the slope to the valley of Buka'a, and across its fertile level to the foothills of Anti-Lebanon; then up through the romantic passes, till we finally emerged from them to see before us the wide-spread plain of Damascus, and shortly to reach the end of our toilsome journey, just within its walls. It had been a weary day, for the road was very dusty, the sun excessively hot, and the wind high, and my friend ter-

ribly weak and nerveless from a bad attack of the *mal du pays*. Fortunately for us both, by a rare good chance, or more fittingly, good Providence, we had made the journey, not as we had expected in the close *coupé* of the lumbering diligence, but in the pleasant-covered waggon of some one of the road officials, which was being forwarded to Damascus.

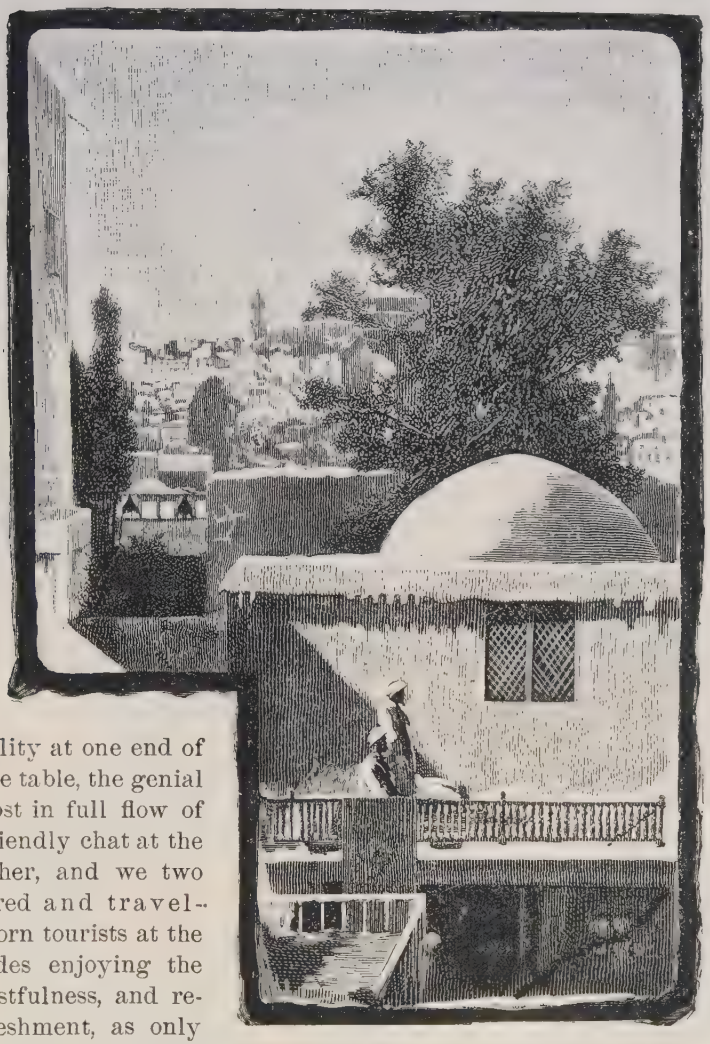
Arrived at the terminus, we were not long in transferring ourselves and our belongings to a carriage, and in a few minutes were rattling through the crowded and crooked thoroughfares of the city toward our host's hospitable home. Across the open square, down the dusk-arched passages of the Derb-el-Muskatim, and by many a sharp turn and devious lane, we arrived at length at our friend's house. House, did I say? How little that brings home to English minds the blank windowless wall, with its narrow door, at which the carriage finally halted. I had better, perhaps, describe the place *en detail*, for one Damascus house described, will, in its generalities at least, accurately describe every other.

The door in the blank wall which faces the street opens into a narrow passage leading into a square enclosure, around which the house is built. This square, in the centre of which is a large fountain, its basin constantly full of water, is bright with sunlight, and fresh with the vivid green of pot-plants around the fountain, and of trees growing here and there in the angles of the square. This open square is the breathing apparatus—the lungs of the house. On it the doors and windows open, and the arched *lewan*, or alcove, which is always formed at one side, makes a delightfully cool and shady retreat. These features, the dull, inhospitable outer wall, the narrow passage-way, the central open court, the fountain, and the *lewan* are common to every Damascene house of the better class; and nothing can be more marked than the abrupt transition from the forbidding barrenness of the outside, to the cheery brightness of the court, and the comfort and elegance, and in some instances, splendour of the interior appointments. I remember one house which we visited, in the Jewish quarter, shabby and ugly enough on the outside, where we were ushered into a room adorned with elaborate decorations in white marble, marble paved, and with a fountain in its centre held up by marble lions, bizarre, perhaps to western taste in some of its details, but evincing a most lavish outlay of art and wealth. It was said to have cost £10,000 sterling, that one room!

What a real English welcome greeted M. and I as we entered the court of our friend's house that evening. How thoroughly English and home-like, the tea-table with its delicate china and

ORIENTAL STREET.

silver, its spotless damask, its fragrant and cheering infusion, its dainty slices of bread and butter, and crystal dish of preserves! What an oasis in the desert of Orientalism, this exquisite bit of Western home-life, the fair hostess dispensing charming hospitality at one end of the table, the genial host in full flow of friendly chat at the other, and we two tired and travel-worn tourists at the sides enjoying the restfulness, and refreshment, as only tired travellers far from home could ever do. True, Yuseef the smiling, silent Armenian servant-of-all-work, gliding about in his flowery *kumbaz* and bright red *tarboosh* was thoroughly Oriental, but he was at least evenly balanced by Skye, the Scotch pointer-dog, whose gentlemanly



ROOF OF AN EASTERN HOUSE.

demeanour, and evident good standing with host and hostess, proclaimed his western birth in as unmistakable English, as did his wistful eye and his wagging tail.

We can never forget that wonderful week, M. and I, when we roamed at large the labyrinthine streets, under the doctor's guidance, introduced to many a strange phase of Oriental life and character; when we bought at the bazaars, secure from the rapacity of the venerable-looking merchants, and peeped into the homes where we saw the realities of eastern life as these realities are. Our visits to the dispensary, too, where the good doctor places his skill day after day at the disposal of the poor diseased creatures of every sect, with patient, gentle, Christian skill and pains, examining, operating, advising and prescribing as occasion requires. Scores and scores of poor sufferers of both sexes and all ages flock to receive treatment from the good Christian *hakim*. I have photographed large groups of these strangely picturesque and pathetic groups indeed, as they waited in the dipensary court for their turn to see the doctor. What a Christ-like work is this medical mission work, how strongly must it recommend the Great Physician and His followers to those who have such evident and tangible proof of the kindness and unselfishness which the Christian religion evokes, and how telling the contrast between the gratuitous kindness of the Christian missionary and the harsh indifference of their compatriots and co-religionists and the grinding rapacity of their Turkish masters. Very touching was it to hear that one of the names given to the doctor as he paid his kindly visits was *Abou Fakhra*, the Father of the Poor.

But remember, my gentle reader, that all this work, gratuitous and unspeakably appreciated by the people as it is, is done sorely against the will, and, indeed, in direct resistance to incessant opposition from the Turkish authorities. Every stone they can place in the way, they put there, every petty annoyance and worrying hindrance they can devise they industriously apply, every check they can give the work they eagerly watch for and use. The work is widespread and beneficent in spite of them, but only because the doctor maintains his rights as an English subject, and refuses to obey orders except from the highest quarters and officially made known to him.

It is the same in Syria generally, and I presume throughout all Turkdom, schools are closed, churches hampered, medical missionaries prohibited from doing their work, and preachers silenced, if the authorities can do it by any possible means, or with even the flimsiest excuse. But, thank God, the light shines; and in Damascus, certainly, it shines in a very dark place. Nevertheless, the

AN ORIENTAL CAFE.

old fanatical city is quite a centre of missionary operations. The great Presbyterian Church has long had a cause there—one of its missionaries died a martyr's death in the outbreak of 1860—and a native church and a flourishing school under their management attest the practical value and success of their work. All honour to the noble men and women who have given their lives and their life's labour to the mission-work of the East. 'Tis but a little leaven now, and it is "hidden" indeed, in the midst of its difficult and resisting surroundings; but it is working, and its work is telling and must tell more and more upon the insensate and fanatical peoples among whom the hand of God has placed it.

The time would fail me to tell of all the varied interests and employments of that most eventful week, and of our pleasant intercourse with the missionary circle at Damascus. One evening—and a scene comes up very vividly as I write—the doctor had received a lamb from a grateful Bedouin chief as an acknowledgment of medical service rendered him or his, and this lamb our host decided to "sacrifice on the shrine of hospitality," and have a feast in true Oriental fashion. Behold us, then, in the *lewan* on the last evening of our stay, a merry party, partly English, partly native, seated *a l'Arabe* around a *skimleh* on which smoked the aforesaid lamb roasted whole, and garnished with the *entremets* appropriate. A merry party truly, and withal a typical one, made up from diverse lands, and clad in diverse garbs.

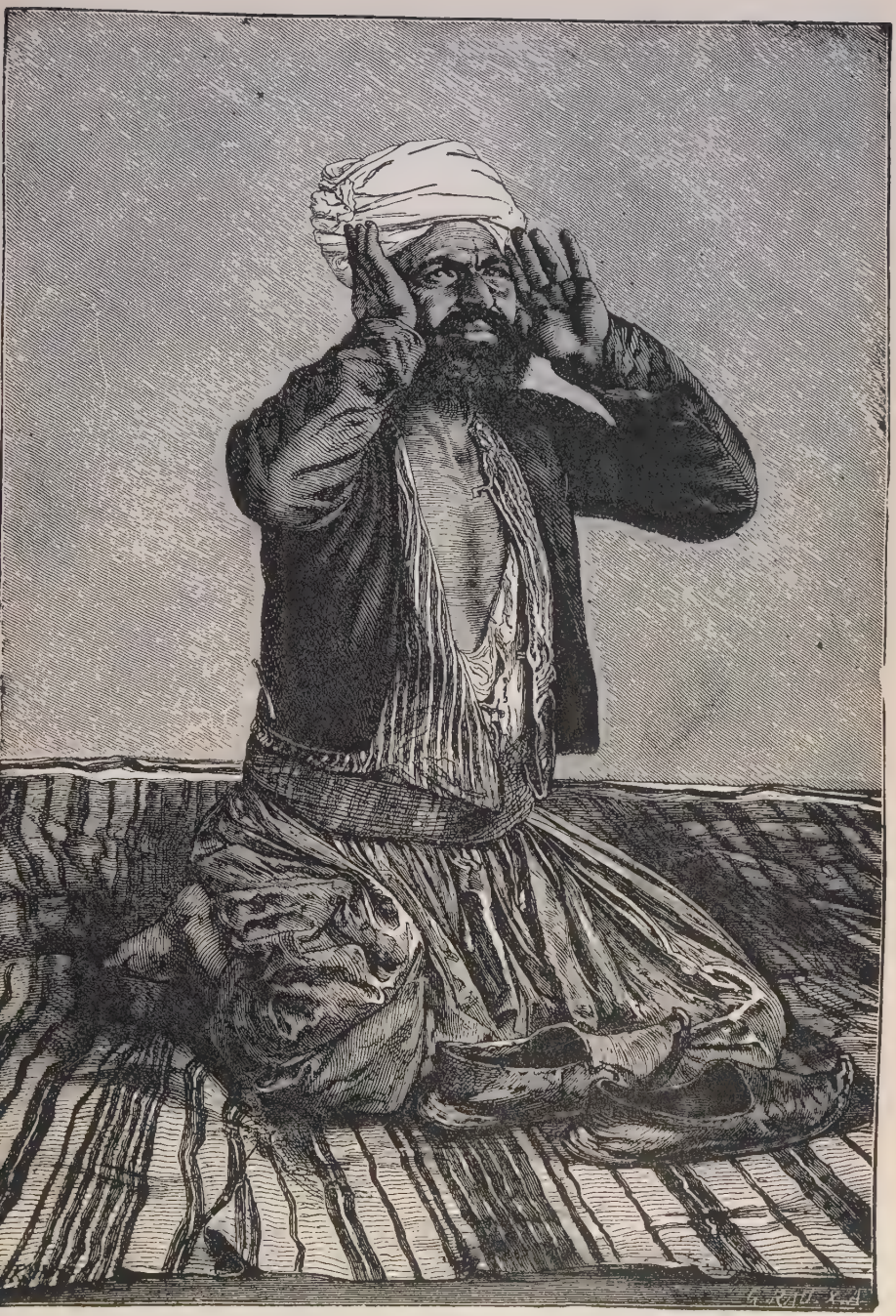
One of the number, and one of the brightest, was Dr. Selim, a young Syrian gentleman, educated in Edinburgh, handsome, skilful, brilliant, a noble man and Christian, the hope of his race, full of promise of years and usefulness and honour. Alas, within two years he was no more, drowned while bathing in the Sea of Galilee, and once more was manifested the inscrutable providence of God, who "buries His workmen but carries on His work."

While we were at Damascus, a famous and extraordinary religious festival took place at Katana, a large village some miles from the city. This festival is called the Doseh, and consists of a great procession, in the course of which devotees throw themselves upon the ground, that a high ecclesiastical dignitary, a religious sheikh, may walk or ride over their prostrate forms. It does not often take place, and, indeed, has been attended with such danger that the riding has been prohibited by Government. It is a very popular festival and very largely attended, and great enthusiasm and excitement prevails whenever it has been decided to hold one. To see a Doseh is, therefore, something that falls to the lot

of few travellers, and we were proportionately delighted when we found that an opportunity of seeing and possibly of photographing this unique spectacle would be extended to us.

There lives in Damascus an English officer in the Turkish army, a surgeon-in-chief, holding the rank of colonel and the title of Bey. He is a gentleman of good family, a nephew of the present Bishop of London, and having spent most of his life in the Turkish service and for many years as surgeon in attendance upon the harem of the Sultan at Constantinople, has a vast knowledge of the inner life of the court and the country, and a good deal of personal and official influence, Christian though he is, among his Moslem fellow-citizens. He is also married to a Syrian lady, and more closely identified with the people and country on that account. Our host and hostess had been invited to Katana for the Doseh, by this gentleman, and when he learned that we were in Damascus, the invitation was most kindly made to include us.

It was a glorious afternoon in the end of April—but, indeed, they are all glorious days out there at that season of the year—that we drove out to Katana. The Bey, our host, drove with us in the landau, the doctor and Rev. Mr. Phillips were riding. The large village of Katana, our destination, lies some ten miles from Damascus, and the drive out over the rich plain, with Hermon in full view before us, was most enjoyable. Arrived, we were shown our quarters for the night in a native house, and then escorted to the home of a friend of our host for supper. Such a strange "going out to tea" I had never before experienced. We were seated somewhat tailor-fashion, around a *skimleh*, or native table, on which a huge round tray was placed. The *piece de resistance* was a kid seethed in milk, which proved most excellent eating, and the accompanying dishes of farinaceous compounds and sweetmeats were mysterious in composition, but very pleasant to the taste. Fingers were largely used, and every one was welcome to help himself from the common dish. Our entertainer did not sit with us, but vied with the servants in giving us attention. At the close of the meal a servant, with basins and towel, made a circuit of the table, pouring water on our hands from a brazen ewer, as we washed them over the basin. Afterwards we reclined on the divans in the other apartment, and narghilehs and coffee were passed round. We were in the house of the treasurer of the village, an important official, seeing that some £30,000 sterling of taxes annually passed through his hands. A visitor was announced, a little dapper, dark-visaged Turk, as Rhiza Effendi, the secretary of the village, and a very pressing invitation to dine with him on



MOSLEM AT PRAYER.

the morrow was tendered to us, though our friend the Bey seemed, in true English fashion, to stand upon his official dignity and keep the little Turk at arm's length. In a half-hour or so, after conversation in Arabic and Turkish, in which we were anything but intelligent listeners, we made our salaams and took our leave. I must not stop to tell how we were lodged for the night, the doctor and his good lady having a room with a bedstead in it, and we three, the missionary, M. and myself in another room with rugs and quilts spread upon the floor. We were not by any means, however, the only occupants of the room, and it needed the liberal sprinkling of a quantity of Keating's insect powder to ensure us the hope of a night's rest. We did sleep though, and sleep well, till the entrance of the owner of the house in the early morning awoke us to the light of what was to prove a most eventful day.

In order to assure us liberty and protection to photograph, as we were most anxious to do, the great religious procession, the Bey concluded to come down a little in condescension to local officialdom, and pay a formal visit, with his English friends, to the District Governor, the *Kaima Kam*. Up a narrow and rickety stairway we were accordingly ushered into that magnate's reception room, a very bare and dingy apartment, furnished with a shabby couch, and at one end an old arm chair. In a few moments the Governor made his appearance. He was a tall, spare, elderly man, with a not unpleasing, though inscrutable countenance, and was clad in a long coat of black cloth, reaching nearly to his heels and trimmed with fur. After the usual salutations and courtesies, he conversed very affably with the Bey and the doctor, and willingly accorded permission for us to photograph the procession, provided he was presented with copies of the pictures. Coffee having been served, we took our leave, the Governor, with great respect, descending the stairs with us and inviting us to go and see his garden, where we found a group of Turkish officials gambling at some native game under the trees.

We next paid a visit to Rhiza Effendi, with whom we were invited to dine, and here, in compliment to the lady of our party, the wife of our host came into the room. Closely veiled, and paying no more attention to us than if we were not there, she came in and seated herself, with her back toward us, close to the lady with whom she exchanged a few words. We, of course, equally ignored her presence, as it would have been the greatest possible insult to her and to her husband to address her or evince the smallest token of interest in her existence.

Thence we passed on to take up our position with our cameras on the flat roof of a house on the outskirts of the village over-

looking a wide, open space, along which the procession would pass. I shall never forget that morning, as we stood for, I suppose, nearly two hours on the roof in that burning sun, afraid to leave it for a moment, lest in that moment we should miss our opportunity, and withal, somewhat nervous as to the effect our appearance and our instruments would have upon the mob of fanatics we were expecting to photograph, yet keenly anxious for them to make their appearance. Beside us were the Bey in his Turkish uniform, the owner of the house, and two or three other natives.

EASTERN HOME LIFE.

Before us, knots of people were gathering, waiting, like ourselves, for the first sound of the advancing procession. At length we heard them, the beating of drums, the wild chorus of song, the hum and tramp of the crowd, and a few moments more they came in sight around an angle. What a sight it was. Great green silken banners headed the procession, then came ranks of dervishes half naked, panting with frenzy, pressing drawn swords against their bare breasts, tossing up nails in the air and catching them in their mouths; then a lot of wild musicians with drums and cymbals, and all about and around, a vast crowd of all ages, dressed in holiday attire in the many hues and fashions of Eastern

garb—an everchanging kaleidoscopic picture impossible of adequate description.

On they came, and close beneath the house they marched, the drums beating, the dervishes panting and posturing, the people shouting in great excitement. A thousand eyes were fixed upon us, a thousand faces were upturned to where we stood at our instruments. The wild multitute made a halt of a moment or two right in front of us, and then passed on a few yards more into the open, so that their backs were towards us. Here the Doseh, the culmination of the interest of the day, took place. Numbers of devotees threw themselves flat upon their faces, and over them the religious skeikh began to walk. Then in a few minutes more the procession wound around a corner and dispersed, and the strange scene was over. But memory, aided by the pictures my friend was fortunate enough to secure (my own were unsuccessful, through a defect in my camera), retains most vividly that extraordinary experience, and makes it easy to live over again its unique excitement and interest. Never can I forget that sunny morning, with Hermon strangely near in the brilliant atmosphere, with the storied plains of Damascus for a landscape, and with that wonderful panorama of wild, frenzied processionists, and its attendant crowds of onlookers and participants, so varied of feature and garb, so essentially oriental of character and creed.

It was getting to be pretty near time for Rhiza Effendi's dinner to be ready, and we somewhat impatiently waited for tidings from the little secretary. At length, we were invited to come to where, in a pleasant garden, shaded from the hot sun, the feast had been spread. A lamb, roasted whole and filled with savoury dressing, was the principal dish, and the portions were served out by the Bey, who presided at the meal, and received upon the thin flat cakes of native bread which served well enough for plates. Rice and other farinaceous compounds served as side dishes, and the usual sweetmeats followed. The food was excellent and the meal most enjoyable, our little Moslen host entering into the duties of hospitality with amazing gusto and eagerly doing everything he could think of for the pleasure and satisfaction of his guests.

It was near sunset as we drove away from Katana, the Bey and his good wife remaining behind, and giving us a hearty good-bye. Passing through the fields, as we drove toward Damascus, I saw a Moslem kneeling alone in the sunset, at prayer—all alone, without thought of other eye or ear but God's—and who shall say that that Eye did not watch him lovingly, and that that Ear did not hear with tender pity the prayer of His ignorant but earnest child? And so, on to Damascus we drove, in the fast-gathering darkness, with the blaze of Eastern starlight in the sky, and the

twinkling lights from distant villages showing here and there over the plain, chatting of the day's wonderful experience, and glad of the anticipated rest and quiet of our Christian home in the midst of the famous and fanatical city. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of two of the most peculiar notabilities of Damascus. One of these was the Bedouin Sheikh Miguel, or as they call it, Mijuel, for many years the chief guide and head escort of travellers to Palmyra. Interest in him centres in the fact that, Bedouin as he is, he won the heart and hand of an English lady of position and wealth. It seems that in his palmy days, as a handsome, daring, chivalrous young chieftain, this lady, whom he was escorting on her journey, fell grievously ill, and Mijuel nursed her through her illness with such kindness, courtesy and success, that she fell in love with him and married him. For a considerable time they lived together in an elaborately decorated house in Damascus. She has now been dead for some years, and the sheikh has married again, this time one of his own country-women, a great contrast, doubtless, to his English wife.

We called on the old man, and were received, of course, with great courtesy and hospitality. He is a tall, spare man, with strongly-marked keen Arab face, and nothing, at least, to a casual observer, to mark him out as ever having been prepossessing enough to have won the affections of an English woman. I tried hard to get his photograph, but the old man was evidently afraid of our cameras, and remarked that it was not necessary.

The other notable was a man of entirely different type—an example of the keen and crafty Damascene business man. He is well known to travellers, as a dealer in antiquities, and indeed the name by which he commonly goes in the city is Abou Antika, the Father of Antiques. He is an old man, short, stout, rubicund of face and very irascible in temper. We went through his establishment with the doctor, who knew well how to bring out his peculiarities. Such an establishment it was—room after room bare, dusty and dirty, with floor and tables piled with an indescribable profusion and confusion of articles of every description, some of priceless rarity and value, others of comparatively little worth. But such a mixture—fine old armour, swords and guns richly damascened and inlaid, exquisite bits of china and rare old tiles, bits of noble statuary from Palmyra, quaint lamps from the old mosques, hammered brass trays of delicate design and finish, a thousand things to tempt the purse and delight the eye of a lover of the antique and the curious. Old Abou Antika with his red, cross face and wheezy breath, moved with us among his treasures. "Now," said the doctor to us, "I'll tease him a bit." Then to him, "How much are these, Abou Antika?"

"Four Napoleons." "Too dear, Abou Atika, I'll give you one Napoleon for them." The little old man's eyes fairly glare, his face swells and reddens, till it almost threatens apoplexy, he tries to speak, but in his rage and amazement he can scarcely articulate, and the doctor drops the articles and passes on. In five minutes or less the doctor has the articles at his own price. It is so with everything purchased, the old man asking an exorbitant price, getting furious when offered less, and finally accepting with a grunt, a sum very much less than half or quarter of what he at

EASTERN TOMBS.

first demanded. Poor old Abou Antika, many a traveller has he fleeced, and many an article now gracing the cabinets of western *virtuosi* or guarded carefully and proudly in some western museum, once lay on the dusty floors of that old den of his in Damascus.

One of our last excursions was a carriage drive to the Salihiyeh, the suburban hill from which the finest view of the city is obtained. It was a glorious afternoon, and we were not the only party driving to get the lovely view. As our landau toiled up

the hill through the gardens, a carriage in front, with three or four ladies laughing and chatting in English, gave one the idea of a drive amid far other scenes. One of the ladies, I remember, was an American lady doctor of considerable avoirdupois and immense spirit, whom my friend, the doctor, delighted to chaff, and whom he used to call, half in sarcasm, I think the doctora. Whether it was the doctora's weight or not I do not know, but somehow their horse balked and halted at the hill, and we passed them almost at a standstill, and drove on to the point of view. As we reached it and turned, we had a glorious panorama. Before us lay the city embosomed deep in its miles of surrounding gardens, the fast westering sun lighting up brilliantly its domes and minarets. It lay, indeed, as its citizens love to say, "like a pearl set in emeralds," and one could understand something of the feeling of Mohammed when gazing upon its distant beauty he forbare to enter it saying, "Allah only allowed the faithful to enter one paradise," and he preferred to have his in the other world.

Far away to the right were the peaks of Hermon, and then coming nearer the point between two hillocks, where Paul's conversion is said to have taken place. Nearer still to the city swept the green meadow-like expanse of the Merj, with the wandering waters of the Abana—like silver threads among the green. Then the long suburb of the Meidan, with its gardens, an outstretching arm of the long wide sea of green on which the city lay. There was scarcely a sound, for the hum of the city was too distant to be heard, and all the landscape lay below us bathed in the solemn stillness of the evening, and glowing in the level beams of the setting sun. The old city, the oldest of cities, after all her strange vicissitudes and changes of fortune and of faith, still the head of Syria, as in Isaiah's day, and still the merchant of a vast merchandise and wealth, the Eye of the East still clear and undimmed, though she has shed so many tears. The great mosque towered above the white houses, its graceful minarets pointing their slender shafts up to the blue sky—the minaret of the Bride, the minaret of Jesus.

They say that when Jesus comes to judge the world He will descend first on that lofty minaret, and then entering the mosque summon all the world before Him. But He comes in mercy ere He comes in judgment, and who could look at the fair city in the soft light of the evening, without praying from his deepest heart, for the full shining upon her and upon her benighted thousands of the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in His beams, for all their sick, their sorrow and their sin. "The morning cometh," aye, and the noontide glory, for the dawn of light of a better day hath broken already upon her.

FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR-PREACHER.*

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

GENIUS is a thing not easily described. It is as real as the lightning's flash or the thunder's roar, or the deep moan of the resounding sea. But it is often as hard to portray as they.

The subject of this sketch is a specially difficult case. It is probably not too much to say that a complete description of him and his work has never been given to the world, and never will. A friend remarked to him one day, "You are a strange mortal." "Well," said he, "I have made up my mind there never was but one E. T. Taylor, and so far as I have anything to do with it, there never shall be another."

It was in Richmond, Virginia, December 25, 1793, he first saw the light. Of his parents he scarce remembered anything. One recollection of his early childhood he never forgot. He used to preach funeral sermons over dead chickens. He would gather the Negro boys and girls about him, and discourse pathetically on the life and death of the departed. If he could not bring them to tears by his oratory, he would lash them to appropriate grief over his chickens and sermons.

One day, when he was about seven years old, he was picking up chips for his foster-mother, when a sea-captain passed by, and asked him if he did not want to be a sailor. Off he went without ever finishing his chips, or returning to the house to say "Good-bye."

For ten years he led the rough life of a sailor boy. At seventeen his ship entered the port of Boston. He was a bronzed, tough, wiry lad,

"Known to every star and every wind that blows."

He left his craft and strolled through the streets on a pleasant Sabbath evening in the autumn of 1811. The sound of a church-bell caught his ear. "Going to the door," to use his own description, "I saw the port was full. I up helm, unfurled topsail and made for the gallery, doffed cap, and scud under bare poles to the corner pew. The old man, Dr. Griffin, was just naming his text, 'But he lied unto him.' As he went on, and stated how the devil

* "*Incidents and Anecdotes of Rev. E. T. Taylor.* By REV. GILBERT HAVEN and HON. T. RUSSELL. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs.

lied to men, and how his imps led them into sin, I said a hearty 'Amen!' for I knew all about it. Pretty soon the salt spray flew in every direction, and more especially did it run down my cheeks."

It was, however, under the preaching of Elijah Hedding he was at length converted. While listening outside of the church where the great preacher was pouring "common sense on fire" on his immense audience, the young sailor climbed in through the window and walked straight up the aisle. He stood till he found himself "all riddled through and through," to use his own words, and then fell weeping to the floor. An earnest young Christian, named Tucker, went to him and pointed him to the Saviour, while the preacher and many others offered fervent prayer on his behalf. Before the meeting closed he was brought into the liberty of God's children.

He never failed to recount with joy the glorious event of that night. "I was dragged through the lubber-hole (window)," he would say, "brought down by a broadside from the *seventy-four* (Hedding), and fell into the arms of Thomas W. Tucker."

After a month of joyous association with these shouting Methodists of Boston, which he ever after called "his honeymoon," he again went to sea, embarking this time in a privateer, the *Black Hawk*. This vessel was soon afterwards captured by a British frigate, and Taylor himself was captured for a work of which he had little dreamed. His fellow-prisoners had noticed the fervency of the young sailor in his private devotions, and not liking the read-prayers of the English chaplain, they asked Taylor to lead them in their devotions. He timidly consented. He had such "liberty" that they soon said to the boy that prayed so well, "You must preach also." "Preach!" he replied, "I cannot read, how can I preach?" But they declared he could talk on his feet as well as on his knees. They got leave to have an extempore service. Taylor asked a sailor to read to him passages in the Bible. He read from Ecclesiastes until he reached the words, "Better is a poor and wise child than an old and foolish king." "Stop," he cried, "read that again. That will do, give me the chapter and verse." He sat over his text until the hour arrived.

He began blundering and tangled, but soon broke out into a river of speech. Wit and sarcasm and burning words fell from his lips, which seemed all directed to the King of England. His auditors began to tremble for themselves and their youthful preacher. At last he cried, "You think I mean King George. I don't; I mean the devil!" He was instantly voted their chaplain, and the Captain kindly granted their request.

After his release, he returned to Boston and gave up the sea. He was licensed as a local preacher. In Saugus, a village not far from Boston, he earned his living as a tin peddler, and here his preaching career began, about the year 1814. He soon became a veritable rustic Whitfield. For several years his fame grew steadily over a large stretch of country. His peddling not amounting to much, he tried farming with as little success, and then shoemaking, but he never advanced far enough in the latter to bristle a shoemaker's thread.

Amos Binney, a shrewd and large-hearted Methodist layman, heard young Taylor, and saw that he had great capacities, but that they sorely needed training. He sent him, in the spring of 1817, to Newmarket Seminary, the only Methodist School in America at that time. The fiery lad was too old to endure the mortification of entering the juvenile classes, and too ignorant for the more advanced. He attempted the latter, however. With characteristic courage and zeal he applied himself to the higher branches of English study. He was unwearied and unresting, but he found the task burdensome. His student-passion was offset by his pulpit-passion. He made his way into the neighboring school-houses and dwellings, and they resounded with his strong bugle notes as if a whirlwind were driving across the landscape. His college life lasted just six weeks, yet in that time he made his mark.

The presiding elders were greatly pressed for men, and he was sent to Marblehead—a place of rough sailors, with a feeble, distracted church. Here he met a fate which men of genius have not always met—a good wife. And no better or fitter wife could he have found the world over.

A characteristic incident in connection with his marriage is not recorded in his journal. One charming autumn day he climbed a hill that overlooked the sea, and throwing himself on the ground, sighed his soul away to the far-off bluffs of Marblehead just visible some twenty miles across Massachusetts Bay. As he was thus pining for the sight of his beloved Deborah whose home was away over there, and as he longed for that wedding-day to come when she should be all his own, he suddenly bethought him that *this was the very day!* He had utterly forgotten it. It was a new version of John Gilpin's experience:

> "It is my wedding day,
> And all the world will stare
> If wife should dine at Edmonton
> And I should dine at Ware."

For nine years he laboured in circuit work. His fields were

poor, his salary meagre, but he and his wife gloried in the work. He was the sailor-preacher all along. His prayers and sermons were full of the salt, salt sea. His circuits had hugged the beach. Only once had he got stationed so far inland that he could not in an hour

> "Travel thither
> And see the children play upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

But a wider sphere was opening. Boston was then, even more than now, one of the chief ports of the United States. The Methodists longed to establish a Bethel for the sailors who crowded its wharves. But they were not strong enough financially to do this alone. The other denominations, chiefly the Unitarians, united with them in the work. The result was the establishment of the "Seamen's Bethel," first in a small church, then in a large and fine one, over which Taylor presided from 1829 to 1871.

It was here the full powers of this extraordinary man found full scope. Here he prayed,

> "His thoughts commercing with the skies,"

and preached

> "Rich words every one,
> Like the gold nails in temples, to hang trophies on."

No sermon of Taylor's was ever published. It could not be. The deep lines in that wondrous physiognomy, the play of dramatic and often comic power, the unique gesticulation, the mellifluous voice, and sometimes the eloquent silence; the sudden, sharp, and unpremeditated stroke; the electric flashes of wit and sarcasm; the overpowering pathos which filled and thrilled the audience; the medley-stream of poetry, philosophy and new-coined apothegm, made up a discourse and a scene which could not be reproduced in print.

A time came when the fame of the Boston sailor-preacher had become so cosmopolitan that distinguished literati, travellers and others never failed to visit the Bethel as one of the greatest attractions of Boston and, indeed, of America. Harriet Martineau, J. Silk Buckingham, Charles Dickens, Miss Bremer, John Ross Dix, Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Sedgwick, all have left us portraits of this wonderful man; but their pictures are about as successful as that of a certain artist *would have been* had he got his chance. The said gentleman, Taylor had noticed one Sunday as an uncommonly attentive hearer, and he was enflamed to new ardour by the steadiness of his gaze. He sat down trusting that one soul had

been won that day to Christ. The next morning the bell rang, and the same auditor was ushered into his presence. "He has come for conversation on the great subject," thought Taylor. "I heard you yesterday," says the stranger. "Yes, I saw you." "I was much interested." "I am glad to hear it." "I am a daguerrian. I wish to take your portrait. I want you to sit for it, and I especially wish you would look as animated and brilliant as you appeared yesterday in the most eloquent passages of your sermon."

The pen of a Unitarian minister has given us some of the finest descriptive strokes of Taylor ever written. We quote a sentence or two:

"It was said of Prince Esterhazy, he was so gorgeously dressed he could not move but a pearl or a diamond fell. Taylor's words gleamed as they dropped, because a love, like Shakspeare's for all humanity, was at the bottom of his impersonations. His mountain stood on fire; it was a volcano. His distinction from other superior men was, there seemed nothing calculated or elaborate in his most wonderful display. His was not their slowly crystallized thought; it was a meteor and aerolite—a flash and a bolt. I heard Dr. Channing and him preach the same day; it was the difference between reflection and spontaneity. He preached as the birds sing; he could not help it. He was an actor, who enacted not only law or truth, but the beauty of God He was a Methodist, but Methodism was neither his gaol nor goal. He was superior to sect, belonged to no party; but like the Indian on the prairie, said he *walked larger*, no man ever larger."

But it was to the sailors he felt himself sent. He loved them as a man might love his children or his wife. No matter who came to his church, the sailors always had the front central seats; and when there was no more room he seated them on the steps of his pulpit and on his own sofa behind him. God marvellously blessed his labours. Thousands, tens of thousands of sailors heard him and multitudes of them were saved. It was no uncommon thing, for a hundred of these men to bear witness to Christ's power to save on a Sabbath evening service at the Bethel. They carried his fame, and the love of him and of his wife, into every port in the world. Two sailors were seeking the Bethel one Sabbath-day. One spied the flag, and spelled out the letters, BET HEL—"*Beat Hell*," he cried, "that's Father Taylor's," and in they went.

One day, some half-tipsy sailors were "cruising" around Boston in search of mischief. One cried out, "Let's have a lark with Father Taylor!" To this they all agreed. So we bore away for the sailor-preacher's," as one of them relates. "I rang the bell, and as he came down we were taken all aback. 'Bless you, boys, bless you!' came with such power and sweetness. He seemed so glad to see us, that he captured us all. He run slap into the fleet of us seven. We began to sweat and long for deliverance. At last I plucked

up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. 'A Bible; yes every one of you shall have one.' 'Now,' said he, addressing me, Bob, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray!' Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It brought peace to my mind, and salvation to my heart."

Once, after a watch-night service in the Bethel, Taylor sat down with his family to enjoy a supper on fricasseed chicken. Just then, a neighbour called and whispered that Brother Cooper, who had taken a prominent part in the meeting was in actual want of food, having had nothing for himself and family since morning. Father Taylor seized the dish, "Take it quick," he cried, "don't stop for compliments—run—Lord bless Brother Cooper, and all Thy saints, and feed all the hungry now and evermore"

The largeness of his heart was constantly manifesting itself. On one occasion, when Jenny Lind attended service at the Bethel, Father Taylor (who did not know that she was present), was requested to preach on 'Amusements.' The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music! The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetest of all singers "now lighted on these shores." Jenny Lind was leaning forward and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person arose on the pulpit steps, and inquired whether any one who died at Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face as he glanced at the interloper, and said, "A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—if he is even on the steps of the pulpit."

In the camp-meeting, the Bethel prayer-meeting, the preacher's meeting, the annual Conference, he found special and most congenial lines where his extraordinary genius, and his more extraordinary Christian love, delighted to revel.

Once he made a European tour, extending his travels as far as Palestine. On quitting the barque that had carried him up the Mediterranean, the sailors were so captivated with their passenger that they manned the rigging and gave him three cheers.

On another occasion, he went as chaplain in the *Macedonian*, which was sent over to Ireland with supplies for the starving peasants. On his return home he came up to the house-door on the top of a stage-coach, holding two shaggy terrier dogs with a chain in one hand and a bundle of canes in the other, and that constituted his baggage; for, seeing so much misery and suffering, he had

given away everything but the clothes he had on. But the days of his vigour passed away.

"It was time to be old
To take in sail;
The God of bounds
Who sets to seas a shore
Came to him in his fated rounds
And said, 'No more!'"

The old man feeling that his day was nearly done exclaimed on one occasion, "O God! what will become of my children? (the sailors), my life has been spent with and for them. I have stood in my boyhood with them at the guns. My manhood has been devoted to their interests and welfare. And now, I am old and must soon depart. O God, preserve my children."

But he fought hard for life. "How pleasant it must be," said a good woman to him, "for you to leave this worn-out tabernacle and go to a better home!" "I'll stay while there's a bit left," was his reply; and he kept his word. He was a hard case to manage. A few nights before his death, Mr. Bridgett, who waited on him with the greatest attention and affection, was going to give him some medicine. He refused to take it. Mr. Bridgett was compelled to use a little gentle force and had to open his mouth, when down went the dose. His eyes full of fiery indignation, and his feeble fists doubling up, he exclaimed, "You rascal, I had hopes of you all along; but you'll be lost, I know you will."

One day, as he walked over the room and passed the looking-glass his eye caught the figure of a tottering old man. He instantly stopped, turned, and made the aged stranger his very best bow, and began to preach to him. "My dear sir," said he, "you are old; you are infirm. But Christ will save you. Come now, my dear sir, come now. He will, He will save you now." Exhausted by his talk and long standing, he sank on the sofa and lost sight of the figure. He called Sally to him. "Sally, come here, that old man don't know enough to be saved. He didn't stir a peg while I was talking to him!"

He was fast nearing the port. His last words in reply to the question, Don't you know Jesus? were, "Yes, yes I know Jesus." Is He precious? "Certainly, certainly."

It was a noticeable event to the sailors especially, that the man they loved above all men, should have gone out with the tide. Just at the turn of the tide in the dark of that midnight morning, April 6, 1871, his spirit floated off "this bank and shoal of time," and made the happy harbour for which he had so long and faithfully sailed.

RELATION OF THE CHURCH TO THE CAPITAL AND LABOUR QUESTION.

BY THE REV. JAMES M'COSH, D.D., LL.D.

THE Church has a message to deliver from God. She must see that she delivers it. It is to all classes. It is to the poor. "To the poor the Gospel is preached," is one of the grand characteristics of gospel times; one of the aims which Christ had in coming into the world. If the Church loses the poor, she loses one of the elements of her strength; she loses the favour of her Head, she loses the favour even of the world, which will insist on her acting, as her Master did, in caring for the poor, and will have no respect for a Church which ministers merely to the rich. The minister of religion, then, is the minister of the poor. Yes, but he is the minister of the rich also. They, too, need to hear the glad tidings of salvation. All their wealth cannot satisfy their immortal souls. Riches may bring pleasure, but they bring care; likewise they bring temptations. The heart that is clothed over with purple, underneath which all is supposed to be filled with comfort, may ache as keenly as that which is seen throbbing under rage. You bestow your gifts on the poor; "have you nothing from Him that sent you to me, to give me peace," is the cry of many a man and woman who has every earthly good. When they are visited with disease, the rich and poor are very much alike, though the one class may have a little more comfortable couch than the other. But all are labouring under spiritual disease—the disease of the soul, which is far more fearful than the disease of the body. "There is no difference, for all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God." Christians, you have the universal remedy; to your care it has been committed, and woe be unto you if you keep back the medicine from any who are ready to perish.

It has sometimes been charged against the Church, or certain branches of it, that it neglects the poor. I am prepared to show that the accusation is unjust. There may have been exceptions, but the Church has been the best friend of the poor in all ages since Christ gave the poor to the Church as its special charge. The Gospel minister is the minister of the poor, but he has a message to the rich also, who may be rich in this world's goods, but poor in the true riches. I have often found that the young minister who will not wait upon the rich to win them to Christ is influenced by nothing else than a vulgar pride, which is fond of the flattery

of those beneath him, but will not for Christ's sake wait on those who are their superior. Among other learning our theological students should study to acquire manners which are not offensive to any, and which will make them welcome in the dwellings of those above them as well as those beneath them in station. The Churches as a whole, with many imperfections, have been trying to do their duty to the extremes of society, the rich and the helpless poor.

There is an intermediate class, which has more influence than either of the others. It is the great middle class, including our professional men, our bankers, merchants, storekeepers, farmers, higher artisans. This supplies the great body of the members of the Churches. Upon this class, or rather classes, the Church depends for its sustenance, and the means of extending its usefulness at home and abroad. They constitute the bone and sinew of our Churches, as they do of our country. It is well that we have them at present. We must seek to retain them by all the means which Christ hath put in our power, especially by maintaining a high standard of doctrine and of duty, and of activity in benevolent and missionary work. But we must beware of turning our churches into mere middle class institutions, depending and looking solely to those who can pay pew rents, who have good dresses for the Sabbath, who can visit with the minister and the minister's family, and maintain among themselves a genteel society.

Perhaps there is a temptation here to our Churches. For there is another great class, of whom I am to speak in the remainder of this paper. I am not to take up the labour question but the position which the labouring men have in the nations of the world. It is not what it ought to be, and not what I hope it is to become. They earn by the toil of their hands most of the wealth which we possess. They know this, and they complain that their share of it is too small. I rejoice in every lawful attempt that is made to improve the condition of the sons of toil. I rejoice to hear of the master, aided it may be by his wife and his sons and daughters, seeking to improve the workmen in his employment. The Queen of England has set the example in her dealings with those under her, and is followed by vast numbers of ladies in the old country. There are ladies married and unmarried, with their families all over this country, who are doing a like work in a like spirit.

The ministers of religion should encourage and aid them, organize and wisely direct them, and this as part of their ministrations in the service of their Master. All this alleviates the evil, but does not remove it or dry up it sources. I maintain that if the working classes are elevated in comfort or character, it must be by themselves.

The attempts of the working people will not always be wise. The leaders whom they follow will not always be their best friends. Measures will be adopted which, so far from benefiting them, will greatly injure them. Mobbing, boycotting, even wounds and massacres, will be resorted to. Oppression drives wise men mad, and they will do deeds of madness. Some will become fanatical, and persuade themselves that there can be no God ruling over this world, where such evil is allowed to exist. But, it was to a world with such scenes in it that the son of God came. It is in such a world that the Church has a place, and an office assigned to it. It sees the evil around it, and it must use all the means placed at its disposal to lessen and remove it. It has to address itself to both sides in the quarrel. It has fearlessly to denounce the crimes committed by tyranny on the one hand, by lawlessness on the other. But its special duty is to proclaim what is right to both parties. It has a special commission to elevate those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, the class to which the God-Man belonged, and in whom it may be supposed to take a sympathetic interest.

Your artisan is often a difficult man to win to the Church. He is well educated, intelligent; he toils from morning to night; "he owes not any man;" he argues that he and his fellow-workmen have made the wealth of the country, and get a very little share of it; and he and his children have to live sparingly, while they see abundance of possessions around them. He becomes jealous of those who fare sumptuously every day, who have fine clothing, live in their elegant dwellings, who roll in carriages with prancing horses that threaten to run over him as he trudges along wearily on foot. It is difficult to win such a man to Christ and His Church. But that man has an immortal soul. The command laid on you and me is to "preach the Gospel to every creature." You who sit in these cushioned pews put money in the plate to send the Gospel to Timbuctoo. Do you send it to that man who lives next door to you and combs your horses and works your garden? The command is laid on you, comfortable Christian, sitting comfortably there at your fireside in your house of cedar: "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." We ministers preach the Gospel to them that come to us, but even as Christ was sent to those who were not seeking Him, so we will have to go to those who will not come to us.

I still ask, What place have the working-men in our churches? I think I see that the churches and the working-men have not the confidence in each other which they ought. I know it is difficult for ministers to win the hearts of our labouring classes, who are

often independent to the extent of being proud. They tell us that every man's house is his castle. And certainly you should not attempt to enter that castle by force. But you may knock at the gate, and find that you are invited to enter. You are to be looking and waiting for opportunities of getting access to them, not for personal ends, but for their good. They must be approached respectfully, according to the command, "Honour all men." Above all things they hate "condescension," as it makes them feel their inferiority. But there are ways of reaching them.

The churches must return to the old method, which has been from the beginning, to that of pastoral visitation first, and along with that, of evangelistic visitation. Paul reminds the elders of the Church at Ephesus, when he returned to visit them, "after what manner I have been with you at all seasons," and have taught you "publicly, and from house to house." (Acts xx. 18-21.)

The great Teacher mingled freely with the people, and was found giving instruction in the dwellings of the rich and the poor. Paul, in sending salutations to this one and that one, speaks of the churches which they had in their houses. It can be shown that from the days of Christ and His apostles such visitations have been kept up in all living churches.

A minister will not be able to reach the hearts of his people unless he visits among them. I remember that when I began to preach I had about twenty carefully prepared sermons. But some fifteen of them I would not preach; they were not fitted to move men and women, and I burned them. I never learned to preach till I visited among my people; they encouraged the young man with a ruddy countenance, and they opened their hearts to me. The working-man spoke of his difficulties in making the ends meet, and the dying man committed his children to me, and grandmother thanked me for my kindness in teaching her grandson in my Bible-class. No part of a minister's life is so rich in memories as these pastoral visitations. I had sometimes difficulties in winning certain self-sufficient and sulky men, but I waited for opportunities. Sometimes I gained the husband by the wife more frequently the father by the children. I remember one tradesman of skill and character, who shied all my attempts to bring him to church. But I kept my eyes upon him, and the fit time came. He and his family were prostrated by malignant and infectious fever. I was with him and his family daily, and, thanks to God, when he recovered he was won to Christ and His Church.

I am moved when I recall these family scenes. I think I shall be able to recognize some of these people in heaven, and that possibly they will welcome me there.

THE NEW MARTYR OF THE DESERT.*

It is a too common belief that the romantic and the heroic have been crowded out of our modern life before the increasing utilitarianism, and the universal levelling, of this practical and prosaic age. This is only a belief; and, happily, it is a belief not corresponding with the facts, but one which owes its origin to the popular tendency to despise the present, and to invest the past with a haze of supernatural light. No page of the past can show more splendid deeds of self-forgetfulness, of willing suffering and daring for Christ's sake, for science's sake, or for country's sake, than can be read on the yet unturned pages of the present. Old England—plodding, practical, conservative Old England—whose chief energies are popularly supposed to be directed towards creating a market for her goods, and extending her territorial possessions in Asia, Africa, and America, can point to many a career of her sons, within this century, which was as knightly and as true as that of any belted chevalier of mediæval times. The lives of men like Bishop Patteson and David Livingstone, both faithful unto death in far-off missionary fields, show examples of chivalrous devotion to the cause of Christ, rarely equalled, perhaps never excelled, in the centuries before. And now, but recently, a life has closed which shows how the old romantic spirit, which scorned beaten paths, still survives in modern England. The life was that of Professor Edward Henry Palmer, who lived as one who loved to meet strange men and see strange sights, and who died as one would die who loved his country.

Professor Palmer has been fortunate in his biographer. It is Mr. Walter Besant, his friend and associate, who commits the story of Professor Palmer's life to the printed page. Of Mr. Besant's pre-eminent fitness for this task little need be said. As the Secretary of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and as an enthusiastic worker in the field of Biblical research, Mr. Besant has the knowlege, and the sympathy which comes of knowledge, which enable him to appreciate Professor Palmer's work, and to

* *The Life and Achievements of Edward Henry Palmer, late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Fellow of St. John's College.* By Walter Besant, M.A. 12mo, portrait, pp. xii. 430. London: John Murray.

The above Review of Mr. Besant's book is reprinted from the *Sunday-school Times.*

speak of it intelligently to others. And as the popular novelist, Mr. Besant has that large gift of imaginativeness without which no biography can be a living thing; and that beauty and ease of diction which would go far to make any book worth reading which was distinguished by their presence.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the main facts of the closing scenes in the life of Professor Palmer. They know him as the author of "The Desert of the Exodus," and as one of the searchers after the fountain of Qadis, the supposed site of Kadesh-Barnea. And they recall his murder by the Arabs of the Sinaitic desert, to whom he was the bearer of proposals from the British Government, in relation to the safety of the Suez Canal during the Egyptian war, which had then but begun. From this standpoint of knowledge, they will be better able to follow understandingly the story of his life as told by Mr. Besant.

Like many another man whose later life brought him into prominence, Edward Henry Palmer began his career in what seemed then to be inauspicious circumstances. It was only in the seeming, however, that this beginning was inauspicious; for, as Mr. Besant truthfully and reverently says in the opening sentence of the first chapter of his book, his life "by a happy accident—or by Providence—was directed into an unexpected way of great and exceptional honour, and, at last, found an ending as tragic as any recorded by poet or historian, after an exploit without a parallel in the heroic deeds of all the ages. To one who considers at the outset this achievement alone, it seems as if the whole of the previous life may be regarded as the preparation for it. So much, indeed, may always be said of any great and noble deed." Edward Henry Palmer, born in 1840 in the old university town of Cambridge, with an inherited tendency to consumption, had little thought as, while yet a mere lad, he scraped acquaintance with English gipsies, and other strange people, that he was preparing in the surest way for the great work of his life, and for a romantic and heroic death. But a wiser Mind than theirs who grieved at his lack of interest in ordinary school studies, was shaping young Palmer's life to unseen ends.

As a boy, Palmer had a passion for linguistics, but not for linguistics as they are taught in the schools. It was not the delicate and copious Greek or the strong and stately Latin, with their formal grammars, and their suggestions of confining school-room walls, which first attracted the lad, but the free grammarless Romany, the language of the gipsies, who were here to-day and to-morrow went no one knew whither. When his school life was over, and his life as a clerk in London had begun, he attempted

to learn Italian by rule and rote; but at last he flung aside his books in disgust, and instead, went to the coffee-houses and the docks—anywhere where he might hear Italians talk, and where he might join, as well as he could, in their conversation. So he learned French. So—in a measure—he learned Arabic, to the study and teaching of which his life was later to be devoted.

It was a strange life, that London life, with its mingling of drudgery and pleasure—of Philistine ledgers and journals, and Bohemian adventures; but it was a life which had its share in the making of the man. "It is always safest," says Mr. Besant, when he sums up this chapter on "The Day of Small Things"—"it is always safest to follow the beaten track; those men know least anxiety who tramp along the broad high-roads; but how much more interest is crowded into the narrow span of life by those who journey—in the same direction, it is true—through the by-paths and the winding lanes, where you may easily miss your way, or even fall into a quag or into a pit, or down a hill, or among robbers, but which are full of beauty, which catch the sunrise and the sunset, the falling lights and shadows, and are set with dainty flowers, and lie between leafy hedges, and are very, very much fresher than the dusty road, and which abound, at every step, with Arabs, gipsies, tramps, Hindoos, authors, Persians, patriots, actors, showmen, poets, jugglers, acrobats, tinkers, and all kinds of curious, disreputable, and interesting people."

It was when Syed Abdullah came to Cambridge, in 1860, as a candidate for a readership in Indian languages at the University, that Palmer, whom ill-health had forced back to his native town, came first into contact with the Oriental languages. Stimulated into curiosity by the mysterious-looking Arabic letters, and encouraged and helped by free conversation with Syed Abdullah, Palmer gave himself with enthusiasiam to this new study. It was not long before he began dimly to perceive that this was to be his life-work; and with a true instinct he turned away from what would clash with that, and announced himself at Cambridge as a student of oriental lauguages. It was hard work—harder than the picking up of French and Italian at London docks. "Arabic and Persian did not, as old women say, 'come natural' to him. Nothing comes natural to any man," remarks Mr. Besant quietly.

The college to which Palmer had attached himself at Cambridge was St. John's College. It was not long before the work of the young orientalist attracted attention; and he soon had gathered around a small but select circle of friends and helpers. Not

many years elapsed before his graduation, and his election to a fellowship in St. John's College, which helped afterwards to his appointment as the Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic for the University of Cambridge.

It was almost immediately after his appointment to a fellowship of his college, that Palmer had his first opportunity to become acquainted with Oriental life—he went to the East as a member of the Sinai Survey party, which was sent out about sixteen years ago by the English Palestine Exploration Fund. Mr. Besant follows in detail the story of Palmer's work in the peninsula of Sinai, and especially in the wilderness of Et-Tih,—the wilderness of the wandering of the Children of Israel. To the student of Biblical geography this is the most interesting period of Palmer's life, for it led to the publication of his book on "The Desert of the Exodus"—a work which occupies a unique place in the literature of its subject.

The ten years' work as Professor of Arabic at Cambridge—Palmer was apointed to the Lord Almoner's chair in 1871—are sketched by Mr. Besant with brevity and yet with fulness. Many knew Professor Palmer as a student of Arabic; few knew him as a writer of gipsy songs, and the translator of Finnish poems; but in these and in a hundred other ways Professor Palmer was exercising his talents. Even in his recreations he was faithful to his chosen way of life. The chapter in Mr. Besant's book, entitled "The Recreations of a Pundit," give sufficient examples of these.

Three years after Professor Palmer left the University of Cambridge, years which were employed in general journalistic work, the war-cloud burst over the East. Here Professor Palmer's knowledge of the spoken Arabic marked him out as a man likely to be of service to his country, and so he went to the Desert as an unofficial envoy to the Arabs, with the object of securing the safety of the Suez Canal. "The Great Ride of the Sheikh Abdullah,"—the name by which Professor Palmer was known among the Bedawin—is narrated by Mr. Besant with vigour and eloquence. It was a perilous mission which Professor Palmer had undertaken. It placed him—an Englishman and a Christian—at the mercy of the Bedawin at a time when the excitement over the pretensions of Arabi Pasha and the doings of England in Egypt, was not likely to increase the tolerance of the wandering tribes towards either Englishmen or Christians. Nevertheless, it seemed at first as if his work would be accomplished in safety. The promises of the Arabs, Professor Palmer's credence of them, the deceit by which he was suddenly brought face to face with death, are narrated with fulness and vividness. Mr. Besant here draws

largely upon the letters which Professor Palmer had written just before his murder—letters which are pathetic in their buoyant and boyish hopefulness, and in their lack of foresight of the fate which was overhanging him.

Mr. Besant's description of the closing scene in the life of Palmer, and the burial in Westminster Abbey of the remains of his body, which were recovered after the war, is worth inserting here in full:

It was reported very soon after the murder, and among the first rumours which reached Cairo—another indication that the murder was ordered—that the Sheikh Abdullah, before being killed, solemnly cursed his murderers. Some of his friends have been pained to think that his last moments should have been spent in cursing his enemies. It must, however, be understood that cursing in the hands of an Oriental who understands how to curse is a most powerful weapon of defence. Palmer knew every form of Arab cursing. He was driven to this as his last resource. If he could not deter them by cursing he could do no more. And, again, to understand an Oriental curse, one must go to the Old Testament, and not to a gathering of English or American roughs. Such a curse is a solemn and an awful thing. It falls upon a man and weighs him down and crushes him; it brings with it a fearful foreboding of judgment; it lies like lead upon a guilty heart; it helps to bring the crime to light, and the criminal to justice.

It makes no doubt—no doubt whatever—that the denunciations of woe, ruin, desolation, and death—Palmer's last words—which fell upon the ears of those wild desert men, and were echoed back from the rocks around them, became to them a prophecy, sure and certain, as is the vengeance of the Lord.

"O my God!"—it is the voice of Asaph the singer, "make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind; fill their faces with shame; let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish." The curse has fallen upon the murderers already; they are confounded; they are put to shame; they have perished.

Thus died the Sheikh Abdullah.

Eight months later we stood in the crypt where England buries her heroes, to pay the last honours to the three who fell in the Wady Sudr. While the words of our magnificent service for the dead resounded among the shadows of that ghostly place, while the voices of the choristers echoed among the tombs, there were some who wept, and some who thanked Heaven for English hearts, as true and loyal now as in the brave days of old, and some who thought of Palmer's strange destiny, and how a brave boy should win his way from obscurity to honour by indomitable courage and persistence, and how the mortal remains of a quiet scholar and a man of books should find a place beside the bones of Wellington and Nelson.

The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

THE "JOYFUL NEWS" MISSION.

BY REV. H. T. SMART.

It may be serviceable to give the readers of this Magazine a brief history of a movement which has already deeply affected Methodism.

Twelve years ago, when Mr. Champness was stationed in the London (City Road) Circuit, the idea occurred to him that, as there were numbers of young men in Methodism who were pining for evangelistic work, and many circuits in want of workers, it would be rendering a service to the Connexion if some means could be devised whereby the willing worker and the needy circuit could be joined together. In those days it was his "hap" to light on a young evangelist who was wistful to leave his business, and devote himself entirely to Christian work. With characteristic generosity, Mr. Champness invited the youth to share his home until some door of evangelistic usefulness should open for him. Shortly after making this arrangement, Mr. Champness happened to preach in a village where the "harvest" was plenteous, and the labourers few. He introduced the young evangelist to this circuit, with the happiest results. After earning for himself a good degree as a lay agent, the young man entered our ministry, and during several years has served Methodism well as an itinerant preacher. Encouraged by the success of this venture, Mr. Champness now became possessed of a fixed idea which has governed his action ever since.

In 1883, the Rev. Charles Garrett, the President of the Conference, conceived the idea of establishing a weekly half-penny newspaper, to record and spread the glad tidings of salvation. The suggestion found favour in influential quarters; and it was decided to ask Mr. Champness to edit the new journal. A slip, however, occurred "betwixt the cup and the lip," and the proposal was abandoned by its original promoters. Mr. Champness then determined to proceed at his own risk, and he launched the little paper, to which he gave the happy title of *Joyful News*, retaining the control of it in his own hands. From the first the paper met with troops of friends. It soon found its way into every part of the Connexion, while in the remoter and feeble circuits it received a specially warm welcome, and appeared to meet a real want.

The result was that the editor was brought into communication

with a large number of country circuits, and soon obtained a wide knowledge of the state of village Methodism. And as neither editor nor contributors received any remuneration for their work done for *Joyful News*, the profits of the paper in a short time became considerable. At first the profits were given to the Auxiliary Fund, and to such cases of need as came under Mr. Champness' notice. But eventually it occurred to him that, as he was now in possession of a good annual income, the time had come for him to commence a movement by which might be tested certain theories which he had long held. Hence The *Joyful News* Mission. Mr. Champness' original idea was to prepare young men for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. He hoped to gather together a number of young men who otherwise might have been overlooked, and to give them some preliminary training, both in study and service; and thus enable them to enter our ministry. At that time he urged the General Committee of the Theological Institution to sanction the setting apart of one of the four colleges for this purpose. The suggestion was considered by that committee, and declined, on the ground that the trust-deeds of the college provided that only accepted candidates for the Wesleyan Ministry should be trained in them.

As this way appeared to Mr. Champness to be blocked, and as the fixed idea still held him fast in its grip, he decided to convert his own house into a training home for evangelists. No sooner was his purpose made known than encouragement was given him to proceed. To Mr. J. T. Taylor, of Holmfirth, the honour belongs of having given the first contribution to a movement which during the last few years has received many thousands of pounds. Mahomet to the close of life felt deeply grateful to Kadijah, because, as he said, "she believed in me when none else would believe. In the whole world I had but one friend, and that was she." Mr. Taylor rendered a similar service to Mr. Champness. "It is certain," says Novalis, "my conviction gains infinitely the moment another soul believes in it."

Mr. Champness' conviction being thus strengthened, he immediately commenced operations. He was then living in Bolton, as the missionary of that district, and there he began what he regards as his life-work by receiving two evangelists into his own house; one of whom soon began to labour at a mission-room in Bolton, where his work came under the notice of the late Mr. James Barlow, and that generous and shrewd philanthropist became the second believer in Mr. Champness' mission, and gave him one hundred and fifty pounds with which to extend it. He consequently hired a larger house, and received several more

young men; and when the time came for him to relinquish his appointment as the Bolton district missionary, his two evangelists had multiplied into twenty-six, eight of whom lived in his house, while eighteen were out in the work. From Bolton Mr. Champness removed to Rochdale, where he has now lived for upwards of three years, and in which town he hopes to finish the work God has given him to do. His twenty-six evangelists have now increased to ninety, a considerable number for one man to provide for.

Mr. Champness, having now ceased to be the Superintendent minister of the Wesley Circuit, Rochdale, has vacated the house which he occupied until Conference, and taken possession of a large, old-fashioned residence, known as Castleton Hall, which appears to be admirably adapted for his purpose.

Since the mission commenced, about ninety men have received more or less training from Mr. Champness, who are no longer connected with him. Several of these have been received into our ministry; two or three are in the Colonies; some have returned to their trades; some have resigned through ill-health; a few were dismissed as incompetent; and some are now employed by circuits as lay missionaries. Mr. Champness hopes that many of his men will enter the ministry or receive appointments from circuits as lay agents; whilst others, after spending a few years in his service, may return to their trades, as some of Mr. Wesley's early preachers did. In this way he believes the difficulty of providing for the men in sickness and old age will be greatly reduced. And as all the evangelists who are eligible are members of the Local-Preachers' Mutual Aid Association, he is of opinion that this difficulty, which has exercised some of his friends a good deal, will never become a source of serious embarrassment.

Usually there are from five-and-twenty to thirty men in the training-home. All of these are, of course, unmarried; although there are two or three married men in the work; one of whom is abroad, another is a self-supporting colporteur, as well as useful evangelist, at home.

All the men are of slender attainments, having come direct to the Home from the plough, the loom, or the joiner's shop. But they all enjoy two great advantages; they are young, and "to be young is very heaven;" and they have a passion for souls. General Booth has lately said that he has eight hundred cadets in training, most of them being under twenty-five years of age. This statement shows the use which that astute General is making of young people. We are glad that our Church, also, has a considerable number of young men in our colleges, and in this training Home, who have "left all" to "follow Jesus."

The Rev. J. Todhunter, a Wesleyan Methodist Supernumerary, acts as tutor to the evangelists four mornings a week; and gives the men, in classes, lessons in English history, grammar, Bible history and theology. Mr. Champness spends one hour a day with them, instructing them in the homiletics and the art of public speaking.

In the large room of the Home which the men occupy during the greater part of the day the *Twelve Rules of a Helper* are pointed out in a conspicuous place on a wall. In addition to the definite daily instruction, Mr. Champness gives the men a good deal of indirect help during the day; at meal times, family prayer, and in the Society-class. The men hold a daily prayer-meeting, and on Fridays Mr. Champness joins them in this meeting. To the men in the work Mr. Champness sends a weekly letter, in which he puts all his strength, and to which he attaches much importance. The men also send him a letter once a week.

Since the mission commenced about twelve thousand pounds have been received by the Founder, including what has been paid in acknowledgment of the services of the evangelists. As Mr. Champness has given the profits of his paper to the Mission, as well as the proceeds of the sale of a house which belonged to Mrs. Champness, he is himself the largest contributor so far; Mr. Mewburn, of Banbury, being the next. That gentleman has given fifteen hundred pounds in all to the Mission, including five hundred pounds given this year to furnish the new Home. A gentleman from Australia has recently promised a donation of six hundred pounds, to be paid at the rate of fifty pounds a month, and has already paid several instalments. The names of the donors are published every week in *Joyful News*, and the lists show that nearly all the best known men and women in Methodism are amongst the contributors. Nothing, however, is more touching than the way in which the movement is supported by the poorer section of the Methodist people. Sixpences and shillings come in by nearly every post, and gifts in kind arrive many times during the week. Some good women appear to keep their needles always plying for the benefit of the Home.

Mr. Champness does not now receive any allowance either from a circuit or from any of the Connexional funds. He intends to make his own hand minister to his necessities. Already he has published a series of *True Tales*, which have brought no little grist to the mill; and these he will increase as opportunity offers. He is resolved neither to starve nor to be dependent on others for his daily bread.

Of course, the *Joyful News* is the soul of the movement. From

the fact that this little paper has a circulation of between forty and fifty thousand copies a week, may be gathered the extent of the interest taken in the work.

Perhaps this is the place to recognize the invaluable help which Mr. Champness has received from his devoted wife. Dr. Parker has said that he could do nothing without his wife, although for disciplinary reasons he does not admit this to her. Certainly Mr. Champness could not edit *Joyful News* and manage this Mission without Mrs. Champness. For "disciplinary," or other reasons, Mr. Champness appears as editor of *Joyful News*, but we believe that the greater part of the burden and the honour belong to Mrs. Champness. In every new advance Mr. Champness has taken counsel with his wife.

There are four *Joyful News* evangelists now in Ceylon, six in India, two in China, four in South Africa, one in Western Africa, and another designated for the same place. The Rev. David Hill has written in warm terms of the work of the men in China, and has appealed for more agents; and has also forwarded a donation of fifty pounds, in order to make it easier for his request to be granted. The men in the foreign field are showing great facility in acquiring the language of the people to whom they have been sent. Incredible as it may appear, it is true that one of the evangelists in China addressed a Chinese audience in the Chinese language when he had only been in the country about six months. It would seem that even uneducated men can easily learn a foreign language if their hearts are set on doing it, and if they live in the midst of the natives.

Whereunto this mission will grow we cannot say. Like Methodism itself the *Joyful News* Mission has "sprung up and grown," the Founder "knowing not how." The "pillar of cloud" is guiding the movement; and "according to this time it shall be said, ... What hath God wrought!"—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.*

THE ETERNAL SEA.

I KNOW the solemn monotone
  Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
  That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,
  I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
  Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

GEOGRAPHICAL ADVANTAGES OF BRITAIN.

The Poet Laureate in his famous "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," bids us

> "Thank Him, who isled us here, and roughly set,
> His Briton in blown seas and storming showers."

The great advantages which result from our rough setting are well put by Dr. Archibald Geikie in the capital little "Elementary Geography of the British Isles," lately published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., from which we subjoin a few extracts.

"Placing the globe in such a position that the British Isles appear in the centre, you can see by far the largest part of the land of the globe—the whole of Europe and Africa, nearly the whole of Asia, and the whole of the New World except the southern end of South America. Now turning the globe round so that the part exactly opposite to Britain, or its *Antipodes*, comes into the centre, you will look upon the largest area of water, all the land that is visible being the southern part of South America, the terrestrial parts about the South Pole, Australia, New Zealand (which lies near the centre of what you see), the islands to the south-east of Asia, and the groups of islets scattered across the vast Pacific Ocean. You thus learn that the British Isles are situated in the very midst of the habitable part of our planet.

"But notice further that, although placed so centrally, Britain does not lie in the heart of a wide continent. Had such been its position, its people might have been so uncivilized and unprogressive as the tribes which inhabit the interior of Africa or of Asia. It stands, on the contrary, at the outer margin of a continent and on the edge of an ocean. Observe, however, that this ocean is the narrowest of all the oceans. Its borders are, for the most part, inhabited by civilized communities; for the people of Europe have taken possession of the whole of the west side of the Atlantic, and have planted colonies on the east side all along the coast of Africa.

"Now think how remarkably advantageous must such a geographical position have been in enabling an active people to take a leading place among the nations. So central a situation in the midst of the habitable parts of the earth, has allowed and encouraged the inhabitants of Britain to come into relations with other countries, and more particularly to hold easy intercourse with all the maritime parts of Europe. It has further prompted them to sail forth as discoverers and conquerors. A few hundred years

ago the whole of the New World, and a large part of the Old World, were unknown. In the voyages and circumnavigations by which the surface of the planet has since then been mapped out and made known, the islanders of Britain have had a large share. They have taken possession of a great proportion of the territories which have been discovered. They have planted their colonies in all parts of the world, and have carried with them their laws, their language, and their institutions. They have done more than any other nation to extend the commerce of the world, and thus to draw the various peoples of the earth together by bonds of peaceful intercourse. From the British Isles, as a centre, ships bear to every corner of the globe the manufactures of this country, and to the same centre they return laden with the produce of every clime.

"Now turn to the map of Europe, and take note of some of the more obvious geographical relations of Britain to the Continent. Observe that the British isles lie in the middle of the western margin of Europe, and are thus within easy reach of the Continent by sea. In old days, when there were no other modes of land conveyance than pack-horses and waggons, communication between the countries in Central Europe was difficult and tedious. But those countries which possessed a sea-board had a much easier and more rapid means of transit in boats and sailing vessels. The people of Britain, however, had this advantage over all the surrounding nations, in that the whole margin of their country being a sea-board, they could sail from any side of it away to the North Sea and the Baltic on the one hand, and to the far shores of the Mediterranean Sea on the other.

"There is still another feature in the position of Britain with reference to the Continent that deserves to be considered. It is only at its south-eastern end that this country approaches the mainland, and there the two opposite coasts of England and France come so near—only twenty-one miles apart—that on a clear day the cliffs of each side can be quite well seen from the opposite shore. The narrow intervening strip of sea which is now crossed every day by steam-boats in little more than an hour, is not so wide as to interpose a great barrier between the countries on either side of it. And so it has been made use of from the earliest times of history as the main line of communication, both for warlike conquest and for peaceful commerce. The civilization of the rest of Europe has passed readily and rapidly into Britain across this little breadth of sea. But, on the other hand, these twenty-one miles of salt water have served as an effectual protection against frequent invasion by hostile armies. Where one country

comes in immediate contact with another, as France and Germany do, there is a risk of occasional war, and of the marching of military forces across the frontiers. Hence the enormous standing armies and the chains of border fortresses all over the mainland of Europe. But no foreign foe can enter Britain except by sea, and this country has consequently for many centuries been free from serious invasion and panics of war.

"We thus understand how true is the assertion that some of the more striking features in the history of the British people can be traced to the influence of the geographical position of the country. Living on islands, and therefore near the sea, the inhabitants naturally grew into a nation of sailors. Their love of the sea led them to become navigators and discoverers of new lands in many parts of the globe. The small size of their island-home, and the crowding of their population, compelled them to roam abroad and found colonies elsewhere. Their command of the sea, and their central position on the habitable part of the earth, made them traders also, and led to the establishment of their world-wide commerce. And so we perceive that from the little mother-country of the British Isles there has sprung the greatest maritime empire which the world has yet seen."—*Christian Miscellany.*

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.

LAUNCH out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there.
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
Bears on its bosom away—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all;
And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!
Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
"Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!

—*Sunday Magazine.*

GEOFFREY HALLAM'S QUANDARY.

BY THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

"WHO was Geoffrey Hallam?" quoth the reader. Well, be patient. You cannot expect to know everything at once. The one who waits is the one who wins. You can't expect to have a cable until you have twisted a thread.

Who was Geoffrey Hallam? Those who ask that question don't live in the township of Wemborough, evidently, or in any place from which the slender spire of its little church can be seen. That's saying a good deal, mind you, for Wemborough is set on a hill, and its spire is so tall that it is a landmark to the crews of coasting vessels which sail along the north-east shores of England, a landmark as familiar as Flamborough lighthouse or Roseberry Toppin. Now, Geoffrey Hallam was almost as well known as "Wemborough Broach;" and therefore, I say, that not to know Geoffrey Hallam, argues yourself unknown in Wemborough and the region about.

Wemborough itself is a good-sized village, but there is nothing remarkable either in its inhabitants, its architecture, or its history, except that Geoffrey Hallam lived in it, and if that does not give it a notable place in history, it ought to do?"

"But who was Geoffrey Hallam?"

Don't be in a hurry. "Fair and softly goes far in a day." Geoffrey Hallam was a cobbler; "his father before him" was a farm labourer, who worked hard and fared harder on a North Yorkshire farm, in "the good old days" before Mr. Joseph Arch was heard of, when Farm Labourers' Unions had not given pecks of trouble to the farmers, and when the Corn Laws were yet unrepealed. Those were halcyon days for Farmer Rapeseed and his co-renters of the soil; but as to the condition of Hodge and John Ploughman, why that was quite another thing.

Geoffrey Hallam would doubtless have followed his father's calling and his master's plough, but that a fall from a waggon laden with harvest spoil, when he was a lad in his teens, put his hip out of joint. This mishap was never properly remedied, and so Geoffrey was doomed for life to an awkward limp, which made his progress over field and furrow, among growing turnips or tiresome stubble, so painful to him as to prevent his engaging in any such toilsome work. So by the aid of the parish—the agricultural labourer's sole resource in the good old times—Geoffrey was apprenticed to the village shoemaker; and when that knight of the lapstone was gathered to his fathers, he came to be the village shoemaker himself, or, as the Wemborough peasantry called him, the "cobbler." At the time of which I write, he had held this honourable position for nearly twenty years, and many a hundred pair of hobnailed boots had trod the chalky soil of Wem-

borough parish which had been made, from "tongue" to toe-plate, by Geoffrey Hallam.

"Well, but what about Geoffrey Hallam? Surely he was something other or more than a cobbler, or—"

Don't be in a hurry. Geoffrey Hallam married a very energetic, bustling little woman, who had been dairymaid at Parson Hodgson's farm, for the good vicar of the parish farmed his own glebe land, and it was said that if he had been as good at preaching as he was at farming, he might have been a bishop. But he was not; no, not by any means, and that is putting it mildly, as you would know if you had ever heard him. Now, the odd thing about Geoffrey Hallam's wife was that she too was lame, and that her limp was on the opposite side to her husband's, a circumstance not of importance in itself, but when it came to an effort for the honest couple to walk arm in arm, it was an effort; walking over a ploughed field was nothing to it; indeed, it couldn't be done. My hero was a short, stout-set man, with swarthy features, stubbly black hair, and a pair of small black whiskers, not much unlike a capital I on either cheek. There was a humour gleaming in his twinkling little eye and in the comical arch of his eyebrows, and Geoffrey Hallam's repartees were often a peculiar combination of razor blade and cudgel, which made people very chary of coming within reach of either back or edge. Geoffrey's predecessor had been for years the parish clerk, and when the old man's strength began to fail, Geoffrey set to work, with the pluck of a true Briton, to learn to read, so as to act as deputy for his disabled master. His diligence and kindness brought their due reward; for when the old man was laid beneath the old yew trees in Wemborough churchyard, Geoffrey Hallam was elevated to the dignity of parish clerk, sexton, tithe-gatherer, and general factotum to Parson Hodgson, and fulfilled his various duties to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned. I have still one other revelation to make concerning Geoffrey Hallam, and this now-to-be-unfolded secret was unquestionably one cause of the local popularity to which he had attained, Geoffrey Hallam was a poet, and there was not a churchyard within twenty miles round which did not contain, "engraved upon enduring stone," some elegiac effusion from his rhyming pen. As for Wemborough churchyard, it fairly blossomed with the flowers of poesy from the fertile garden of Geoffrey's fancy. Nor was his pen confined to the sombre domain of sepulchral song. Weddings, christenings, and other noteworthy events, were chronicled, if not always in "measures, stately, smooth, and sweet," yet still, at any rate, to the high wonderment and satisfaction of those on whose behoof the muses were invoked, who did not hesitate to crown the brows of Geoffrey with meed of metaphoric bay.

The way in which Geoffrey Hallam rolled out the responses in turn with the quiet old clergyman who did duty beneath the Wemborough spire was something worth hearing. Parson Hodgson was as easy-going an old shepherd as ever tended a flock, or

rather, left a flock untended; and between him and his flock there was one hearty bond of agreement, namely, that he had left them alone with an assiduous harmony that left nothing to be desired. He called his scanty and sleepy congregation, "Dearly beloved brethren," on Sunday mornings, and then profoundly ignored their existence until Sunday morning again brought the unvarying formula from his lips. Those who went to church, as Tennyson writes, heard him say—

"What a' owt to hev said, and then they 'com'd away.'"

So things continued for some years; Geoffrey Hallam tolled the bell, took the dues, and said the responses, dug the graves, hammered his leather, waxed his ends, mended his shoes and made his verses in the day-time, and slept the sleep of the diligent at night; until an event happened which startled him out of the even tenor of his way and startled the village out of its propriety.

One day a Methodist preacher came, all undesired and uninvited, and began to preach the Gospel to the Wemboroughites on the village green. He soon stirred the stagnant minds of the villagers to such a degree, that in the end a small preaching-room was erected, and Parson Hodgson's scanty congregation grew scantier still; small by degrees and beautifully less, until Geoffrey was often almost the only one who joined the vicar in his Sabbatic devotions; while the queer little conventicle was crowded "inside and out" with an eager throng of villagers, who evidently preferred their spiritual provision "hot off the bak' stone," as they expressively put it, and as the early Methodist preachers most emphatically gave it.

Geoffrey Hallam was a good deal exercised in mind concerning this rude invasion of vested rights, and his soul was aglow with indignation at the dishonour with which he and his clerical superior were treated by the unfaithful villagers. He denounced the "Methodies," as they were contemptuously called, with unbounded vigour, and scrupled not to use that sarcastic pen of his in inditing poetical lampoons, which he hurled at their heads with a cruel severity that "sware a long farewell to mercy, and bid the sword to smite and not to spare."

At length even Parson Hodgson's indifference was exchanged for a little mild anxiety as to whereunto these things would grow. One morning, after the liturgy had been duly gone through for the behoof of an obese farmer and his almost equally rotund family, together with three old women who chronically "asked an alms," the good vicar opened his mind to his factotum:

"Well, Geoffrey, where are all the people gone to who used to come to church; we haven't buried 'em all, have we?"

"No, sir," said Geoffrey, "we haven't buried 'em; but t' Methody parson has 'livened 'em up amazing, an' they never needed a coffin less than they do now." Here Geoffrey sighed as if in disappointment that he had not the privilege of tolling their funeral knell before they had come to such a pass. "They sing and holloa

so that one can hear 'em a mile off; and not content with keeping up this hubbub on Sundays, they get together on week-nights, and kick up a bobbery, like hens in a farmyard when there is a fox about."

"Indeed! well, I'm afraid there is a fox about, as you say. What right has the Methodist parson to come here? I'm sure we don't want him; and I must give him to understand that, like other foxes, if he doesn't take himself off, he will either get trapped or hunted down."

Geoffrey shook his head sadly, as he replied in hopeless tones: "I'm afraid it is not so easy to trap 'em, sir; these Methody parsons are as slippery as eels, and has as many lives as a cat. Like wasps in fruit time, if you get rid of one of 'em, there are twenty others who come to see what's the matter."

"Well, good morning, Geoffrey; I dare say it is only a sort of nine days' wonder; and when the excitement goes off, the folks will come to church as they did before."

"Good morning, sir," said Geoffrey, as he limped away. After a while he lifted his hat, ran his fingers through his stubbly hair, as if to help his thoughts, and said to himself, "I've got a notion that this sort of excitement does not go off; an' if the Methody parson doesn't, it's my opinion that we may shut up the church altogether, and let him have the village to himself."

That day, somehow, Geoffrey Hallam could not enjoy his dinner. The honour of the vicar, the credit of the church, the dignity of his own important office, were all sadly in peril; were so greatly compromised already, that the thought quite took his appetite away, and his breath into the bargain. Matters were not mended by the fact that his good wife Susan had already developed a certain liking for the Methodist preaching; indeed, almost as regularly as he limped off to the church in the morning, Susan would limp off to the chapel in the evening, leaving her grieved and objecting spouse to chew the bitter cud of reflection concerning her disloyalty to the one true religion "as by law established." He sat with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, while his gray-black eyebrows were lifted and lowered as he pondered on the melancholy state of things

It was a warm day, the cottage window was open to admit the grateful breeze, which, as Geoffrey sat, brought in the strains of sacred song coming from a band of Methodists who were just commencing an out-door service on the village green. Geoffrey fidgeted at the sound, and then suddenly resolved to go, as he said, "to hear what the fellow's got to say," intending to keep a sharp look-out for whatsoever would afford him material for poetical lampoon.

The "fellow" was a little white-haired man of sixty, but sound in wind and limb, and of a ruddy countenance withal. Just as Geoffrey Hallam reached the outside of the congregation, the preacher began to pray. The parish clerk was astonished! The man had no book! He stood with uplifted hands and closed

eyes, and really and truly "talked with God." Geoffrey soon lost all consciousness of time and place; standing with open mouth and eyes, gazing at the preacher, and wondering what Parson Hodgson would say to hear a man pray straight off without a prayer-book, and to go about the business so earnestly as that. Then the solemnity, the fervour, the fitness of the prayer, revealed themselves to him, and half unconsciously he doffed his hat and bowed his head even as others. By-and-by the prayer was concluded with the usual all-prevailing plea, "for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord," and Geoffrey, out of sheer habit, followed with a loud, high-pitched and sonorous "Amen!" All the congregation turned to look at him, and Geoffrey felt uncomfortably warm beneath their gaze He had not hesitated to speak strongly of "the Methody parson, and the fools who went to hear him," and there he stood himself, before them all, a fool confessed. Still, Geoffrey would not run away now, but stood his ground like a man.

The preacher proceeded to give out his text, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" Geoffrey soon discovered that the preacher's subject was Jesus, and that the good man was showing that the glorious works that Jesus did were proof positive that He was the Christ of God, and the very Saviour for poor sinners. Geoffrey was touched, interested, carried away with the fervid force of the preacher's words of truth. Then the evangelist spoke of the Methodists, and their new mission from God: "Perhaps," said he, "some in this village may ask, 'Why should the Methodists come here? What right have they to introduce something new?'" Now that was just what Parson Hodgson had asked his parish clerk that very morning. "Well," said the preacher, tapping at his little Testament, "go tell that somebody what ye have seen and heard. 'The poor have the Gospel preached to them;' hardened sinners have been softened, condemned sinners have been saved, miserable sinners have been made happy, wicked sinners have been made good; and in this village, poaching and drunkenness and Sabbath-breaking have all grown less because of the Word of the Lord which we have preached unto you."

Now, Geoffrey Hallam felt in his conscience that none of this could be denied. Parson Hodgson himself had said that he had not half the trouble with poachers that he used to have, and that he could not understand it. Only last week, old George Gordon, the keeper of the village alehouse, had said that he never knew trade so bad as it had been since the "beggarly Methodists" came. Right under Geoffrey's nose stood Bill Brigham, who nine months ago came out of jail; and he was bound to own, as the man stood there with his hat off and his eyes earnestly fixed upon the preacher, that he was altogether a different character from the loafing vagabond that stood before the magistrate twelve months ago. By-and-by the preacher, who was a veritable Boanerges, waxed even more in earnest, and fixing his keen little eye upon

Geoffrey, he said, "I have a message from God unto thee;" and straightway gave his message, until Geoffrey was bewildered, frightened, melted and did not know what ailed him.

Then came the hymn, and as the verses were read and sung, every line went home to the stricken cobbler's heart:

> "O Love Divine! what hast Thou done?
> The immortal God hath died for me!"

Every sentiment was a sermon, every verse was vivid with the light of truth; and so it came to pass, that when the white-haired preacher commenced his concluding prayer, Geoffrey's heart went with him, till again he lost all sense of the fitness of things. Quoth the preacher, "But for Thy mercy, Lord, we must perish in our sin! Lord have mercy upon us!" Hereupon, in his usual high-pitched, clerkly tone, but with a new inflection in his voice, born of deep feeling, Geoffrey said, "Christ, have mercy upon us!" Joe Hardwick, the village carpenter, a good, honest soul whom Geoffrey liked, despite his Methodism, couldn't help chiming in with "Amen! Geoffrey, Amen! Ah think you meant it that tahme!" Geoffrey certainly did mean it. Hardly aware what was the matter with him, and seized with a sudden fit of shame, Geoffrey withdrew before the prayer was over, and sought the shelter of his cottage. At tea-time he had scarcely a word to say to Susan. He kept turning over in his mind the lines he had just heard, and the more he thought of them the deeper was the impression they made:

> "Pardon for all flows from His side;
> My Lord, my Love is crucified."

About six o'clock there was a tap at the cobbler's door, and in walked Joe Hardwick, with a genial smile on his face and a cheery word on his tongue. Joe wasn't the man to let slip a chance of doing good, and his observation of Geoffrey's proceedings that afternoon had convinced him that the parish clerk was being led Christward by the gracious God, Who willeth that all men should be saved and come to "the knowledge of the truth."

"Good evening, neighbour Hallam! good evening, Susan!" said the genial carpenter. "I thought I'd just come and ask you if you and your wife will go with me and my wife to chapel to-night. Mr. Horncastle is worth hearing, I can tell you. There's plenty of room in our pew, and we shall be very glad of your company."

Now, this was more than Geoffrey had bargained for, but it was a very neighbourly act of Joe's; besides, he was a man whom the clerk held in great respect, and Susan, who was, I'm afraid, in the habit of speaking disloyally of the mental ailment provided in Wemborough church, exhibited an eager compliance with the invitation. Geoffrey sat still and said nothing. He was in a quandary. It was bad enough to go and hear the Methodies on the

village green; but to go inside their conventicle! he, the parish clerk, sexton, tithe-collector, and general factotum to the Reverend Henry Hodgson! That was a deeper depth into which he scarcely felt prepared to plunge. But there were three potent forces at work which he could not resist: First, the persuasive kindness of the carpenter; second, the warm entreaties of his coaxing wife; and third, the operation of the Spirit of God through the lines which were running in his mind in spite of himself:

> "Then let us sit beneath His cross,
> And gladly catch the healing stream,
> All things for Him account but loss,
> And give up all our hearts to Him;
> Of nothing think or speak beside,
> My Lord, my Love is crucified."

At last, half in desperation, he started up, seized his hat, and making for the door, said, "Come on, then!"

"Nay, nay; give me time to put my bonnet on," said Susan; "I can't sit bare-headed, I suppose, though you may."

Behold the parish clerk and his wife seated in the highest of the sloping pews in Wemborough chapel—for Joe Hardwick was somebody in the ranks of chapel goers, I can tell you—and in the pulpit the white-haired man who had given Geoffrey such a shaking in the afternoon! Again the service proceeded; and in the hymns, the prayers, the Scriptures, the sermon, and all—the story and the influence of the glad evangel fell on Geoffrey's ear and heart. Not once, however, did he display his clerkly habit of responding, until the prayer came which succeeded the sermon. Therein the preacher said, with hearty zeal, "Have mercy on us!" "Miserable sinners!" shouted the penitent cobbler; and straightway fell down upon his knees, fairly vanquished; and repeated the "Confession" in tones that came straight from the heart, and went to the hearts of all his fellow-worshippers. "Amen," said the congregation, led by the white-haired preacher, whose face was bright with the joy of those who take much spoil. Making his way to Geoffrey, he laid apostolic hands on him, and led the willing penitent to a form beneath the pulpit, and murmured in his ear of "Jesus and His love." Others soon joined them; among the rest, Susan Hallam, with that good little woman, Mrs. Hardwick, kneeling by her side; and in a little while Geoffrey Hallam and his wife were rejoicing in the happy consciousness of sin forgiven.

Next morning Geoffrey Hallam was up with the lark; and like the lark his rejoicing spirit hymned its praises heavenward. Still, I am bound to say Geoffrey Hallam's quandary returned with redoubled force. What would Parson Hodgson say to such an outrage on all propriety; such an unheard-of enormity as that the parish clerk should not only go to the Methodists, but be a Methodist!

Quoth Geoffrey to Susan, "What ever shall I do?"

"Do?" said his wife, "why, tell the Parson all about it; and if he doesn't like it, tell him to get another clerk."

Twice during the week Geoffrey braced up his loins and repaired to the vicarage to have out the dreaded interview with his clerical master; but the vicar and his family were from home and would not return until late on Saturday evening.

The quandary troubled our new convert a good deal. He felt that the vicar ought to know; and on Saturday evening again he set off to get the matter off his mind. On his way, the thought struck him that it would be a very awkward thing if there was no parish clerk to take part in the service next morning. He felt as though it would be leaving the vicar in the lurch; and whatever could they do? He felt in his conscience that he should do his work better, and put more soul into it than he had ever done in his life. So he stood in a quandary; and at last made up his mind, limped off home again, and resolved to say nothing about it until Monday morning.

Sabbath came, and Geoffrey Hallam, "clothed, and in his right mind," posted off to the vestry to robe his master for duty. He was thoroughly happy; and the gracious Sabbath influences had enabled him to dismiss his quandary from his mind.

"Praise the Lord," quoth he, as he went along the churchyard path with a buoyancy that almost hid his limping gait, "Jesus is my Saviour, this blessed Sunday morning. Glory be to God!"

As soon as the vicar entered the vestry, Geoffrey took down the white surplice from its accustomed peg. He held it up with his hands and stood with a beaming smile on his face, waiting for Parson Hodgson to turn his shoulders ready for its reception. The vicar looked him full in the face, and a conscious blush mounted to Geoffrey's cheeks; for a moment his hands trembled so that the uplifted garment seemed half instinct with life, but the smile never left his face.

"Geoffrey Hallam," said the vicar, "you seem to be remarkably happy this morning?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir! so I am," said Geoffrey. "Praise the Lord, I'm the happiest man in Wemborough parish! Glory be to God! Happy as I can live, sir! Bless the Lord!"

"Why what on earth has come to the man?" said the wondering clergyman. "Have you come into a fortune?"

"I believe you, sir," said Geoffrey, limping round the vestry with the surplice held up before him, and joyously laughing at the apt inquiry. "Yes, sir! I am rich as a Jew!" Hallelujah! Christ is mine!"

The vicar looked solemnly angry. "I don't believe you are sober! Can you do your work?"

"Try me, sir! You just try me! I shall mean it, every word."

The parson suffered his factotum to invest him with the sacred robe, and as Geoffrey prudently said no more, the clergyman followed him to his desk; the clerk limped into his; and matters took their ordinary course. The congregation, however, was

extraordinary, for the villagers were a good deal curious to see how the new convert would comport himself in his old office; and a few of the more thoughtful Methodists had come to show that their welcome of Geoffrey to their ranks was none the less because of his official position in the parish church. In a pew just before the clerk's desk sat Joe Hardwick and his wife, and with them Susan Hallam, looking bright enough, and as if she had good cause to praise the Lord and meant to do it. Geoffrey smiled and nodded, and there was quite an unfamiliar glow upon his face. Things went on smoothly enough, however, until the vicar began the Psalms for the day:

Priest.—"I will magnify Thee, O Lord, for Thou hast set me up; and not made my foes to triumph over me."

Clerk.—"O Lord my God, I cried unto Thee and Thou hast healed me."

Just at this moment Susan lifted a beaming eye and met that of her happy spouse. Geoffrey couldn't help it. "Praise the Lord, He has," said he, "Glory be to God!"

The parson looked daggers at him; the parson's lady peered at him over her spectacles and her high-backed pew; the obese farmer and his chubby flock began to share the parson's doubts as to the clerk's sobriety; and Joe Hardwick and his fellow schismatics looked as if they would have liked to sing, "O happy day that fixed my choice!"

Altogether our good Geoffrey made quite a sensation that morning.

After the service, while Geoffrey was divesting his chief of his black gown and bands, Mr. Hodgson said,

"Now, sir! What have you to say in excuse for your very singular behaviour?"

"Why, sir," said Geoffrey, "I am sorry, but the words really slipped out before I knew." Then, plucking up courage, he said, "The truth is, sir, that I am so happy in the love of Jesus, and the words 'Thou hast healed me,' came so pat, that I couldn't help saying, 'Praise the Lord!'"

"Why, you must have turned Methodist?" said the wondering parson.

"That's just it, sir, and I'm very sorry—I mean, I'm very glad —I mean—"

"Mean! you mean that you are a born fool!"

"No, sir," said Geoffrey; "'born again.' That's how it is, sir; praise the Lord!"

"Stuff and nonsense! Come up to the vicarage to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," said Geoffrey, humbly; I was afraid I should have to give it up; I'm very sorry."

"Oh, well, if you'll give it up, it will be all right. What made you take it up?"

"You, sir," said Geoffrey, in innocent surprise.

"Me!" said Parson Hodgson, blushing hot at the daring imputation, "how dare you say so? Why, almost the last words I said to you were that the Methodists had no business here."

"Oh!" said Geoffrey, "I meant giving up being clerk, and I said I was sorry because I could do it and would do it better than ever. But I can't give up going to chapel, sir, come what may," and Geoffrey began to limp around the vestry again at the very idea of such a thing.

"Humph!" ejaculated the clergyman, and seizing his hat, away he went in high dudgeon, without so much as his customary "Good morning."

Geoffrey Hallam trudged off to his cottage, thankful that the ordeal was over and that he was out of his quandary. The loss of twenty pounds a year, besides fees, would make a very considerable hole in his earnings. He knew that he should have to ply his awl very diligently indeed to make ends meet; but if he was a little hardly put to it, why, he had that in his heart and home which would more than compensate for poverty or even hunger. So Geoffrey limped along with a light heart, prepared for either fortune, and happy in the Lord.

When Parson Hodgson reached home, his household soon discovered that he was a good deal ruffled. During the dinner hour the erratic parish clerk was the subject of conversation, and the object of universal condemnation, and the verdict was unanimous that the deluded Geoffrey must be instantly discharged. Now, however, Parson Hodgson was in a quandary. Where he should pick up another clerk he did not know; as for getting Geoffrey Hallam's equal, of that he had no hope. The anti-Methodist population of the village couldn't produce, at any rate hadn't produced the article. Geoffrey had always done his work diligently and with the utmost propriety, while all the tithes and dues and offerings were ready to their full amount, whenever the parson's hands were extended to receive them. Mrs. Hodgson was taken into consultation, and by the wise advice of that prudent and political counsellor, it was finally decided to wait awhile and see how Geoffrey behaved.

The decision was briefly and even curtly announced to the happy cobbler, accompanied by the expression of hope that he would not indulge in any interpolations in the Liturgy, and that he would look a little less absurdly happy while engaged in his professional duties. So Geoffrey Hallam was reinstated; and. as might be expected, proved a more effective clerk than ever. He became a class leader, and indeed the factotum at the chapel as well as the church.

After many years of youthful service, Geoffrey Hallam died, full of years and honour. On his tombstone was engraven a laudatory mention of his double office of parish clerk and Methodist class-leader. In all probability that inscription has been rubbed out by wind and weather, but the name and fame of Geoffrey Hallam endure in Wemborough to this day.

Life is but short, therefore crosses cannot be long.—*Flavel.*

JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

Few people who have travelled will deny that of all cities Glasgow is apparently the least romantic. Steeped in wet, white mist, or wrapped in yellow fog vapour, all gray stone and gray sky, dirty streets, and sloppy people, it presents none of the features of a show town. Yet it has great merits; it is enterprising, persevering, intensely national, and practically religious; and people who do not mind being damp have every chance to make a good living there. Even the sombre appearance of the dark gray granite of which it is built is not unsuitable to the sterling character of its people; for though this stone may be dull and ugly, there is a natural nobility about it, and it never can be mean.

I have said that, as a city, Glasgow is practically religious, and certainly this was the case something less than half a century ago. The number of its churches was not more remarkable than the piety and learning of its clergy; and the "skailing" of their congregations on a Sabbath afternoon was one of the most impressive sights, of its kind, in the world.

My true little story opens with the skailing of the Ramshorn Kirk, a very favourite place of worship with the well-to-do burghers of the east end of the city, and it was a peculiarly douce, decent, solemn looking crowd that slowly and reverently passed out of its gates into the absolutely silent streets. For no vehicles of any kind disturbed the Sabbath stillness, and not until the people had gone some distance from the house of God did they begin to think their own thoughts, and with a certain grave reserve put them into words.

Among the groups who proceeded still farther east, towards the pleasant houses facing the "Green," one alone was remarkable enough to have elicited special notice from an observing stranger. It consisted of an old man and a young girl, evidently his daughter. Both were strikingly handsome, and the girl was much better dressed than the majority of women who took the same road. Long before they reached the Green they were joined by a younger man, whom the elder at once addressed in a reproving voice.

"Ye didna pay as much attention to the sermon as it behooved ye to do, James Blackie; and what for did ye speak to Robert Laird a'most within 'the Gates?'"

"I only asked if he had heard of the *Bonnie Bess;* she is overdue five days, and eight good men in her, not to speak of the cargo."

"It's no cannie to be aye asking questions. Sit still and the news will come to ye: forbye, I'm no sure if yon was a lawfu' question; the Sabbath sun hasna set yet."

James Blackie mechanically turned to the west, and then slowly let his glance fall on the lovely face at his side.

"Christine," he asked softly, "how is all with you?"

"All is well, James."

Not another word was spoken until they reached David Cameron's home. He was carefully reconsidering the sermon—going over every point on his finger ends, lest he should drop any link of the argument; and James and Christine were listening to his criticisms and remarks. They all stopped before a shop over the windows of which was painted, "David Cameron, Dealer in Fine Teas;" and David, taking a large key from his pocket, opened the door, and said,

"Come in and eat wi' us, James; ye ken ye're welcome."

"Our friendship, Mr. Cameron, is a kind of Montgomery division—all on one side, nothing on the other; but I am 'so by myself' that I thank you heartily."

So David, followed by Christine and James, passed slowly through the darkened store, with its faint smells of Eastern spices and fragrant teas, into the little parlour beyond. The early winter night had now fallen, and the room, having only an outlet into a small court, would have been dark also but for the red glow of the "covered" fire. David took the poker and struck the great block of coal, and instantly the cheerful blaze threw an air of cosey and almost picturesque comfort over the homelike room.

The two men sat down beside the fire, spreading their hands to its warmth, and apparently finding their own thoughts excellent company, for neither of them spoke or moved until Christine reappeared. She had divested herself of the handsome black satin and velvet which formed her kirk suit· but in her long, plain dress of gray winsey, with a snowy lawn kerchief and cuffs, she looked still more fair and lovable.

James watched her as she spread the cloth and produced from various cupboards cold meats and pastries, bread and cakes, and many kinds of delicate preserves and sweetmeats. Her large, shapely hands among the gold-and-white china fascinated him, while her calm, noiseless, unhurried movements induced a feeling of passive repose that it required an effort to dispel, when she said in a low, even voice,

"Father, the food is waiting for the blessing."

It was a silent but by no means an unhappy meal. David was a good man, and he ate his food graciously and gratefully, dropping now and then a word of praise or thanks; and James felt it delightful enough to watch Christine. For James, though he had not yet admitted the fact to his own heart, loved Christine Cameron as men love only once, with that deep, pure affection that has perchance a nearer kindred than this life has hinted of.

He thought her also exquisitely beautiful, though this opinion

would not have been indorsed by a majority of men. For Christine had one of those pale, statuesque faces apt to be solemn in repose; its beauty was tender and twilight, its expression serious and steadfast, and her clear, spiritual eyes held in them no light of earthly passion. She had grown up in that little back parlour amid the din and tumult of the city, under the gray, rainy skies, and surrounded by care and sin, as a white lily grows out of the dark, damp soil, drawing from the elements around only sweetness and purity.

She was very silent this afternoon, but apparently very happy. Indeed, there was an expression on her face which attracted her father's attention, and he said,

"The sermon has pleased thee well, I see, Christine."

"The sermon was good, but the text was enough, father. I think it over in my heart, and it leaves a light on all the common things of life. And she repeated it softly, "O Thou preserver of men, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

David lifted his bonnet reverently, and James, who was learned in what the Scotch pleasantly call "the humanities," added slowly,

"'But I, the mortal,
Planted so lowly, with death to bless me,
I sorrow no longer.'"

When people have such subjects of conversation, they talk moderately—for words are but poor interpreters of emotions whose sources lie in the depths of eternity. But they were none the less happy, and James felt as if he had been sitting at one of those tables which the Lord "prepareth in the wilderness," where the "cup runneth over" with joy and content.

Such moments rarely last long; and it is doubtful if we could bear to keep the soul always to its highest bent. When Christine had sided away the dishes and put in order the little room, David laid down his pipe, and said, "The Lord's day being now over, I may speak anent my ain matters. I had a letter, Christine, on Saturday, from my brother-in-law, McFarlane. He says young Donald will be in Glasgow next week."

"Will he stay here, father?"

"Na, na; he'll bide wi' the McFarlanes. They are rich folk; but siller is na sin—an' it be clean-won siller."

"Then why did Uncle McFarlane write to you, father?"

"He wrote concerning the lad's pecuniary matters, Christine. Young Donald will need gude guiding; and he is my sister Jessie's only bairn—blood is thicker than water, ye'll allow that—and Donald is o' gentle blood. I'm no saying that's everything; but it is gude to come o' a gude kind."

"The McFarlanes have aye been for the Pope and the Stuarts," said James, a little scornfully. "They were 'out' in the '79;' and they would pin the white cockade on to-morrow, if there was ever a Stuart to bid them do it."

"May be they would, James. Hielandmen hae a way o' sticking

to auld friends. There's Camerons I wadna go bail for, if Prince Charlie could come again; but let that flea stick to the wa'. And the McFarlanes arena exactly papist noo; the twa last generations hae been 'Piscopals—that's ane step ony way towards the truth. Luther mayna be John Knox, but they'll win up to him some time, dootless they will."

"How old is young McFarlane?" asked James.

"He is turned twenty—a braw lad, his father says. I hae ne'er seen him, but he's Jessie's bairn, and my heart gaes out to meet him."

"Why did you not tell me on Saturday, father? I could have spoken for Maggie Maclean to help me to put the house in order."

"I didna get the letter till the evening post. It was most as good as Sabbath then. House-cleaning is an unco temptation to women-folk, so I keepit the news till the Sabbath sun was weel set."

During this conversation James Blackie's heart had become heavy with some sad presentiment of trouble, such as arise very naturally in similar circumstances.

He listeneded to David Cameron's reminiscences of his bonnie sister Jessie, and of the love match she had made with the great Highland chieftain, with an ill-disguised impatience. He had a Lowlander's scorn for the thriftless, fighting, freebooting traditions of the Northern clans and a Calvinist's dislike to the Stuarts and the Stuarts' faith; so that David's unusual emotion was exceedingly and, perhaps, unreasonably irritating to him. He could not bear to hear him speak with trembling voice and gleaming eyes of the grand mountains and the silent corries around Pen-Nevis, the red deer trooping over the misty steeps, and the brown hinds lying among the green plumes of fern, and the wren and the thrush lilting in song together.

"Oh, the bonnie, bonnie Hielands!" cried David with a passionate affection; "it is always Sabbath up i' the mountains, Christine. I maun see them once again ere I lay by my pilgrim-staff and shoon for ever."

"Then you are not Glasgow born, Mr. Cameron," said James, with the air of one who finds out something to another's disadvantage.

"Me! Glasgo' born! Na, na, man! I was born among the mountains o' Argyle. It was a sair downcome fra them to the Glasgo' pavements. But I'm saying naething against Glasgo'. I was but thinking o' the days when I wore the tartan and climbed the hills in the white dawns, and, kneeling on the top o' Ben Na Keen, saw the sun sink down wi' a smile. It's little ane sees o' sunrising or sunsetting here, James," and David sighed heavily and wiped away the tender mist from his sight.

James looked at the old man with some contempt; he himself had been born and reared in one or other of the closest and darkest streets of the city. The memories of his loveless, hard-childhood were bitter to him, and he knew nothing of the joy of a boyhood spent in the hills and woods.

Life is the same everywhere, Mr. Cameron. I dare say there is as much sin and as much worry and care among the mountains as on the Glasgow pavements."

"You may 'daur say' it, James, but that winna mak it true. Even in this warld our Father's house has many mansions. Gang your way up and up through thae grand solitudes and ye'll blush to be caught worrying among them."

And then in a clear, jubilant voice he broke into the old Scotch version of the 121st Psalm:

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes from whence doth come mine aid;
My safety cometh from the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made."

And he sang it to that loveliest of all psalm tunes, Rathiel's "St. Mary's." It was impossible to resist the faith, the enthusiasm, the melody. At the second bar Christine's clear, sweet voice joined in, and at the second line James was making a happy third.

"Henceforth thy goings out and in
God keep for ever will."

"Thae twa lines will do for a 'Gude-night,'" said David in the pause at the end of the psalm, and James rose with a sigh and wrapped his plaid around him.

CHAPTER II.

James had gone into the house so happy and hopeful, he left it so anxious and angry—yes, angry. He knew well that he had no just cause for anger, but that knowledge only irritated him the more. Souls, as well as bodies, are subject to malignant diseases, and to-night envy and jealousy were causing James Blackie more acute suffering than any attack of fever or contagion. A feeling of dislike towards young Donald McFarlane had taken possession of his heart; he lay awake to make a mental picture of the youth, and then he hated the picture he had made.

Feverish and miserable, he went next morning to the bank in which he was employed, and endeavoured amid the perplexities of compound interest to forget the anxieties he had invented for himself. But it was beyond his power, and he did not pray about them; for the burdens we bind on our own shoulders we rarely dare to go to God with, and James might have known from this circumstance alone that his trouble was no lawful one. He nursed it carefully all day and took it to bed with him again at night. The next day he had begun to understand how envy grew to hatred, and hatred to murder. Still he did not go to God for help, and still he kept ever before his eyes the image of the youth that he had determined was to be his enemy.

On Thursday night he could no longer bear his uncertainties. He dressed himself carefully and went to David Cameron's. David

was in his shop tasting and buying teas, and apparently absorbed in business. He merely nodded to James, and bid him "walk through." He had no intention of being less kindly than usual, but James was in such a suspicious tempér that he took his preoccupation for coolness, and so it was almost with a resentful feeling he opened the half-glass door dividing the shop from the parlour.

As his heart had foretold him, there sat the youth whom he had determined to hate, but his imaginations had greatly deceived him with regard to his appearance. He had thought of Donald only as a "fair, false Highlander" in tartan, kilt, and philibeg. He found him a tall, dark youth, richly dressed in the prevailing Southern fashion, and retaining no badge of his country's costume but the little Glengary cap with its chieftain's token of an eagle's feather. His manners were not rude and haughty, as James had decided they would be; they were singularly frank and pleasant. Gracious and graceful, exceedingly handsome and light-hearted, he was likely to prove a far more dangerous rival than even James' jealous heart had anticipated.

He rose at Christine's introduction, and offered his hand with a pleasant smile to James. The latter received the courtesy with such marked aversion that Donald slightly raised his eyebrows ere he resumed his interrupted conversation with Christine. And now that James sat down with a determination to look for offences he found plenty. James very quickly decided that Donald presumed in a very offensive manner on his relationship to Christine.

A little after nine o'clock David, having closed his shop, joined them in the parlour. He immediately began to question James about the loss of the *Bonnie Bess*, and from that subject they drifted easily into others of a local business interest. It was very natural that Donald, being a stranger both to the city and its business, should take no part in this discourse, and that he should, in consequence, devote himself to Christine. But James felt it an offence and rose much earlier than was his wont to depart. David stayed him, almost authoritatively:

"Ye maun stop, baith o' ye lads, and join in my meat and worship. They are ill visitors that canna sit at ane board and kneel at ane altar."

For David had seen through all their drifting talk of ships and cargoes, the tumult in James' heart, and he did not wish him to go away in an ungenerous and unjust temper. So both Donald and James partook of the homely supper of pease brose and butter, oatmeal cakes and fresh milk, and then read aloud with David and Christine the verses of the evening Psalm that came to each in turn. James was much softened by the exercise; so much so that when Donald asked permission to walk with him as far as their way lay together, he very pleasantly acceded to the request And Donald was so bright and unpretentious it was almost impossible to resist the infectious good temper which seemed to be his characteristic.

Still James was very little happier or more restful. He lay awake again, but this night it was not to fret and fume, but to calmly think over his position and determine what was best and right to do. For James still thought of "right," and would have been shocked indeed if any angel of conscience had revealed to him the lowest depths of his desires and intentions. In the first place, he saw that David would tolerate no element of quarrelling and bitterness in his peaceful home, and that if he would continue to visit there he must preserve the semblance of friendship for Donald McFarlane. In the second, he saw that Donald had already made so good his lien upon his uncle's and cousin's affections that it would be very hard to make them believe wrong of the lad, even if he should do wrong, though of this James told himself there would soon be abundance.

"For the things David will think sinful beyond all measure," he argued, "will seem but Puritanical severity to him; forbye, he is rich, gay, handsome, and has little to do with his time, he'll get well on to Satan's ground before he knows it;" and then some whisper dim and low in his soul made him blush and pause and defer the following out of a course which was to begin in such a way.

So Donald and he fell into the habit of meeting at David's two or three nights every week, and apparent friendship sprang up between them. It was only apparent, however. On Donald's side was that good-natured indifference that finds it easy enough to say smooth words, and is not ready to think evil or to take offence; on James' part a wary wachfulness, assuming the rôle of superior wisdom, half admiring and half condemning Donald's youthful spirits and ways.

David was quite deceived; he dropped at once the authoritative manner which had marked his displeasure when he perceived James' disposition to envy and anger; he fell again into his usual pleasant familiar talks with the young man, for David thought highly of James as of one likely to do his duty to God and himself.

In these conversations Donald soon began to take a little share, and when he chose to do so, evinced a thought and shrewdness which greatly pleased his uncle; more generally, however, he was at Christine's side, reading her some poem he had copied, or telling her about some grand party he had been at. Sometimes James could catch a few words of reproof addressed in a gentle voice to Donald by Christine; more often he heard only the murmur of earnest conversation, or Christine's low laugh at some amusing incident.

The little room meanwhile had gradually become a far brighter place. Donald kept it sweet and bright with his daily offerings of fresh flowers; the pet canary he had given Christine twittered and sang to her all the day through. Over Christine herself had come the same bright change; her still, calm face often dimpled into smiles, her pale-gold hair was snooded with a pretty ribbon, and her dress a little richer. Yet, after all, the change was so

slight that none but a lover would have noticed it. But there was not a smile or a shade of brighter colour that James did not see; and he bore it with an equanimity which used often to astonish himself, though it would not have done so if he had dared just once to look down into his heart; he bore it because he knew that Donald was living two lives—one that Christine saw, and one that she could not even have imagined.

It was, alas, too true that this gay, good-natured young man, who had entered the fashionable world without one bad habit, was fast becoming proficient in all its follies and vices. That kind of negative goodness which belonged naturally to him, unfortified by strict habits and strong principles, had been able to repel the seductions and temptations that assail young men, rich, handsome, and well-born. There was an evil triumph in James' heart one night when Donald said to him, as they walked home after an evening at David's,

"Mr. Blackie, I wish you could lend me £20. I am in a little trouble, and I cannot ask Uncle David for more, as I have already overdrawn my father's allowance."

James loaned it with an eager willingness, though he was usually very cautious and careful of every bawbee of his hard-earned money. He knew it was but the beginning of confidence, and so it proved; in a very little while Donald had fallen into the habit of going to James in every emergency, and of making him the confidant of all his youthful hopes and follies.

James even schooled himself to listen patiently to Donald's praises of his cousin Christine. "She is just the wife I shall need when I settle down in three or four years," Donald would say complacently, "and I think she loves me. Of course, no man is worthy of such a woman, but when I have seen life a little I mean to try and be so."

"Umph!" answered James scornfully, "do you suppose, Mr. McFarlane, that ye'll be fit for a pure lassie like Christine Cameron when you have played the prodigal and consorted with fools and wasted your substance with riotous living?"

And Donald said with an honest blush, "By the memory of my mother, no, I do not, James. And I am ashamed when I think of Christine's white soul and the stained love I have to offer it. But women forgive! Oh, what mothers and wives and sisters there are in this world!"

"Well, don't try Christine too far, Donald. She is of an old Covenanting stock; her conscience feels sin afar off. I do not believe she would marry a bad, worldly man, though it broke her heart to say 'No.' I have known her far longer than you have."

"Tut, man, I love her! I know her better in an hour than you could in a lifetime;" and Donald looked rather contemptuously on the plain man who was watching him with eyes that might have warned any one more suspicious or less confident and self-satisfied.

The Christian Life.

O THOU, SO WEARY!

O THOU, so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross,
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?
Poor, wandering soul! I know that thou art seeking
Some easier way, as all have sought before,
To silence the reproachful inward speaking,
Some landward path unto an island shore.
The cross is heavy in thy human measure,
The way too narrow for thy inward pride;
Thou canst not lay thy intellectual treasure
At the low footstool of the Crucified.
In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,
Thy weary soul can only find its peace;
Seeking no aid from any human creature,
Looking to God alone for his release.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, of England, who is the originator of the "Forward Movement in Wesleyan Methodism," says: "The great defect in Christians is not in their personal faith or in their creed, but in that they have never *worked out* their Christianity—have never applied it practically to daily life. Business, pleasure, politics, must all be Christianized. It is not enough for a man to trust in Christ, and go to prayer-meetings, and sing hymns; he must carry out the teachings of Jesus Christ in Oxford Street and Regent Street, and to do that is often a higher achievement of Divine grace than to sing at the top of your voice at prayer-meetings."

We believe in a practical Christianity—a "Scriptural holiness" that is illustrated by holy deeds; and that not only by the few who are eminent for piety, or by the acknowledged leaders in Christian work, but by the rank and file of the followers of Christ. Let all who bear His name, sweetly yet fearlessly, in their daily lives, interpret the law of love.

Deep snows covered the ground, and the wind whistled cold and shrill through the trees, as a farmer, driving a spirited horse, dashed into the yard. It took but a few moments to put the animal away, and as the gentleman entered the house, his wife, lifting a sweet, earnest face, inquired, "How did you find Stephen to-day?"

"Very comfortable, but he is evidently failing."

After becoming thoroughly warm, the gentleman threw himself

carelessly upon the couch, but he was restless. Drawing a paper over his face, he tried to compose himself, but frequently he drew a deep, audible sigh, while his restlessness increased.

After a little his wife gently said, "What is it, Frank? Is neighbour Stephen much worse?"

"Oh, it is not that," he said, as he arose and paced the floor. "It is not that; I know he must die, but I did not do my duty. I felt I ought to pray with him, but there were so many around, I did not. I fear he is not ready to die."

"If I felt that way," said his wife, softly, "I would harness quickly and go right back."

His face brightened. "I believe I will." A few moments later, his wife saw him drive out of the yard and down the road at quick speed.

"Why, Neighbour N——, did you leave anything?" they asked as the door of his friend's house was opened to him.

"No," he replied, "but I want to see Stephen again."

"All right, walk right in."

More than an ordinary friendship existed between the two neighbours, and as Mr. N. stepped quickly into the sick-room, the dying man looked up with a smile, "Why, Frank, back so soon?"

"Yes, Stephen," and taking the fevered hand in his, while tears ran down his cheeks, he said, "I came back, because I want to pray with you—for your soul, Stephen."

The blood mantled the pale, sick face, but still clinging to the strong hand of his friend, he said, "All right, Frank." And there close by the bedside, holding in his great strong hands the thin, emaciated one of the sick brother, that stalwart, manly man, fell on his knees and pleaded with tears and sobs and tender words for the soul of his friend.

Rising, he brushed away the tears, laid his hand for a moment on the burning brow, and with a hushed "Good-bye, I'll come again," went out as quickly as he came.

O Christ of Galilee! how mighty is Thy love! How strong Thou art in the souls of Thy children if we only *let Thee have Thy way!*

This Christian gentleman was constitutionally timid and reserved. He held no office in Church or State, but he had a great loving heart, and he believed in Jesus. His wife might have said, "I would not worry, the minister will probably call."

Could the minister do Mr. N—'s duty? Could he have come as near to the needy soul, or lifted as strongly as the beloved friend and neighbour?

It is said of Jesus, "And He laid His hand upon him." If we

would lift a soul, we must touch it with our love and sympathy. You, Christian man, who art standing closest to that unsaved soul, you are the one to lay your hand upon him, and prove your faith in the Christ of the Gospel, by your loving works and words of entreaty.—*By Mrs. M. N. Van Benschoten.*

CONSECRATION OF THE BODY.

There is a sufficient reason while Paul urges the Roman Christians to present their bodies "holy, acceptable to God." A consecration which does not include the body is an imperfect consecration. While a religion that is wholly spiritual may be better than one that is wholly physical and formal, a religion that begins in the inner life, and, working from within, shapes the outer life, and finds its clear expression there, is far better than either. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father not only keeps unspotted from the world, but it visits the fatherless and the widows in their affliction. It not only prays for them, it *visits* them. It sends the Christian to them in his own proper person, to speak kind words to them, and minister to their necessities. A religion which is all spirit is not good for much in this world. We want a religion that finds expression in a cheery presence, a hearty word, a warm grasp of the hand—nay, we want a religion that knows how to express itself in bread, and potatoes, and shoes, and coal; and this is a kind of religion for the propagation of which the body seems indispensable.

There is a good deal of Christian work that cannot be done without the assistance of the body. The public services of religion really seem to require as much as this. A congregation of disembodied spirits would not be very inspiring to the preacher. People talk about being present in spirit in the prayer-meeting, but if everybody was present in that way there would be no prayer-meeting. The same principle applies to our profession of faith in Christ. In our proper persons, in shapes that men can see, we are to stand up and avouch the Lord to be our God. If there is a visible Church in the world, the members of that Church must make themselves visible. The nation cannot depend upon invisible voters or invisible soldiers; neither is the kingdom of God in this world very effectually served by invisible Christians.

And, therefore, it is only reasonable that men should present themselves to God in their bodies. We have had too much of a religion which is pure abstraction; let us understand, though flesh and blood may not inherit the kingdom of God, that kingdom does inherit flesh and blood; inhabits them, to make itself known through them, and can make itself visible in no other way

HINTS ON PASTORAL WORK.*

How to turn pastoral work to educational account, and be a better student and preacher because one is a better pastor, is a problem worth considering; for "the people" our young minister serves are all glad to have him "call" and "visit;" the oftener and the longer the better. So they think and so they say, and this gives to our brother several hints which he is not slow to adopt.

He will not call or visit in the morning, unless in cases of extreme necessity, and these cases rarely occur. His private memorandum is, "A. M. in L.," which being interpreted is, "morning in library." He has underscored it with a crooked, saw-like line, expressive of his energy of purpose. He has said it in tones of energy both in private and pulpit until everybody knows that he will not be interrupted. Even old "Father ——," the oldest and most influential and (be it said respectfully), in these latter days the most garrulous of all the stewards, who bored the last pastor by his frequent and protracted calls; even he has found out that the new man cannot be seen before one o'clock p.m. He tried and was foiled, and having failed utterly gave up the quest. The whole church soon knew that the pastor was inaccessible every morning. And the church liked it. They liked to tell it. It reflected credit on themselves and on their minister. And it told on the sermons preached on Sabbath days. The *verve* and the aroma of the morning hours were in them. The outsiders were attracted. The insiders were instructed.

But he did "call." He had a way of "calling" on the street. He had the art of saying more and of getting more out of the people he talked to, even when they chanced to meet, than most men who went and sat and stayed in professional form. He put his earnest life into smile and hand-grasp. He asked questions, gave information, canvassed some item of church business, found out about "wife and children," where they were, how they were, and what their plans for the near future. Somehow when that evening the head of the house reported to the heart of the house that casual conversation, and the children heard how the pastor had asked for them all by name, and had sent a motto to them to be repeated every day, they all felt that the pastor had called on them that day. They were the more sure to be at church the next Sunday.

Frequently when this pastoral pastor met men on the street or in the shop, there would come a word, a bow, a shake, a smile, a question, a hint, a proverb, a sally of wit, an answer to some echo of doubt, a bit of raillery more in earnest than in fun, and a sceptical fellow, leaving the friendly pastor, promised himself to "go to hear that man preach;" and somehow, as a casual question which had been asked in the brief conversation would recur, the sceptic had a feeling at the heart as if his mother had called to him out of the unseen, or as if he had heard an exhortation at a revival.

* Abridged from "The Itinerant's Club," in the *Methodist Review*. This is an unsigned article, but if its internal evidence does not indicate Bishop Vincent as its author, we are greatly mistaken.—Ed.

It was the power of manhood touching manhood; a man at peace with God influencing a man who needed peace.

In the regular calls our pastor was as wise as he was agreeable. He didn't seem the professional pastor at all. His tone was natural. It rung with genuineness. He fringed every topic he touched with a charming religiousness. And to make a religious impression he was not compelled to lug in the set themes of church and pulpit. Indeed, with consummate art he appeared to avoid, and now and then intentionally to evade them. But after his "little prayer," as the children called it, and his cheery good-bye, every body felt as if an alabaster-box of precious ointment had been broken in the house, and its fragrance reached the very attic. And lumbering Ned, the twelve-year-old who never took to preachers, wondered when that "jolly one was a comin' agin'." Mother wondered how she came to tell him so freely about her experiences and her doubts, and she was almost sorry for it until one Sunday, soon after, while he was preaching, she found her problems solved, and her eyes wet and her heart glad. She said to her husband, "He must have made up that sermon in our parlour." For this "uneducated" minister had a way of reading people as he read books. And when a man puts the contents of folks in his sermon, folks take his preaching to heart, because it certainly reaches their heads, and with every-day people head and heart are not very widely separated.

As for places of sorrow, the pastor sought them out and went often. And there he was at his best, if one can say that of a man who seemed always and everywhere at his best. What good cheer he brought! He filled the place with spiritual *ozone*. He was himself a tonic. Once or twice the old infidel doctor, who had a difficult case on hand, sent for that parson to call. "He is a sort of a mind-cure," said the old doctor; "but he has no nonsense, and makes a trace of religious talk go further and do more than all my medicines." The doctor didn't know the secret. The Lord Jesus and His faithful minister did. It was interesting to notice how much the minister found out, in his calls on sick people, about their past lives, their views of religion, their ground of hope for the future (often so pitifully weak and worthless), their regrets at unfaithfulness, and the humiliating reasons for their regrets. It was plain to see when he preached on the Sabbath that whatever he may have done with the last volume of sermons by Canon This, or Archbishop That, or the latest series of Bampton Lectures, he had read closely and with throbbing heart the red pages of living experience in the chambers of sorrow.

Our student-pastor did not refuse a feast when the chance offered. He was thankful for his invitation. The "R. S. V. P." elicited a genial acceptance. And he was on hand. But he was on hand as a man, a gentleman who never forgot and never obtrusively reminded anybody that he was a minister. His self-mastery gave him mastership of men. His transparent purity made him a king among maidens. His manliness and wisdom put him into easy relations with motherhood. And the children "made for him" to hear a story or learn of a good thing to play. He was a gentleman among society ladies, a man of practical sense among men and women of affairs, a friend among children and youth, but everywhere and always he was the dignified, refined, spiritually-minded pastor whose presence was a benediction.

As a pastor our young minister had a good chance to find books in large numbers and great variety, for he studied every shelf and table in all the homes of his people, and he made out a complete list of the volumes he found. He classified them, and could tell by turning to his pocket catalogue where in his parish he could find all the available books on any special subject. Keeping in his memorandum-book a list of topics he wished to investigate, he would call here and there, and turn to good account the various libraries of his parish. He was surprised to find how many strong and standard volumes were scattered among his people. By a little planning he was enabled to make pastoral visiting any opportunity for reading and study. His habit lost him no friends, and his example set older folks and younger at work consulting and reading books which, although in their own libraries, they had hitherto accounted of little or no value. After his pocket list was complete the pastor found that he had in his "charge," scattered among the homes of his people, more than two thousand books, and some of them exceedingly valuable.

Our minister, in a really scientific way, although unobtrusively, studied the people he visited. He studied the social problems, not so much in books as in "folks." He met the problems in the concrete—the sewing-women, the factory-girls, the miners, the apprentices, the servants, the employers, the manufacturers, the politicians, the stable-boys—every class and everybody. He talked to them. He thought about them. He questioned them. He preached to them. He counselled and reproved and comforted, as circumstances demanded. And when in a parlour some distinguished author, college professor, or popular lecturer on political and social economy conversed with our young clergyman, the latter could give facts and theories and suggest practical measures of real value to these professional and lecture-room students of problems in the work-a-day world.

Thus our young "uneducated" minister made his pastoral office and work a school of theological and social training. He studied men individually and collectively. He found books in houses and knowledge in people. The plain and "ignorant" old folks, who had never even seen the city, and knew nothing about the conventional ways of society, had stores of experience in real life to report, wise old maxims and proverbs to quote, quaint criticisms on life to offer; and the student of these old "living epistles" of human and of divine wisdom found many a sharp point with which to prick the folly of the times or draw the tear of sympathy from eyes unused to weep. What an education is possible everywhere for the man who has brains and eyes and heart and will and tact!

Getting a hint somewhere the young preacher resolved to give up the "getting up" of sermons. He resolved to *master subjects and let sermons grow*. It is wonderful how the idea took hold of him. He began to work on one great doctrine or department of theology as if he had suddenly become a specialist on it and must prepare a course of lectures or write a book on it. But where are "the sermons for next Sunday?" He asked himself that a score of times, and kept working away on his "subject." Before Saturday morning came he had incidentally found ten or fifteen texts on which he intends "some time to preach." On a slip of paper he had put down eight distinct topics that he hoped "some day to take up." He had a list of twenty questions bearing on his "subject," which he is

sure somebody will ask. Here are five serious objections which *must* be answered. These texts, topics, questions, and objections are not all immediately connected with the ruling subject of his week's study, but they are collateral or are suggested by this study. He could not in five hours discuss all the lines opened up by his researches of the week. He is embarrassed by the wealth of thought that comes to him. And out of this radical work there grows two vigorous, practical, earnest "talks" for the Sunday. And they are so full of vigour and dash, and come out so like the stream at the faucet, that people involuntarily think of the great reservoir among the distant hills—all the water of which they cannot drink, but the pressure of which fills full with sparkle and freshness the goblet which they draw.

On this plan our young minister will study with some degree of carefulness about six or eight "great subjects" a year. And he will "grow" sermons by the score and hundred. In fact, he is full of sermons. And his sermons are full. And such fulness gives force. Happy the people whose pastor, having common sense, tact, sympathy, and the abundant grace of God, is a regular student of "stupendous themes," and who, out of what he is and knows, grows sermons for the comfort and edification of the people!

LOCAL CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

BY JOSEPH PULLMAN.

The Church of the future will exhibit two characteristics—genuine piety and effective organization. The absence of either of these qualities will prove sufficient to damage, and finally, in the increasing competition of the future, to destroy any Church, whether local or connexional, that fails to possess it.

A few years ago the Rev. Mr. Frothingham closed up his ministry, confessing it to have been a failure, and declaring in his last sermon that the future of the world was in the grip of organization. We are living in a practical age when the supreme test of truth is life. What are we doing to make men better, to make purer homes, a nobler society, a higher civilization? Methodism as a connexional institution is thoroughly organized. Rome herself does not surpass it. But Methodism in the local church is a survival of a past age, when all efforts were purely missionary and evangelical, and the energies of the Church were directed almost exclusively to the conversion of adults. In those days we had few members to care for, few children to train for God, and no constituency in the world that gave us recognition. To-day we are face to face with new conditions. We have a vast constituency. The splendid successes of the past have brought the people close to us, while the proper care of our members and children entails new obligations and duties. Besides, we must recognize a change in the temper of the times which makes the old-fashioned contagious revival a rare occurrence among us. There are revivals still, but they are associated with the most elaborate organization. The Rev. B. Fay Mills, in the late revival in Newark, N.J., caused the city to be districted and

visited by committees of all the churches, and sixty thousand invitations were distributed before the first meeting was held. We cannot conceive the possibility of the Chautauqua movement originating among our Methodist fathers three generations ago. The Oxford League, with its articulated intellectualism and benevolent work, is another symptom of our times; nor can we conceive of its existence in the days when Jacob Gruber and Benjamin Abbott went up and down the land like angels of the Apocalypse and scores were slain by the power of God under single sermons. Every age has its own work and must do it in its own way. And we have little occasion for tears because forms and methods, the incidents of the spiritual life, change or pass away, so long as the Church is advancing toward "the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God."

What, then, is the organization of the average Methodist church to-day? This may be learned from our services. Our Sabbath services of worship are generally effective, and our preaching may compare with the best in the land. Our Sunday-schools may also be commended, though there is great room for improvement. Our class-meetings are, for the most part, a feeble survival of a once mighty institution, while the prayer-meeting still brings comfort and benediction to the elect minority who, week after week, wonder why the others never come. The energies of the local church begin and end with itself, and these energies are directed almost exclusively to spiritual ends. But should not every church be a centre of philanthropy to the community? Should it not be a centre of intellectual inspiration to its own congregation and to those without? Should it not be organized for missionary work in the neighbourhood? If there are Dorcases among our members there must be widows and orphans on the church-rolls, for whom efficient work may be done. The duties of the Church may be gathered from the life of her Lord, for she is more than his witness—she stands to the world in "Christ's stead." Nay, she is He—His body. He went about doing good. Jesus was a superlative humanitarian, and the Church of the future will be that Church which most completely manifests His spirit and continues His work.

> "Her litanies sweet offices of love and gratitude,
> Her sacramental liturgies the joy of doing good."

There is work, then, for our legislators in the organization of the local church. And this organization should put work and responsibility more upon the people and less upon the minister, whose stay is limited.

I. Every church should be organized, perhaps some society established, for the Christian nurture of every infant born into the parish. At certain fixed ages these children should have public recognition before the Church, such as the presentation of a Bible on Children's Day, when they are five or seven years old. Our present system does not go far enough, and is too dependent on the pastor.

II. Every church should be organized for perpetual home mission work. Why not a board of deaconesses in every church to do the work for which Paul commended the women at Philippi?

III. Every church should be organized to represent Jesus in pure philanthropy, such as caring for the sick and the orphan and the poor, and this

with little care for parish boundaries. The ideal church will have an effective centre of missionary inspiration to kindle sympathy with the kingdom of God in the world. It will have provision for mental culture and fostering the talents of its youth.—*Methodist Review.*

AFTER HARVEST.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

THE days of harvest are past again;
We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves;
And gathered the apples, green and gold,
'Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
With a flowery promise the spring-time came,
With the building birds and blossoms sweet;
But oh! the honey, the fruit and wine!
And oh! the joy of corn and wheat!
What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
And what the flower to the honey-comb?
What was the song that sped the plow,
To the joyful song of Harvest Home?

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth;
So full of promise, so gay with song;
To the lilt of joy and the dream of love
Right merrily go the hours along.
But yet in the harvest time of life
We never wish for its storing again;
We have tried our strength and proved our heart;
Our hands have gathered their golden gain;
We have eaten with sorrow her bitter bread,
And love has fed us with honey-comb;
Sweet youth, we never can weep for thee,
When life has come to its Harvest Home.

When the apples are red to the topmost bough,
We do not think of their blossoming hour;
When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
We do not long for its pale green flower.
So then, when hopes for our spring at last
Are found in fruit of the busy brain,
In the heart's sweet love, in the hands' brave toil,
We shall not wish for our youth again.
Ah, no! We shall say, with a glad content:
"After the years of our hard unrest,
Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil!
Thank God, the harvest of life is best!"

Current Topics and Events.

Cardinal Newman.

The death of Cardinal Newman removes one of the most conspicuous figures of the times from public view. He was, probably, the most distinguished pervert made in this century from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church. And by his great moral and intellectual influence he drew many after him in his path of apostasy from the Protestant faith. The judgment of posterity will be, we think, that he was characterized rather by subtlety, refinement and delicacy of mind, than by strength or depth of original thought. He will be remembered chiefly by millions as the author of some of the most exquisite hymns in the language, especially the "Lead, Kindly Light," which is in the hymnaries of almost all the Churches. In his "Apologia pro Sua Vita" he lays bare his very heart, and gives evidence of intense sincerity. Yet from the strange effect on even an ingenuous mind of the moral teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, he seems to have given some ground for the accusation of Charles Kingsley of lack of the transparent candour we would like to see in a man of so saintly a spirit and blameless a life in so many other respects. We have seen also charges of casuistical dealing with other perverts made through his influence that are the result rather, we judge, of the religious environment and atmosphere in which he lived than of any conscious lack of rectitude in the man. His exquisite literary style gives his writings and, especially his sermons, an undying charm. But his mind was reactionary and mediæval in cast. In his fine poem, the "Dream of Gerontius," are some grim images of purgatory worthy of the pen of Dante.

In the following sentences the *Methodist Times* draws a striking comparison between John Newman and John Wesley:

"John Newman was the most influential religious leader of the nineteenth century, as John Wesley was the most influential leader of the eighteenth century. Both men began their careers as Oxford clergymen, but one ended as a prince of the Roman Church and the other as the founder of the most numerous and widespread Protestant community in the world. It is very instructive to note their point of agreement and their points of difference. They agreed in the fundamental conviction that Christianity consists essentially in a living personal fellowship with a living personal God. This is the main point of the most profound theological work Cardinal Newman ever penned, the 'Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent.' The same vital truth appears everywhere in Wesley's 'Notes on the New Testament.' Newman, as he states in his 'Apologia,' was soundly 'converted' in the Methodist sense of that much-misunderstood theological word, when he was a mere boy, and he never lost his sense of peace with God. That genuine 'conversion' coloured all his thought, and was the real, though often unacknowledged, charm of his life and preaching. A similar 'conversion' was the strength of Wesley's ministry, and, as Rev. Richard Green stated in his recent Fernley Lecture on Methodism, is the condition and explanation of our success. But how is it that the two great English religious leaders, who agreed in their definition of essential Christianity, found themselves ultimately as far apart as the poles? How is it that their successors form at this moment the two most powerful, and at the same time antagonistic, religious forces in the British Empire? The answer to that momentous question is obvious to every one who institutes a careful comparison between Newman's 'Apologia pro Vita Sua' and Wesley's

'Journals,' of which latter work we are glad to understand that Mr. Kelly is about to issue a popular and illustrated edition. A study of these two characteristic autobiographical works will show that Newman never went to the Bible for his convictions. He never quotes the Bible in the 'Apologia' as the reason for any change in his convictions, although he was much influenced by 'The Fathers.' On the other hand, Wesley declared himself *homo unius libri*, and at every turn found light and guidance in the Word of God. It is further evident that the main original motive of Newman was, as he says over and over again, 'to resist Liberalism'—that is to say, modern thought in theology and politics. In other words, Newman's movement was essentially ecclesiastical. On the other hand, Wesley's was purely religious. Wesley and his colleagues had no theological or ecclesiastial quarrel with anybody. The only thing of which they complained was the state of their own hearts. Once more Newman's teaching was essentially abstract, speculative, academic. He never mixed with the great world outside the exclusive little Oxford of his day. He confessed that he did not even know his own parishioners. He lived in his study, and communed with books. Wesley, on the other hand, lived like Jesus Christ in the crowd, and had 'compassion on the multitude.' He was in living touch with all sorts and conditions of men. His narrow and academic creed was knocked to pieces by the great facts of real life. He was obliged to reconstruct his 'paper religion,' his speculative opinions, in order to bring them into harmony with fact. He accepted the principle of modern science, and insisted that theological dogmas must be submitted to the Baconian test of verification. Newman lived all his days in a dreamland of mediæval romance, and was therefore able to hug to his heart a definition of 'the Church' so narrow and so defective, that it could find no proper place for such Christians as Faraday and Bright and Browning. Wesley, on the other hand, spent his whole life in enlarging and humanizing his creed, until it had a place and a genial recognition for every kind of genuine goodness everywhere."

Liquor Permits in the North-West.

At the indignation meeting of the Dominion Alliance held in Shaftesbury Hall, on September 4, an appalling abuse of the liquor permit system in the Nort-West was laid bare. That country is ostensibly under a prohibitory law, but the system of granting permits to introduce liquor has been frightfully abused, with the effect of greatly increasing the record of crime and drunkenness. Dr. Potts, Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Senator Aikens, Rev. Leroy Hooker, Mr. Spence and others, made vigorous speeches on the subject, and a strong resolution was unanimously passed. We trust that Methodists everywhere will use their influence to prevent the virgin soil of the Canadian North-West being cursed with the liquor traffic which has wrought such havoc in the older provinces. The following is the resolution:

"That this meeting views with apprehension and alarm the startling increase in the consumption of strong drink, and also the alarming increase of drunkenness and crime in the North-West Territories, as shown in the official reports laid before the Dominion Parliament. That we believe this increase in drunkenness and crime is almost wholly attributable to the abuse of the power granted to Lieutenant-Governors of the North-West Territories to issue permits authorizing the bringing of liquor into the said Territories, this power having been exercised by the present Lieutenant-Governor to such an extent as to virtually replace the North-West prohibitory law by a license system of the very worst character, under which immense quantities of strong drink are being openly imported and freely sold in defiance of the manifest intention of the prohibitory clause of the North-West Territories Act, which was passed by the Dominion Parliament for the purpose

of preventing the indiscriminate liquor traffic which the present Lieutenant-Governor authorizes and encourages.

"That this abuse and the fearful immorality attendant upon it have grown to such appalling dimensions as to constitute an imperative demand for the immediate interference of the Dominion Government and Parliament, in the interests of morality and justice, with any measures that may be found necessary to prevent the further continuance of a policy unmistakably contrary to the method of suppressing the liquor traffic which our Dominion Parliament deemed should be carried out in the North-West Territories."

The Prison Reform Commission.

We trust that very important results may flow from the Prison Reform Commission which is now taking evidence on this important subject at the principal penal institutions of this country and the United States. We utterly dissent from the opinion expressed by certain so-called experts, that crime is almost solely the result of ativism or heredity, that criminals are such by force of their inherited instincts and are scarcely responsible for their criminalty. While heredity has, of course, much to do with depraved dispositions, yet removing the viciously inclined from their vicious environment, especially the young, and surrounding them with wholesome moral and religious influences, will often rescue them from their viler selves and lift them up to the dignity of men and to the fellowship of saints. The record of such a degraded felon as Jerry Macaulay, who became a very apostle of righteousness to the criminal classes of New York, and won scores of trophies of divine grace, confutes and confounds the materialistic pessimism of the scientific experts in ativism and heredity. If the Gospel of Christ can transform in a generation a race of cruel cannibals like the Fiji islanders into a Christian community, it can pluck as a brand from the burning souls on which the fires of hell has already kindled. The Apostle Paul, writing to the Corinthian Christians, enumerating some of the vilest of characters, adds "such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." The Gospel of Christ is still the power of God to salvation to the uttermost. It can still pluck the vilest of the vile from the jaws of perdition. Even in the worst there is a spark of the divine which the purpose of prison discipline should be to kindle to a flame. It should try to wake up the dead or dormant better nature of the criminal, and by some reflection of the mercy of Heaven lead the prisoner to hope for the forgiveness of God.

The Federation Injunction.

The important decision of Judge McMahon on this subject does much to clear the way for the carrying out of the policy of University Federation. It may be confidently expected that very soon every legal barrier will be removed, and that, with the hearty concurrence of all concerned, that result may be attained. It will doubtless be shown that there is no disposition to evade or deny any just claims of the town of Cobourg, or of the subscribers to Faraday Hall.

We cannot afford to go into this new educational movement as a divided church. Nor is there any likelihood that we shall. Those who have hitherto been opposed to Federation, and those who have been in favour of it—when once it is understood that no legal barriers exist and that amplest justice shall be done to all vested interests, and that the policy of Federation is, to use the language of Judge McMahon, "largely in the ascendency," both as indicated by the successive votes taken on the subject and by the subscriptions received in its behalf—will, we trust, unite in carrying out that policy with the utmost vigour and to the most successful issues.

It will tax the ability of even a united church to place our federated university on such a high plane that it shall command the respect not only of our Church, but of the entire public. With such united efforts we look for the beginning of a new era

in our educational work. The theological department of our university will receive such a development and equipment as it has never had before. The arts department available to our students will present a broader range and ampler facilities for study than ever offered by any Canadian university before.

The presence of so many students in both arts and theology in the largest city of the Province will be a source of increased strength to the city churches, and will give the probationers for the ministry an opportunity of exercising their gifts and graces in religious work, especially in city mission work, such as they have not had heretofore, and such as will be invaluable to them in their future ministerial career.

This has been conspicuously the result in the association of the divinity students of our college in Montreal with the church-life and church-work of that city. And such we are persuaded will be the result of the same policy carried out on a larger scale in the sister city of the West. We anticipate that Victoria University, with its learned faculty and numerous *clientele* of students will form a very important factor in the intellectual and religious life of Toronto, and confer and receive very great benefits from its relations to the religious, social and literary life of the city.

ACROSTIC—SONNET.

BY L. A. DES BRISAY.

"For God and Home, and Native Land," she stands,
Rallying her sisters, over land and sea;
Amazed we are at her great energy;
Ne'er cease her labours over all these bands,
Combined to route King Alchohol from all lands;
Entered the lists, to pluck the smoking brands,
Swift from their peril of eternity!

With loving hearts, and consecrated hands,
In the success that crowns a righteous cause,
Let us rejoice, and praise to God be given;
Let us still rally, till the foe be driven
Away to his own place; and may just laws,
Redeem mankind, for which she long hath striven,
Doomed by the tyrant—help them up to heaven.

TO FRANCES WILLARD.

Acrostic.

White-ribbon gem'd, and with the Rose of Purity,
Called from above, wave still thy sapient wands,
Till up to heaven no more the cry shall be
"Undo the heavy burdens, break these bonds!"

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers—
Whose loves in higher loves endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The one hundred and forty-seventh annual Conference of the parent body was held at Bristol—a memorable city in the annals of Methodism. It was here that the penny-a-week system originated which contributed largely to the institution of the class-meeting. The last Conference at which John Wesley presided was held here, a few months before his death.

The Conference of 1890 will for many reasons be regarded as memorable. The Rev. Dr. Moulton was elected President. He is said to be the most learned man in Methodism, and was a member of the Bible Revision Committee. At present he is Principal of Leys School at Cambridge, a most valuable educational institution. His father and grandfather were Wesleyan ministers, and some of his sons were ordained at this Conference, so that for four generations the Moulton family has been represented in the Wesleyan ministry. Rev. D. J. Waller was re-elected Secretary. Mr. Waller had just returned from America, where he had attended the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. Bishop Warren, Revs. Dr. Little, from the Methodist Episcopal Church; Edward King, Australia; Dr. Lelievre, France; and J. D. Lamont from Ireland, delivered stirring addresses respecting Methodism in their respective countries. Bishop Petty, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church (Zion), was also present. The net increase in the membership is 2,633, which was thought to be very small in comparison with the agencies at work.

Forty-two probationers were received into full connexion with the Conference and ordained.

A large number of ministers had died during the year. The roll of the dead contained the names of Geo. Kilner, D.D., Geo. Osborne Bate, Thos. Akroyd, Geo. Dickenson and John Thomas, all of whom had been ministers of prominence.

Of the number of candidates recommended for the ministry, seventy were accepted. Some thought this number was too large, as there were between forty and fifty on the President's list of reserve.

Various appointments were made a year in advance. Rev. George Fletcher was appointed Governor and Tutor in Pastoral Theology and Church Organization, to the Richmond Branch; Rev. S. Whitehead, Missionary, Rev. Geo. A. Bennetts, B.A., Temperance Secretary; forty-one ministers were appointed to the Ecumenical Conference of 1891. Rev. Wallace McMullen was appointed delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church.

Great anxiety was felt respecting the result of the missionary controversy which had been going on for more than a year. A searching investigation had been made respecting the charges of extravagance that had been preferred. The Conference reviewed the entire proceedings, and it is hoped that peace will now be restored. Dr. Lunn has severed his connection with the West London Mission, of which Rev. H. P. Hughes will retain the superintendency.

The report of the Book Steward awakened great interest. The amount of business done amounted to $315,000, being an increase of $5,000 upon the sales of the previous year. The grants made were to the Annuitant and Auxiliary Funds (superannuation) $18,000; Home Mission Fund, $25,000; Ireland, $1,500. The Allan Library cost $30,000.

Rev. Owen Watkins, the well-known African missionary, hopes

soon to have fifty native students preparing for the work of the ministry in the Transvaal, Africa.

The Fernley Lecture was delivered by the Rev. Richard Green, Professor at Didsbury, on "The Mission of Methodism."

In 1835, two Wesleyan missionaries landed in Fiji, literally taking their lives in their hands, in the midst of those blood-thirsty hordes, against the protests of all who knew anything about these islands. To-day, with the exception of one tribe of wild highlanders, who hold out in their own mountain fastnesses, the eighty inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have embraced Christianity in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. There are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations, the schools are well attended, and the first sound which greets the ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer.

Mr. Baker, the ex-Wesleyan missionary, who was premier of Tonga Friendly Islands, had to leave that island under threats of being killed by the natives.

On the last day of the Mixed Conference Rev. J. E. Moulton, from Tonga, was introduced. He has been in charge of the Educational Institution in the Friendly Islands for many years, and has been a great sufferer during the persecution which unhappily prevailed under George Tabru. Mr. Moulton had not visited his native land in twenty years.

A House of Rest for the benefit of the ministers was presented to the Conference, by a gentleman at Rock Ferry.

The Wesleyan Trust Assurance Company, in which a great deal of the Church property is insured, presented £500 to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund and also £100 to the Irish Worn-out Ministers' Fund. The *Methodist Recorder* Company also presented £200 to the first-named fund. A handsome donation was also given from the *Methodist Times* Company.

As March 2, 1891, will be the centenary of John Wesley's death, some wish the Sabbath previous to be observed in all the Methodist places of worship by suitable sermons and collections for the Worn-out Ministers' Fund.

The last Sunday in November is Temperance Sunday with the Wesleyans in England. The Conference recommends that all the ministers and preachers will on that day, both in the pulpits and the Sunday-schools, refer to the appalling extent and dire results of intemperance in Great Britain.

It was agreed that at next Conference reporters for the daily press shall be admitted to report the proceedings.

Bible Christian Conference.

The seventy-second Annual Conference assembled at Penzance, the Rev. W. Higman was elected President. He has been forty years in the ministry. Rev. F. W. Bourne, who visited Canada a few years ago, was elected Secretary. He is a well-known minister and is the author of that useful book, the "Life of Billy Bray."

Respectful mention was made of Rev. Paul Robins, who died in Bowmanville a few months ago. He was well known to thousands in England and to many in the Conference. Ten candidates were received on trial for the ministry.

Two young men, both ministers' sons, F. Dymond and S. Pollard, are missionaries in Western China. Two other young men have been sent to their assistance during the past year. Three others have been sent to New Zealand and one to Queensland, so that it will be seen that the denomination is alive to the importance of Christian missions.

The increase in the membership of the Church is 183. Four ministers and four laymen were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The *Independent* of New York has lately been publishing some valuable religious statistics respecting the United States. The growth of Protestant membership during the past year was 668,000; 256,000 of which was gained by the Methodists. The Baptists come next, with 213,000; then the Lutherans, with 98,000; the Congregationalists 16,000, and the Episcopalians, 9,500.

During the last one hundred years the American Methodist Church has grown five times as fast as the nation, and its literature three times as fast as the Church. The corner-stone of the Utah University was laid at Ogden in August. The landed and moneyed endowments, are large and the series of buildings, costing upwards of $500,000, will be pushed rapidly to completion. Bishop Vincent laid the corner-stone; Governor Thomas took part in the service. Rev. Samuel Small has been appointed President of the University.

Bishop Mallalieu has purchased a building on the corner of Canal and Robinson Streets, New Orleans, worth about $20,000, for a medical school, which is to be a department of the New Orleans University.

The seventy-fifth Annual Missionary report contains this significant statement, "The total increase of members and probationers in the Foreign Missions is 5,553, which is an increase of nearly nine per cent. on the membership of the previous year; while the advance of the whole membership of the Church is a little less than eight per cent."

Dr. J. O. Peck tells of a young minister in Arkansas Conference who gave up a fine business position that he might enter the ministry. When last year he told his employers of his intention, they offered him a salary of $4,000 a year to remain with them. This he refused. His salary now is $600.

The Directors of the Board of Publication of *Michigan Christian Advocate* at its late annual meeting appropriated $2,500 to the superannuated preachers of Michigan and Detroit Conferences.

Rev. L. N. Beaudry, well known to many in Canada, has charge of the work among the French Catholics of Worcester, stated at the closing service of Father Chiniquy's recent mission in that city, that a French Church of one hundred members had been organized.

For several years past the Church has built on an average two church buildings a day.

Bishop Taylor wants $25,000 for Africa within the next six or eight months.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

This Church has built on an average one church each day during the past year.

The last General Conference cost the Church $27,000, an average of about two cents per member.

Dr. D. C. Kelly, who attended the General Conference in Montreal twelve years ago, is the prohibition candidate for the Governorship of Tennessee.

The Methodist Church.

A local journal says, "Methodism is a great power in the city of Toronto. There are over thirty churches, valued at $1,042,815. The seating capacity is 27,675; fifteen of them will seat from one to two thousand, and eight will seat over 500 each. The Presbyterian Church comes next to the Methodist, the seating capacity of their churches, however, falls below the Methodist by 10,000.

The Rev. C. H. Paisley, in the Conference at Fredericton, stated that the Methodist Church in New Brunswick had one minister for every 473 adherents; the Presbyterian Church one for every 1,100; the Episcopal Church one for every 575, and the Baptists one for every 439.

A sad disaster has befallen the mission in Japan, viz., the destruction by fire of the Tabernacle Church, upon which Dr. Eby had expended so much zealous labour. It is, however, being rebuilt, and a call is made for $3,000, which it is hoped may soon be forthcoming.

The Minutes of the Japan Conference came to hand as these Notes were being prepared. It is a pleasure to receive intelligence from such a distant country. Dr. Davidson Macdonald was elected President for the second time. Rev. F. A. Cassidy, M.A., and Rev. M. Kobayashi, Secretaries. Fourteen ministers and thirteen laymen were present at the first roll-call. Rev. Y. Hiraiwa and Dr. Eby were the Japanese and English interpreters respectively.

The work in Japan is divided into three districts, to one of which a Japanese minister is appointed chairman. There are no financial secretaries, but this does not imply that no attention is ever paid to finances. A scale of contribution is provided to be observed by all Church members. Contributions are made by the churches for the ministers' salaries, missions and all other expenses for church purposes including Sabbath-schools, the poor, etc., amounting to 6,491.35 yen, which is an increase of 2,390.83 yen. The present membership is 1,716 an increase of 211. A yen is about 90 cents. There is also a Japanese Home Missionary Society, which raised 784.27 yen. One evangelist who received 150 yen per annum, laboured amidst great persecution and received twenty-one converts into society, some of whom returned a portion of the money paid to the evangelist on their behalf.

The report of the Educational Institution, of which Dr. Cochrane is Principal, is especially interesting. Seven students have attended the Theological Department during the past year. The Academic Department, under the Rev. R. Whittington, M.A., has a principal and seven teachers. The curriculum extends over six years, and includes a thorough training in the Japanese and English language and literature, in science and mathematics. Religious exercises are kept up, and there can be no doubt that the educational institutions are accomplishing much good.

Rev. Dr. Grant once visited Victoria Mission in the North-West, and said, "We have seen enough to-day to convince us more than all the arguments in the world, that missionary labour among the Indians is a reality, and that the positive language on the other side is a language of ignorance, self-interest or downright opposition to the Gospel. A mission without schools is a mistake, almost a crime. And the Methodists deserve the praise of having seen and vigorously acted upon this, and they can point to visible proofs of success in their Indian Missions."

Presbyterian Church, Canada.

The following statistics show the rapid progress of this Church during the last half century. Fifty years ago there were only 130 ordained ministers, now there are 900 and 300 students. Then there were only 200,000 Presbyterians, now there are 800,000, of whom 158,000 are in full communion, besides 158,000 children in the Sabbath-schools. In Manitoba alone there are 28,000 Presbyterians, and 32 per cent. of whole population claimed the same Church. The above statistics are taken from a speech delivered by the Rev. W. Frizzell at Belfast, Ireland, in July.

Recent Deaths.

Since our last issue, three of our ministers have finished their course. In the month of August Rev. Wm. M. Pattyson, of the Bay of Quinte Conference, died at his post, Hall's Bridge. He was in the ministry forty-four years, and did a great amount of hard labour on poor circuits. His son, W. A. V. E. Pattyson, is stationed at Penetanguishene.

Rev. W. E. Norman died in the same month. He was a veteran, having lived until he was ninety-six years of age, and was able to preach on his ninety-fifth birth-day. He entered the ministry in 1836. His active labours were in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

As these Notes are being prepared, news comes to hand that Rev. James Broley, Fergus, has been called home. He was thirty-three years in the ministry.

Book Notices.

From Manger to Throne, Embracing a Life of Jesus the Christ, including a description of Dr. Talmage's Journey To, Through, and From the Christ Land, and a History of Palestine and its People from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. By Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D. With 400 illustrations. Sold only by subscription. Philadelpia: Historical Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book has been waited for with keen expectation. We believe it will be one of the most popular and most useful works on the life of our Lord and the lands of the Bible ever written. It does not profess to be as learned as some of the great commentaries on the Gospels. It purposely avoids all pedantic exposition. It is eminently popular in its style. It is written for the masses—to bring vividly home to the hearts and minds of busy men and women the scenes and lessons of the memorable life of our blessed Lord. It gives the results rather than the processes of learning. The author has, as he says, "ransacked the world of literature, sacred and secular," which treats of the subject. But he has also fused the ore in the furnace of his own thought, and stamped it with the impress of his own mint. Dr. Talmage is one of the most vivid and picturesque of living writers. His rhetoric and imagery are sometimes a little exuberant, but they are at least intensely alive. It is impossible for him to write a dull page, and he is on all the great essentials of religion soundly orthodox.

This is not a dry-as-dust treatise prepared by poring over learned books in a library. Much of it was written amid the scenes described—amid the august enviroment in which the grandest events in the world's history were enacted. The following is the author's own account of the conditions under which he prepared this work :

"In my American home, on the Atlantic, on the Mediterranean, on camel's back, on mule's back, on horseback, under chandelier, by dim candle in tent, on Lake Galilee, in convent, at Bethel where Jacob's pillow was stuffed with dreams, and the angels of the ladder landed ; at the brook Elah, from which little David picked up the ammunition of five smooth stones, four more than were needed for crushing like an egg-shell the skull of Goliath ; in the valley of Ajalon, over which, at Joshua's command, Astronomy halted; on the plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of ages, its long red flowers suggestive of the blood dashed to the bits of the horses' bridles ; amid the shattered masonry of Jericho ; in Jerusalem that overshadows all other cities in reminiscence ; at Cana, where plain water became festal beverage ; on Calvary, whose aslant and ruptured rocks still show the effects of the earthquake at the awful hemorrhage of the five wounds that purchased the world's rescue ; and with my hand mittened from the storm or wet from the Jordan, or bared to the sun, or gliding over smooth table, this book has been written."

The publishers have spared no expense to make it mechanically and artistically worthy of the theme. It is illustrated with more than four hundred superb engravings of the people, places and scenery of the Holy Land, by distinguished artists, forming a beautiful and complete picturesque Bible Land. Among the other illustrations are accurate photographic copies of nearly two hundred of the famous paintings of the old masters, which were never before published in America. Also a grand panorama of the crucifixion, in eight colours, and ten feet in length, showing the city of Jerusalem, the surrounding country, and the people and their costumes as they were on the day of the world's great tragedy. We commend this book as eminently

calculated to throw new light upon the pages of Scripture, to remove doubt and inspire faith, and lead to a better understanding and love of the truths of the Gospel.

An Outline History of England. By James Richard Joy. New York: Chautauqua Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

This book is one of the Chautauqua text-books for 1890-91. It gives a concise account of what it designates "the marvellous history of England, and her rise from weakness and poverty to surpassing wealth and power." It is not a dry-as-dust chronicle of battles and sieges. It aims to give an account of the English people, and of the growth of the principles of constitutional liberty. It has several excellent coloured maps and genealogical tables. It is quite free, so far as we have been able to examine, from that Anglo-phobist spirit which sometimes characterizes American books. It cannot fail to inspire, in the fifty or sixty thousand Chautauqua readers in the United States, a sense of the dependence of the higher civilization and liberties of their country upon the institutions of the old parent land in which they had their root.

The True Historic Episcopate, as Seen in the Original Constitution of the Church of Alexandria, etc., etc. By Rev. Mason Gallagher. 12mo, 342 pp. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.

The design of this volume is to show, by an appeal to sound historical documents, that the ancient Church of Alexandria, while Episcopal in government for two hundred years, had no Episcopal succession in the modern sense.

The settlement of this question concerning the existence of an unbroken, exclusively valid Episcopal succession in the negative, is shown to remove a formidable obstacle to Christian union. A catena of English churchman on the Apostolical succession from the Reformation is given.

The book presents abundant evidence that the view that the laying on of hands of a third order in the ministry is essential to a valid ordination was unknown to the Primitive Church, is repudiated by all Protestant churches, including the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose early and better writings and articles are shown to be opposed to such exclusive claims.

The author, formerly a High Church Episcopal clergyman, was constrained by an earnest inquiry to renounce his former opinions, and took part with Bishop Cummins in establishing the Reformed Episcopal Church. As the question of the "Historical Episcopate" is now widely discussed, the book is timely, and sheds important light upon the subject.

Epworth League Workers. By Jacob Embury Price. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

The new social and religious movement, known as the Epworth League, is already producing a body of literature. Its courses of reading and books, of hints and helps will be found a valuable aid in the guiding and moulding of all our young people's societies. The successful management of such societies has become a very practical problem in modern Church life. The writer of this book has had large experience in such management, and gives the benefit of his experience in these pages. He treats first the demand for such societies, meets objections to them and shows their benefits. He points out the advantages of denominational societies, yet urges co-operation with such sister societies as the King's Daughters and Christian Endeavour. He gives important suggestions as to Bible Study, and Studies in Methodism, on Social Culture and Christian Work, the Devotional Meeting, Literary Programmes, Entertainments, Courses of Readings, etc. We strongly commend the book as eminently practical and helpful.

James Evans, Inventor of the Syllabic System of the Cree Language. By JOHN MCLEAN, M.A., PH.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

The life-story of the inventor of the syllabic character reads like a romance, and a very heroic romance at that. Lord Dufferin justly said that there were men who had a tomb in Westminster Abbey who had not done as much for their race as the humble Methodist missionary of the far North-West. It is fitting, that in the modern development of the great country in which he was a path-finder of empire, the memory of James Evans should not be forgotten. And it is particularly fitting that one who shares so much of his missionary enthusiasm and literary spirit should be the one to lay this loving tribute of respect upon the grave of the pioneer missionary. The work is a labour of love, and possesses the fascinating interest that only such a work can.

The Summerville Prize; A Story for Girls. By MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a well-written story of school-girl life, and of the life-lessons that might be learned on that microcosm of the great world, a girl's school. It is sweet and wholesome in its character and tendency.

LITERARY NOTES.

Diana or Christ.—This picture, which is one of the premiums offered with the METHODIST MAGAZINE (see advertisment), is one of the most impressive we ever saw. It represents the decision on which depends the destiny of a soul. A beautiful Christian maiden has to choose between the service of Christ, with the persecution and martyr's death which it involves, and all the joys that earth can offer—the love of home and kindred and friends, and the love of a nearer one still and a dearer one yet than all other. She stands before the altar of Diana, behind her is the stern accuser with the deadly scroll of accusation in his hand, her lover with an impassioned look and clasp of her arm offers her the incense, if she will but cast a grain of which upon the altar she shall be saved. With eyes raised to heaven and filled with the light of faith which sees, like Stephen, heaven opened and Jesus at the right hand of God, she spurns the alluring temptation. The Roman judge on one side of the altar and the aged priest on the other look on with intense and amazed interest. The white-robed vestal virgins gaze with wide-eyed astonishment at a sacrifice, the inspiration of which they cannot conceive. The grim Roman soldiers, ready to be her executioners, and a burly African slave, stand by in stolid indifference. In the background are the circling seats of the amphitheatre, crowded with spectators waiting the signal when the Christian martyr shall be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The whole gives an insight which we cannot get from books into the moral heroism of those brave-souled martyrs and confessors whose blood poured out upon the sand of the arena was in very deed "the seed of the Church."

The Literary Digest gives a weekly Summary of the Current Literature of the World, presenting the cream from all departments; also Book Digests and Critiques; select Indexes of Current Literature—Books and Periodicals scientifically arranged; a monthly Cosmopolitan Chronicle of Current Events, the world over, and other valuable features, prepared, edited and arranged by men able and proficient in the several lines.

Dr. McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, writes: "There is room and a place for *The Literary Digest*. No one can read all that is published. How convenient and useful to have a compend of what is good in the journals and general literature prepared by writers who favour morality and religion." Subscription, $3 per year; per copy, 10 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, publishers, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

November, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

INNSBRUCK TO CONSTANCE.

THE SCHNETZ-THOR, CONSTANCE.

For the ride over the famous Arlberg railway we manage to secure an observation car for our whole party, though, of course, we cannot exclude others for whom there is room. These cars have glass sides all round, and movable chairs, so that an unobstructed view may be had of the grand and ever-varying scenery. And these views are of singular magnificence and sublimity. We follow the winding Inn for many a mile through a strikingly picturesque valley, bordered by rugged mountains, every coign of vantage being crowned by some memory-haunted castle or fortress; with, in the background, snow-peaks and glaciers, and in the foreground the rushing river, grandly bordered by fertile meadows and orchards. The tremendous cliff of St. Martinswand rises perpendicularly from the valley 1660 feet, and then slopes steeply up for 2000 more. A huge cross, high up on the mountain slope, marks the place where the Emperor Maximilian, chamois hunting four hundred years ago, rolled down to the very edge of the precipice, and was rescued from what seemed the

jaws of death. At Landeck the train stops only a minute, during which time twenty hot lunches, which had been ordered by telegraph, are handed in through the windows, each in its large metal-covered receptacle. They nearly fill the car, and after disposing of their contents we are glad to get rid of them, and again devote our attention to the magnificent panorama that is unrolled before us.

We have been steadily ascending from Innsbruck, but now we begin to climb more rapidly to the summit of the Arlberg Pass, 4300 feet above the sea. We cross many lofty bridges, one 180 feet high, whence we get glorious bird's-eye views of the red-roofed villages beneath, with their queer bulbous spires, and quaint carved houses. At St. Anton we reach the summit of the Pass and soon plunge into the Arlberg tunnel, six and a half miles long, constructed at a cost of over $6,000,000.

THE RHINE GATE TOWER, CONSTANCE.

We now glide swiftly down grade, through lovely mountain scenery, through quaint Bludenz to Feldkirch with its ancient castle, its covered arcades, and towering high over all the jagged crests of the Drie Schwestern, or Three Sisters. We soon strike the broad valley of the Rhine, and traversing a rich alluvial plain, reach the pleasant town of Bregenz on the Bodenssee, or beautiful lake of Constance, about forty miles long and eight wide. "This vast sheet of water," says the guide book—as if speaking of our own Lake Superior, in which the whole of Switzerland might be more than swallowed up—"presents a very striking view," etc. Though not so grand in its environment as lake Geneva, it has a tranquil beauty of its own. It is bordered by three distinct nations—Germany, Switzerland and Austria. The sail over its placid waters in the soft afternoon light is a pleasant change from the rugged sublimity of the mountains. There everything spoke of the tremendous energy of nature, here all is tranquillity and repose. The many-towered towns of Bregenz, Lindau, Rorschach, Romanshorn, Friedrichshafen, and Immenstaad, stud

its winding shores, and the snowy range of the Appenzell Alps seem like the far-shining battlements of heaven. In a couple of hours we reach the ancient city of Constance, with its crown of graystone towers, and its thrilling memories of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. From the author's "Great Reformers," we quote a few sentences on the memories of Constance.

In the summer months of the year 1414, from all parts of Christendom, were assembling here whatever was most august in Church and State for the greatest Œcumenical Council of Latin Christianity ever held. During the three years and a half of its continuance there were present, including patriarchs, cardinals, abbots, bishops and archbishops, doctors, provosts, and other ecclesiastics of various ranks, no less than 18,000 clergy. The Emperor Sigismund, princes of the empire, dukes, burgraves, margraves, counts, barons and other nobles and deputies of the Free Cities and representatives of the great powers of Christendom, with their numerous retinues, swelled the population of the little city from 40,000 to 140,000 persons.

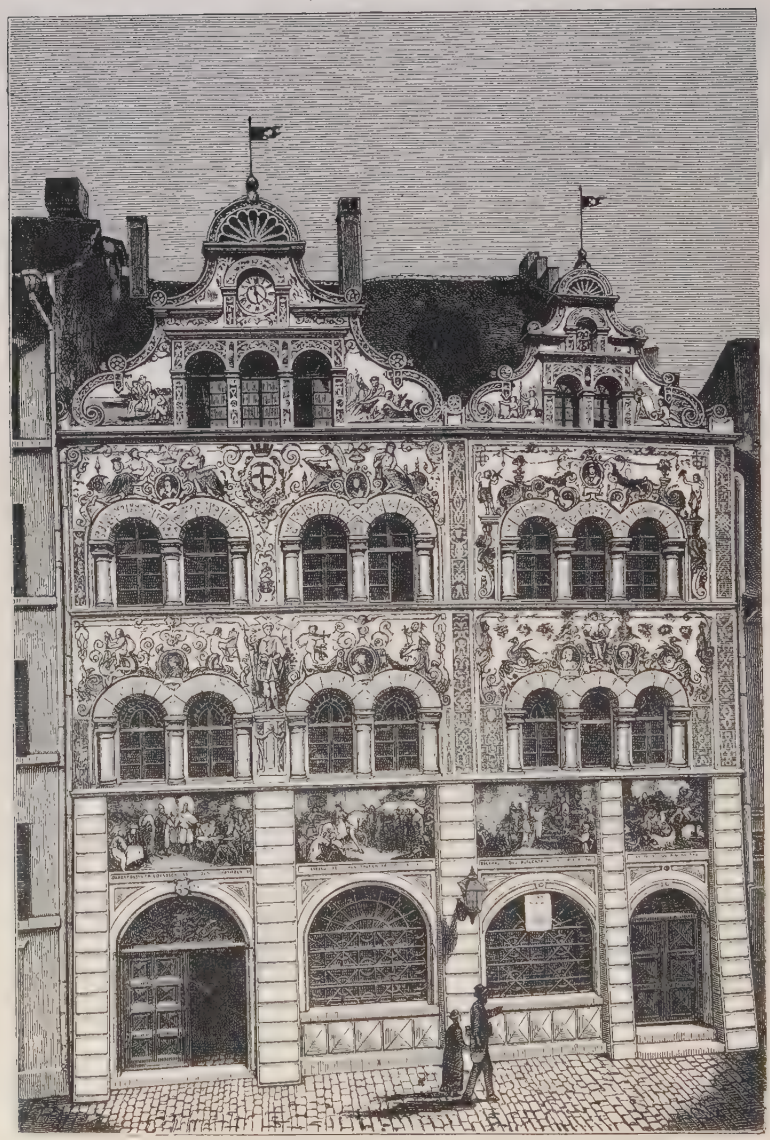
Relying on a "safe-conduct" from the Emperor, commanding all ecclesiastical and secular princes to allow him "to pass, sojourn, stop and return freely and surely," Huss came to the Council to defend his orthodoxy. Arraigned before the assembly, the Emperor urged unconditional submission. "If not," he added, "the Council will know how to deal with you. For myself, so far from defending you in your errors, I will be the first to light the fires with my own hands." "Magnanimous Emperor," replied Huss, with keen but seemingly unconscious sarcasm, "I give thanks to your Majesty for the safe-conduct which you gave me—" He was interrupted and sent back to prison.

Huss spent his last hours in prison in writing to his friends in Prague. "Love ye one another"—so runs his valediction—"never turn any one aside from the divine truth. Fear not them that kill the body, but who cannot kill the soul. Would to God I were now led to the stake rather than be worn away in prison."

After all, Huss was but human. In his lonely cell he had his hours of depression, and, like his blessed Master, his soul at times was exceeding sorrowful. "It is hard," he wrote, "to rejoice in tribulation. The flesh, O Lord! is weak. Let Thy Spirit assist and accompany me. For without Thee I cannot brave this cruel death. . . . Written in chains," is the pathetic superscription of the letter, "on the eve of St. John the Baptist, who died in prison for having condemned the iniquity of the wicked Herod."

The writings of Huss were first condemned to be destroyed, then himself to be degraded from his office as priest, and his body to be burned. "Freely came I hither," said Huss in that supreme hour, "under the safe-conduct of the Emperor," and he looked steadfastly on Sigismund, over whose face there spread a deep blush.*

* At the Diet of Worms, a hundred years later, when Charles V. was urged to violate the safe-conduct which he had given Luther, he replied, remembering this scene, "No; I should not like to blush like Sigismund."



THE CHANCELLERY, CONSTANCE.

The last indignities were now to be inflicted. Priestly vestments were first put upon the destined victim, and then, in formal degradation removed. As they took the chalice of the sacrament from his hands, the apparitor said, "Accursed Judas, we take away from thee this cup filled with the blood of Jesus Christ." "Nay," he replied, "I trust that this very day I shall drink of His cup in the kingdom of Heaven." They

placed on his head a paper mitre daubed over with devils, with the words of cursing: "We devote thy soul to the devils in hell." "And I commend my soul," he meekly replied, "to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus. I wear with joy this crown of shame, for the love of Him who wore for me a crown of thorns." He was conducted between four town sergeants and followed by a guard of eight hundred horsemen and a great multitude of people, from the gray old minster to the place of execution, in a green meadow without the walls.

Arrived at his funeral pyre, Huss knelt down and recited several of the penitential psalms, and prayed, "Lord Jesus have mercy upon me. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit. I beseech Thee to pardon all my enemies." He was then bound to the stake with a rusty chain, and wood and straw were heaped about him. As the fire was applied and the smoke wreaths rose, the voice of the dying martyr was heard singing the *Christe Eleison:* "Jesus, son of the living God, have mercy upon me." Then his head fell upon his breast, and the awful silence was broken only by the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames. In impotent rage his executioners gathered his ashes and cast them into the swift-flowing Rhine. But the zeal of his followers scraped up the very earth of the spot, and bore it as a precious relic to Bohemia.

But one victim could not suffice. For three hundred and forty days Jerome of Prague was confined in a frightful prison, in the midst of filth, noisomeness, stench, and the utmost want of everything. "Do you suppose I fear to die?" he demanded. "You have held me for a year in a frightful dungeon more horrible than death itself. You have treated me more cruelly than Turk, Jew or Pagan, and my flesh has literally rotted off my bones alive, and yet I make no complaint." He was haled from prison to church to receive his sentence. The troops again were under arms. The Council sat in state. Again high mass and chanted hymn consecrated judicial murder. As they piled the faggots and straw about him, he sang the hymn, *Salve festa dies:* "Hail joyful day," as though it were his birthday—as it was—into immortal life. As the executioner was lighting the fire behind his back, he said, "Light it before my face. Had I been afraid, I would not have been here." He then committed his soul to God, and prayed in the Bohemian tongue as long as life lasted.

To-day the pilgrims from many a foreign land visit with reverence the places made sacred by those imperishable memories. They see the houses in which the martyrs lodged, the cell in which they were confined, the hall in which they were arraigned, and the church in which they were condemned. Then following the route of that last procession through the quaint old streets and beneath an ancient gateway, they reach the place of their martyrdom.

Measured by years, their lives were short—Huss was forty-two and Jerome forty-one. But measured by sublime achievement, by heroic daring, by high-souled courage, their lives were long and grand and glorious. They conquered a wider liberty, a richer heritage for man. They defied oppression in its direst form—the oppression of the souls of men. They counted not their lives dear unto them for the testimony of Jesus. They have joined the immortal band whose names the world will not willingly let die. Their ashes were sown upon the wandering wind and rushing

wave ; but their spirits are alive for evermore. Their name and fame, in every age and every land, have been an inspiration and a watchword in the conflict of eternal right against ancient wrong.

At Constance, for the first and only time, our party was divided, some of us being quartered at the old Dominican monastery on a small island, where Huss was confined, now converted into a first-class hotel, and some lodging on the mainland. The monastery was wonderfully interesting and picturesque. On the walls of the vaulted dining-room, formerly the chapel, were faded frescoes of scenes of martyrdom, from which the hearts of the pious monks gathered courage, in the far-off years for ever flown. In a dark and dismal dungeon in the basement of an ivy-covered round tower, where for a short time each day a beam of light found entrance, with irons on his legs and fastened by a chain to the walls, the heroic Huss was confined for nearly eight months before he glorified God amid the flames. The cloisters surround a beautiful quadrangle, covered with noble frescoed scenes from the history of Constance—the building of the pile dwellings in the dawn of time, the first Christian baptism in 600 A.D., the founding of the cloisters in 1236, their extension by Heinrich, who was a monk here from 1310 to 1340, the funeral of Manuel Chrysoloras in 1415, and other striking scenes. Some of those historic chambers are now used as wine vaults, to which "*eingang*" is strictly "*verboten*." In the evening a fine band played in the beautiful Stadt Garten, commanding lovely views over the lake from beneath its bosky foliage.

KANZLEIHOF, CONSTANCE, FROM THE REAR.

Early in the morning some of us went to the old cathedral, founded 1052, with its sixteen lofty monolithic columns. In the stone floor is shown a large slab which always remains white when the rest of the pavement is damp. On this spot Huss stood, so runs the legend, on July 6th, 1415, when the Council condemned him to be burnt at the stake. In the choir are wonderfully quaint satirical wood carvings, dating from 1470—Adam and Eve rocking Cain in a cradle, Absalom wearing huge spurs,

St. George and the Dragon, St. Jerome and the Lion, the Apostles with grave German faces and mediæval costumes, recognized by their attributes carved above their head; a vision of heaven with harpers, crowned saints, the strange apocalyptic "beasts,"—griffins, unicorns, dog-headed figures, etc.—all carved with realistic power. In another church service was in progress. There were fine women's faces under their quaint head-gear. I never saw deeper devotion on any face than in that of a young girl who, the only one out of a large congregation, was receiving the communion. The paintings were in very bad taste—saints and apostles with theatrical gestures held the instruments of the passion; a gaunt and haggard Christ harrowed the soul; and a tawdry Madonna, with silver crown and robe of silk and silver tissue, received the homage of the multitude in the city where Jerome and Huss died for the true faith. At the tinkle of an altar bell a burst of sweet music, from a white-robed choir of boys, thrilled through the vaulted roof, their sweet and innocent voices soaring and swelling with an exquisite modulation from which we could hardly tear ourselves away.

THE HOHE HOUSE, CONSTANCE.

After breakfast we went to the Kaufhaus, in whose great and magnificent hall the Council that condemned Huss sat, 1414–1418. *Now* this Catholic city glorifies his memory by a series of exquisite frescoes on the walls of this very chamber. In one scene the noble figure of Huss is seen, surrounded by a crowd of bishops, cardinals and soldiers, while a fat old monk is taking down the evidence against him. In another, Huss is being taken in a boat at night to prison. A monk holds a flaring torch which illumines the calm face of the martyr and the steel morions and crossbows of the carousing soldiers, one of whom holds a huge flagon to his lips. Another

shows the building of the pyre and the burning of Huss; the soldiers are grim and indifferent, the faces of the monks are contorted with rage, a timid girl is shrieking with terror, a Hussite disciple is beseeching for his honoured teacher. Other pictures show Protestants smashing the images in the churches in 1521 and carrying off the relics; a dying nun protesting against the sacrilege even in the article of death. Another shows a dreadful hand-to-hand fight with the Spaniards on the old Rhine bridge, which you may see within ten minutes' walk. Still another shows the "Auswandering der Protestanten," in 1548; old age and childhood alike exiled from their homes, carrying their Bibles and baggage, one girl with a pet bird in a cage. Constance is shown in ruins in 1693. In 1777, we see the visit of the Emperor Joseph II., surrounded by courtly figures, in wigs, and hussar uniforms; and last of all the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm I. and the Crown Prince, in 1871, with fair girls and beautiful children giving them floral wreaths, and—grim souvenir of war—an old one-legged soldier. The whole history of Constance is written on these walls. As we gaze, the past seems more real than the present.

Then I walked out beneath the limes and poplars to the sacred spot where the martyrs suffered without the gate. Their monument is a huge granite boulder, emblem of the unflinching endurance of their fortitude and of the endless endurance of the faith for which they suffered. Deeply engraved upon its rugged surface are the words "Hieronymus von Prag † –30 Mar | 7 Juin | 1416. Johannes Hus † –6 | 14 | Juli, 1415." After the grim tragedy, their ashes were gathered and scattered on the swift-flowing Rhine, which bore them to the sea—an emblem of the doctrines which, like them, should encompass the earth. Quaint old Fuller makes this remark about the ashes of Wycliffe, which were similary treated.

Then we walked back through the Hussenstrasse through the Schnetz-thor, a wonderfully quaint structure, built as an inscription affirms, in the thirteenth century. Near here is shown the house were Huss was arrested, with an old relief of 1415, with the following satirical verses in old German script:

"O we' nur armen Tropf,
Hier nahm man mich beim schopf.

"Hierher ich entronnen war,
Bin doch nit trum aus der gefahr."

Which may be freely rendered somewhat as follows:

"O woe to me, poor simpleton,
Here one took hold of me by the hair (of the head).

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

"To this place I had run away,
Am still for all in jeopardy."

THE KNIGHT'S HOUSE, SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Passing through Jerome Street—for so is the name of the hero commemorated after nearly five hundred years—we reach St. Paul's Tower, now a brewery, where the martyr was imprisoned

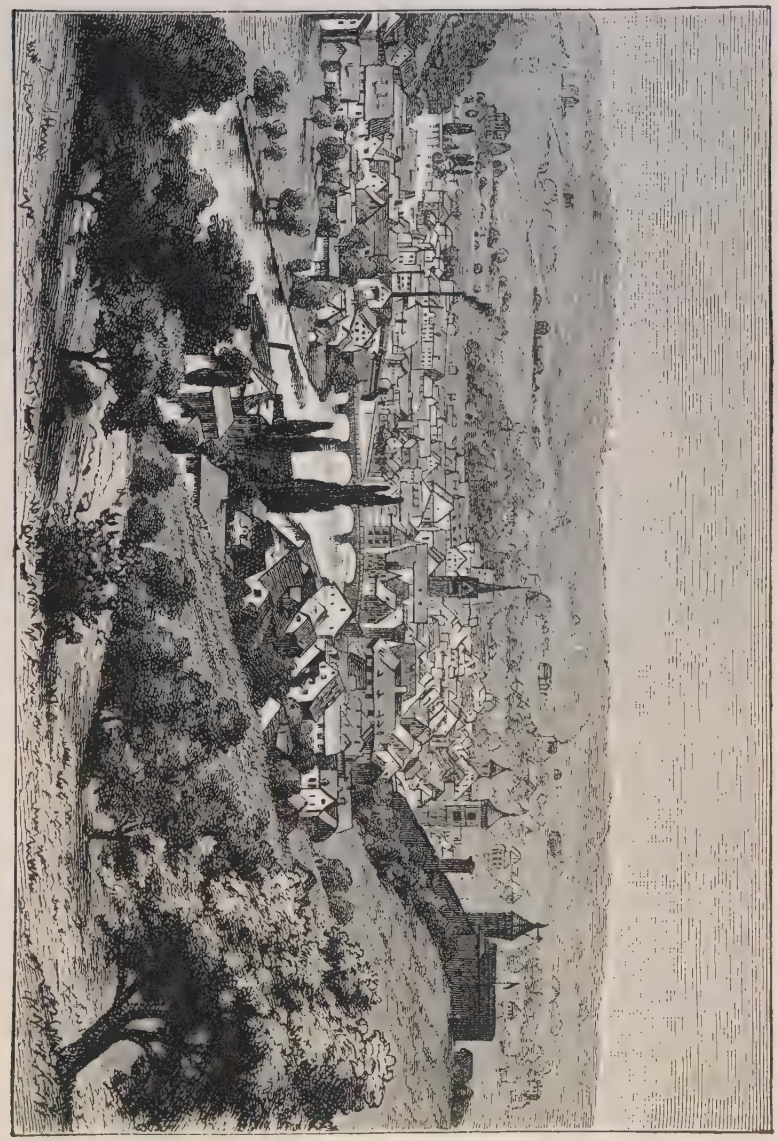
for a year before his death. The Kanzlie-Gebaude, or municipal building, is elegantly frescoed in the style of the Florentine renaissance, with portraits of civic worthies and scenes in the history of Constance. Passing under the arch we enter the beautiful court, shown in cut on page 390, with round towers in each corner, and huge iron griffin-shaped gargoyles. Here the city archives are kept. Near by is the old tavern where the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa made the famous treaty of peace with the cities of Lombardy in 1183. In the well-named "Hohe Haus"—house—see cut, page 391—the Burgrave Frederick, of Nuremberg, kept the Christmas festivities in 1415, and it looks as if it might stand for 500 years more. We moderns seem intruders amid these shadows of the distant past. But most real and reverent of them all are the potent memories of the heroic Huss and Jerome.

A few miles' distance from Constance is the ancient city of Schaffhausen, which derives its industrial supremacy from the immense water-power of the neighbouring falls of the Rhine. It is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe, with its queer gables, frescoed fronts, old walls and towers. One of these old buildings, shown in cut on page 393, is thus described:

"The *Ritter*, or *Knight's House*, is a building in the late Gothic style, with a huge gable; its façade was ornamented by Tobias Stimmer in 1570 with paintings having for their subject the struggle and victory of true knighthood. The topmost figure represents the Roman knight Marcus Curtius, plunging into the abyss for the sake of his fellow citizens. Between the windows of the second story are Ulysses with Circe and the Metamorphosis of Daphne into a laurel; around the unfortunate maiden stand several warriors in Roman costume employed in gathering apples from the laurel branches. The pictures of the first story, separated from the above by a handsome frieze containing the representation of a Roman triumph, have reference to the struggles of the period of the counter-reformation, during which epoch the paintings were executed. The principal group represents a King, endeavouring, in conjunction with a luxuriously attired lady, symbolical of the Roman Church, to surpress Virtue; the latter, however, fixes her gaze steadfastly at the allegorical figures of Glory and Immortality placed between the next windows."

One of the principal features in the picture presented by Schaffhausen is the Munoth or Unnoth, a massive fortification commanding the town from the heights to the east. The structure is a circular defensive work about 150 feet in diameter, and was begun in 1515 on the site of an ancient fortress, being completed in 1582. The fortress was in communication with the town by means of two covered galleries, one of which, leading to the Rhine and guarded by a very ancient tower, is still in good repair.

The Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are by far the largest in Europe, but they are not to be mentioned in the same day with



SCHAFFHAUSEN FROM THE EAST.

our own Niagara. Nevertheless they are very picturesque and beautiful. The river makes three successive leaps over a ledge of rock. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is

about one hundred feet. The surroundings are much more beautiful than at Niagara. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with the richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries commanding superb views. The moonlight view in our frontispiece is particularly fine. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. He ought to see Niagara and the Yosemite.

NOT SHUT IN.

[The following lines were written by a lady who lay upon a bed of extreme suffering for many years.]

"SHUT in!" did you say, my sisters?
O no! Only led away
Out of the dust and turmoil,
The burden and heat of the day,
Into the cool green pastures,
By the waters calm and still,
Where I may lie down in quiet,
And yield to my Father's will.

Earth's ministering ones come round me,
With faces kind and sweet,
And we sit and learn together
At the loving Saviour's feet;
And we talk of life's holy duties,
Of the crosses that lie in the way,
And they must go out and bear them,
While I lie still and pray.

I am not shut in, my sisters,
For the four walls fade away,
And my soul goes out in gladness,
To bask in the glorious day.
This wasting, suffering body,
With its weight of weary pain,
Can never dim my vision,
My spirit cannot restrain.

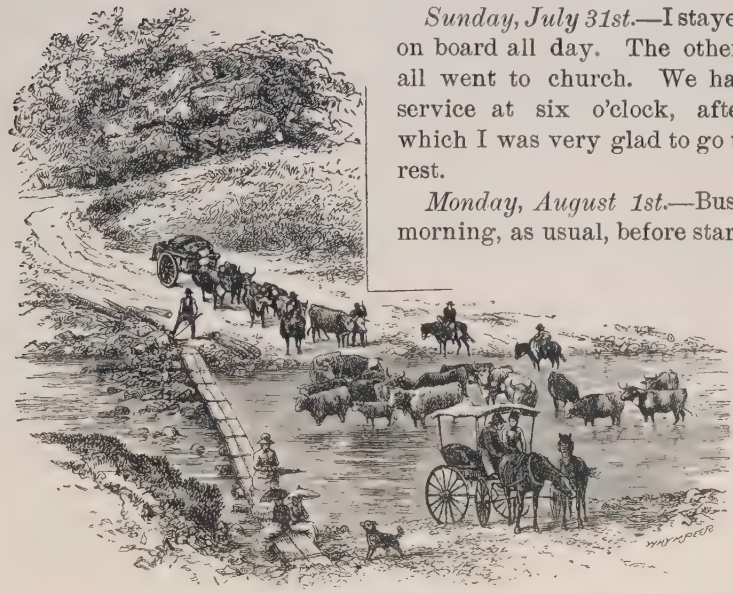
I wait the rapturous ending—
Or, rather, the entering in
Through the gates that stand wide open,
But admit no pain or sin.
I am only waiting, sisters,
Till the Father calls, "Come home!"
Waiting, with my lamp all burning,
Till the blessed Bridegroom come.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XI.

QUEENSLAND AND THE EAST COAST.



THE FORD.

Sunday, July 31st.—I stayed on board all day. The others all went to church. We had service at six o'clock, after which I was very glad to go to rest.

Monday, August 1st.—Busy morning, as usual, before starting. We left at 10 a.m. in three waggonettes for Mount Morgan, each vehicle being drawn by four horses. The hospital is a fine building on the top of the hill; the grammar-school and several other good-sized public buildings give the whole place a well-to-do air. We passed several mines, or rather reefs, with queer names, such as the "Hit or Miss," the "Chandler," and the "Hopeless," arriving in due time at the Razor-Back Hill. It is, indeed, well-named; for, steep as we had found the little pitches hitherto, this ascent was much more abrupt, and might well be likened to the side of a house. Everybody was turned out of the carriages except me, and even with the lightest buggies and four good strong horses, it seemed as if the leaders *must* tumble back into the carriage, so perpendicular was the ascent in some places. On one side of the road a deep precipice fell away, and when we

passed a cart or met a heavily laden dray coming down from the mines we seemed to go dangerously near the side. Altogether, the drive would not have been a pleasant one for nervous people.

Here the most conspicuous building is the hotel, erected by the company for the convenience of the many visitors to the works Although not yet finished, it is quite a pretty house, and will accommodate a large number of guests. It stands close to a dam across the mountain stream which flows through the valley, and has for a foreground a refreshing lake and bathing-place. A mile or two farther we reached the foot of the steepest hill of all, where the rest of the party found trucks waiting for them, worked by an endless rope, going up and down. Into one of these they soon pack themselves, and were speedily drawn to the top of the hill, while we climbed slowly, and indeed painfully, up by a pretty country road, eventually arriving at the shoot, at the bottom of which three drays were standing. Into these, lumps of stone were being run as fast as possible, and when filled they were taken down to the works, to be quickly replaced by empty return drays. The stone looked exactly like old ironstone, but we were told that it was the richest native gold yet found, having been assayed as high as 99·8 per cent., and selling readily for £4 4s. an ounce. To this was added the assurance that half an ounce of gold per ton would pay all working expenses. Next we came to a very narrow woodland patch, up which Tom and the sailors carried me in turns, as far as another platform on the hill. Tons of valuable stones are daily raised to the surface, from which large quantities of gold can be extracted. One blast which took place while we stood there proved nearly fatal to both me and "Sir Roger." The stone turned out to be harder than the miners had anticipated, and the fragments blew farther than they should have done. One piece missed poor "Sir Roger's" paw by an inch, and another whizzed past my head within two inches; while a smaller piece hit me on the shoulder with what the manager described as "a whacking sound," making me feel quite faint for a few moments.

Tuesday, August 2nd.—The crushing mills and machinery have to be kept working all night, for, of course, the furnaces are never let out; and before daybreak all the noises of the works began, so that we were up early, and after breakfast went to the chlorination works with Mr. Trineard, the assayer.

The first thing shown us was the stone just as it came from the drays we had watched at work yesterday. This was speedily crushed into powder, baked and mixed with charcoal. It then passed through another process within the powerful furnaces,

which separated the ore from the rock and poured it forth, literally in a stream, golden as the river Pactolus. I never saw anything more wonderful than this river of liquid gold. A little phial held to the mouth of one of the taps became just a bottle of gold in solution. By adding hydrochlorate of iron the gold is precipitated in about seventy hours, and the water can be drained off pure as crystal, without a vestige of gold remaining in it. The gold itself is then mixed with borax, put though a further smelting-process, and ultimately comes out in solid nuggets, worth, according to the purity of the gold, from £300 to £400 each.

The Mount Morgan Gold Mining Company possess probably the most productive gold mine in the world. The original discoverers of the ore, and the individuals who supplied the slender amount of capital with which the company commenced operations, have realized great fortunes.

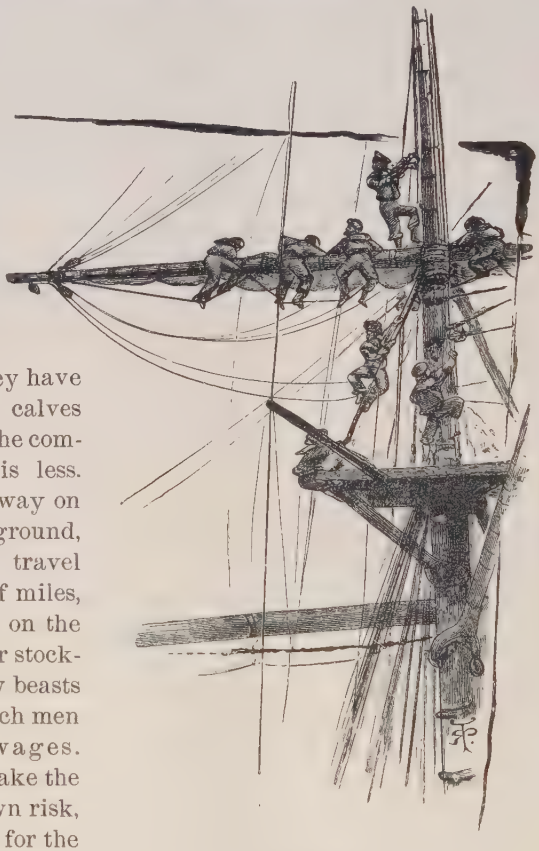
We returned, after an interesting journey, and went on board the *Sunbeam*, and in spite of the heavy rain in the afternoon a great many ladies came to see the yacht, and were followed later by the Naval Artillery Volunteers, the Naval Brigade, and other visitors. After a hasty dinner at seven, we all went to an Ambulance Meeting in the council-chamber of the town hall. From the meeting we went straight on to the station, where the servants had rigged up very comfortable beds in railway carriages.

Wednesday, August 3rd.—Our arrival at Springsure caused great excitement, for it was really the opening of the line, ours being the first passenger train to arrive at the township. We started in a couple of buggies for the opal-mines, or rather opal-fields, of Springsure. When the top of the hill where the opals are to be found was reached, we all got out and set to work to pick up large and heavy stones with traces of opal in them, as well as some fragments of pumicestone with the same glittering indications. We were shown the remnants of a rock which had been blown up with dynamite to get at a magnificent opal firmly imbedded in it. The experiment resulted in rock, opal, and all being blown into fragments, and nothing more has ever been seen of the precious stone. Our search not proving very successful, we proceeded to the large sheep-station of Rainworth. The question of water becomes a serious consideration out here, where every full-grown beast is supposed to drink and waste ten gallons of water a day.

Years ago this country swarmed with game, and was so eaten up that the ground looked as bare as your hand, the pasture being undistinguishable from the roads. By a strenuous effort

the settlers killed 30,000 kangaroos on a comparatively small area on the Ekowe Downs, the adjoining station to this, and thousands more died at the fence, which was gradually pushed forward, in order to enclose the sheep and keep out the marsupials. I felt curious to know the value of this fine station, and was told it was worth £40,000. There are plenty of well-fenced paddocks, containing 30,000 sheep, 200 bullocks, and some horses; also drays and carts, and other farming implements.

On reaching Springsure we found some excitement prevailing on account of a mob of a thousand cattle having passed near the town. These mobs are obliged by law to travel six miles a day, at least, unless they have cows and young calves with them, when the compulsory distance is less. They feed all the way on their neighbours' ground, so to speak, and travel many thousands of miles, occupying months on the journey. A clever stockman loses very few beasts on the way, and such men command high wages. They often undertake the journey at their own risk, and are paid only for the cattle actually delivered. After dinner we took up our old quarters in the railway carriages, and started on our homeward journey. This proved much more comfortable than the outward trip, for the railway officials had kindly stopped nearly all the draughts.



STOWING FORE-TOPSAIL.

Thursday, August 4th.—I awoke about five, and was at once struck by the strange appearance of the moon, which did not look

so big as usual, and had assumed a curious shape. I gazed at her in a lazy, sleepy way for some time, until it suddenly occurred to me that an eclipse was taking place, whereupon I roused myself and got my glasses. I was very glad not to have missed this, to me, always most interesting sight, especially as I had not the slightest idea that an eclipse would occur this morning. The atmosphere was marvellously clear, and I saw it to absolute perfection.

We reached Rockhampton about six a.m. At eleven o'clock, the Mayor arrived to take us to the hospital. Here I was put into a chair and carried through the various wards of an excellently planned and perfectly ventilated building. Everything looked scrupulously clean, and the patients appeared happy and well cared for. Several instances were pointed out to me by Doctor Macdonald in which the St. John Ambulance would have been of great use. I heard of one case of a man who had come down 200 miles with a broken leg, no attempt having been made to bandage it up. The poor fellow arrived, as may easily be imagined, with the edges of the bone all ground to powder and the tissues surrounding it much destroyed. Then there was another case of an arm broken in the bush, and the poor man lying all night in great agony.

Everything looked bright, cheerful, and sunny except the ophthalmic wards, which, if I may use such an expression, displayed an agreeable gloom. Here all was painted dark green, and the system of ventilation seemed quite perfect, for air without light was admitted and the temperature equalized, this being an important factor in bad cases. Ophthalmia appears to be quite a curse in Australia, as we have already found to our cost, through Tom's suffering from it. There were nice shady verandas to this part of the hospital, and comfortable chairs for the patients to sit and lounge in, besides a pretty garden. Not far off, in the compound, stood the various quarters for the nurses and servants, and the dead-house, the dissecting-room, with other necessary though painful adjuncts to a hospital.

The sun became very hot, and I was glad to be carried back to the carriage and to drive straight to the boat, and so on board the yacht to rest, while the remainder of the party went shopping in the town. In the afternoon we all went in the steam-launch to see the Creek Meat Canning Factory—a concern which has lately changed hands, and holds some of the largest contracts in the world for supplying armies and navies with tinned meat. The quality is excellent.

We were all safe on board the yacht by nine p.m., and at ten

o'clock the anchor was weighed This is a most curious river, and might well be made the scene of a romance by some poetical person. It is only every ten or twelve days that craft drawing over ten feet can get up or down the river, and then only by the light of the moon. By day no large vessel can reach Rockhampton.

Friday, August 5th.—At eight o'clock a.m. we hove anchor and proceeded to the mouth of the Fitzroy River. The pilot left us at 10.30, and we proceeded out to sea under sail. We passed through

CARDWELL SCHOOL-HOUSE.

the Cumberland Isles, and Tom had a rather anxious night, as the navigation was very intricate.

Saturday, August 6th.—The scenery during the day was lovely, and I was carried into the deck-house in order that I might enjoy it. The east coast of Australia at this season of the year is a perfect cruising-ground for yachtsmen. The Great Barrier Reef, extending for a distance of 1000 miles from Swain Reefs to Cape Yorke, protects the coasts from the heavy swell of the Pacific. The inner route, which we followed, passes between numberless rocks and islands. Turning from the sea to the mainland, the coast-range at a short distance inland forms a continuous barrier, varying in height from 3000 to upwards of 4000 feet.

Tuesday, August 9th.—At daybreak Tom moved the yacht out to the shelter of Magnetic Island, where the coal-hulks lie, some six miles off Townsville. Meanwhile some supplies were taken on board; but as I was not well enough to undertake the long expeditions which had been planned, and the rest of the party declared that it would not be possible to go without me, they were given up. After landing and taking a walk through Townsville, the shore-going people pronounced it to be quite as clean-looking and prosperous as Bowen. The town has a population of 12,000. It owes its prosperity to its railway, which is already opened to a distance of two hundred miles into the interior, and which has made it the port for a wide area of pastoral country and for several promising gold-fields.

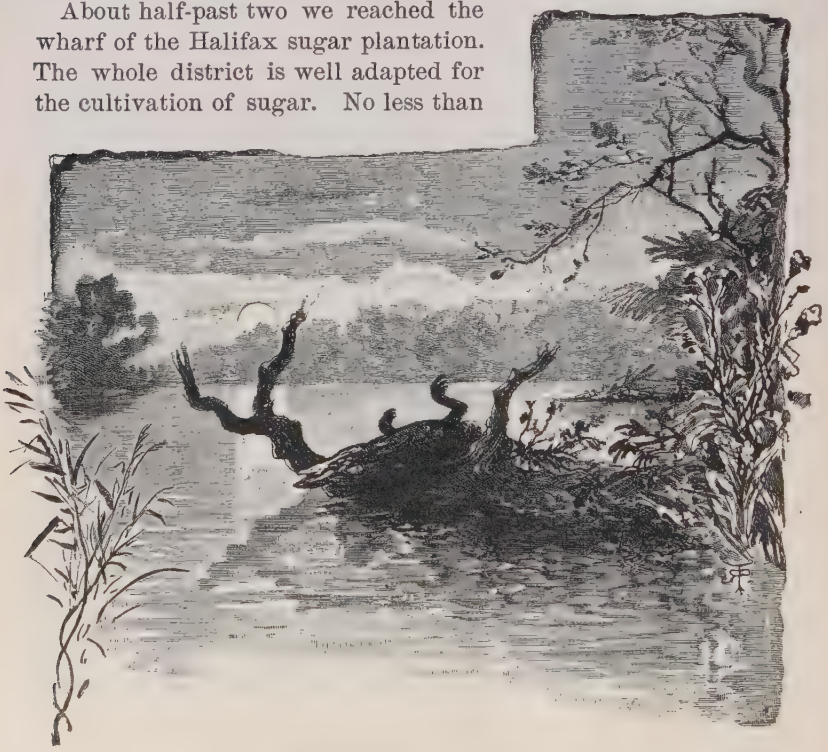
We anchored in Challenger Bay, under shelter of Palm Island, shortly after sunset. Soon after we had dropped anchor aboriginal blacks were reported alongside, and on going on deck I saw two miserable-looking objects in the frailest of boats. Indeed, the craft looked like the pictures of an ancient British coracle, and was so light and unseaworthy that every wave washed into it. They had nothing for sale except some commonplace and evil-smelling shells, which they were anxious to exchange for tobacco and biscuits, evidently preferring these commodities to money. We bought all the shells they had, and they were so well satisfied with their bargain that they returned a little later on with another bucketful of conchological curiosities, which were also purchased.

Wednesday, August 10th.—We weighed anchor at eleven, and proceeded towards Dungeness under sail. We found some difficulty in making our way, owing to the new buoys not having yet been entered on the Admiralty chart. Fortunately, the officers of the *Myrmidon* had warned Tom of this fact, made more dangerous by the thick mist and fog. We ultimately arrived at Dungeness in safety, taking everybody by surprise, as no ship had ever been known to go through the southern entrance of Hinchinbrook Channel before without a pilot.

Thursday, August 11th.—At noon we set forth on an excursion up the Herbert River. Tom had caused a comfortable bed to be rigged up in the gig, so that I was not obliged to dress, but simply go out of one bed into another. After the first little fluster of moving was over it was a great pleasure to me to be once more in the open air after being shut up for what seems so long a time. The view so reminded me of Scotland that I felt inclined to take up my glasses to look for deer among the craggy peaks and corries. We passed several tidy-looking settlements on the banks,

some picturesquely built of wood thatched with sugar-cane or palm-leaf, while others were constructed of corrugated iron, which must be frightfully hot in summer. The white people, so far as we could judge, as we passed up and down the river, were suffering from the climate. The Kanakas and Chinamen seemed more prosperous; and the few aboriginals looked quite happy in their natural surroundings.

About half-past two we reached the wharf of the Halifax sugar plantation. The whole district is well adapted for the cultivation of sugar. No less than



DEAD CROCODILE ON SNAG.

9,600 tons were produced in 1886. The growth is steadily increasing, and the country will sooner or later become the centre of a large and prosperous trade.

For the cultivation of sugar both British and coloured labour is employed—British workmen in the mills, the coloured people in cutting the cane. We spoke to some of the wives of the workmen, several of whom are recent arrivals from Lancashire. Their dwellings are of the simplest description, made of corrugated iron or of straw. These pioneers of cultivation have to lead a hard life and bear many privations—circumstances in which the

colonizing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race always come to the front. We stopped to take one or two photographs of tropical scenery and of various little stations on the way down the river. We also paused to look at the body of a dead alligator which had been caught in a snag.

Friday, August 12th.—At 9.30 we started under steam through the Rockingham Channel, which separates Hinchinbrook, an island of magnificent mountains, from the mainland. We are now well in the doldrums of the Tropic of Capricorn, and the delicious, fair, strong trade-breezes we have hitherto enjoyed have now deserted us, or rather we have sailed through them. The water to-day is as placid as it can possibly be, and reflects on its surface as in a mirror all the beauties of the scenery. I do not think I have ever forgotten or shall forget a single really beautiful view I have ever seen and admired. Those scenes are all clear and distinct, put away in little pigeon-holes of memory. If my brain were only a photographic camera, I could print them off as clearly on paper to-day as in the long by-gone years when I first saw them.

THE TRAIN IN THE BUSH.

For the last few days the scenery has been an especial pleasure to me, laid up as I am in the deck-house, where a comfortable bed has been arranged for me, so high that I can look out of the window and have my eyes delighted and my nerves soothed. I am

very thankful that I can thus enjoy the lovely coast, though I should much prefer being able to take a more active part in the sight-seeing, orchid and shell-collecting, and general scrambling which ensues every day when the rest of the party go for their pleasant walks on shore along sandy beaches shaded by graceful palms, with tree ferns growing almost to the water's edge. It is fortunate, perhaps, that this constant malarial fever has made me feel too weak to care much about anything, so that I am not tempted to long to do imprudent things.

Saturday, August 13th.—Woke just at day-break. When I looked through the porthole I found that this harbour of Mourillyan where we were lying was one of the most picturesque I had ever seen. It is entirely land-locked, except for the narrow passage through which we entered last night. Both vegetation and landscape looked thoroughly tropical, and two or three bungalows were perched amid the dense foliage on the steep banks of the rising hillsides.

It was eleven o'clock before we landed and established ourselves in the steam-tram, ready for the journey to the Mourillyan sugar plantation. My long deck-chair having been placed most comfortably in a sugar-truck, my journey was luxuriously and easily performed, though, after the perfectly quiet, smooth movement of the last few days, I rather felt the occasional jolts and jars. I have travelled through tropical jungles in all parts of the world, and though the scenery to-day was wanting in the grandeur of the virgin forests of Brazil, and of the tangled masses of vegetation of Borneo and the Straits Settlements, it had much special beauty of its own. Some of the palms and ferns were extremely beautiful, and so well grown that each might have been a specimen plant in a greenhouse.

The machinery of the sugar-mills, of Scotch manufacture, cost more than £60,000. Some 900 acres have been brought under cultivation. The total capital already expended may be taken at £200,000. The yield of sugar is from three to five tons per acre. The price may be taken at £20 per ton. The production of sugar last year was 2050 tons. Javanese are employed to drive locomotives, and for the management of the boilers and most of the machinery in the mills.

The proprietors of the plantation have about 5000 acres cleared already, and will clear more as soon as they can raise sufficient capital. They have already invested £250,000 in the land, £20,000 in the tram, and £40,000 in the mills, independent of the money they will require for all sorts of contemplated improvements and additions. The process of crushing is just the same as

we saw in Trinidad. The carts bring in the cane from the field, and it is passed through a series of rollers to extract the juice, which is pumped up to a higher floor, where it is received into vats, and by different processes it is then converted into sugar of three kinds—white, medium white, and light brown. The first-quality sugar is made white by being subjected to a process of sulphur fumes, which produce beautiful glittering crystals.

NAVIGATORS.

Australian colonists are the most hospitable people in the world. Their one idea seems to be to endeavour to do everything they can for you, to give you the best of everything they possess. Nowhere, in all our far-extending travels, have we received more true hospitality. I had a comfortable sofa provided for me, whereon I lay during lunch, and afterwards I rested in a chair on the veranda while the others went to see more of the extensive sugar plantation and mill.

About three o'clock we started back, and returned much quicker than we came up, for which I was very thankful. Pleasant as the day had been I was getting rather worn out.

Sunday, August 14th.—We had services at eleven, but I was only able to listen to the hymns from my cabin. At afternoon

service, at half-past four, I heard every word just as plainly from my bed on deck as I could have done had I been below in the saloon. This has been one of the most perfect days at sea I can remember, and I was carried up early on deck to admire the beautiful coast, with the Macalister Range in the background. A little later Cape Tribulation was passed, where Captain Cook ran his vessel ashore to discover the amount of damage sustained after she had been aground on a coral reef. They are now trying to recover her guns, which are so overgrown by coral that it is likely to prove a difficult job. Divers have been down and have absolutely seen the guns; but if they try to dislodge them with dynamite the result may be the same as at Springsure with the large opal—that they will be blown to pieces. It is interesting to once more read Captain Cook's voyages on the scene of some of his most important discoveries, and to think that many of these peaks, bays, mountains, and inlets were named by him after some more or less memorable incident. Cape Tribulation lies exactly under the Peter Botte, a large and peculiarly shaped mountain. The sunset was magnificent, and made the mountains look quite volcanic as they rose in the sky against the lurid light, producing red, yellow, and gray tints such as one sees at Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli.

HOME TO-NIGHT.

Oh! home to-night! yes, home to-night,
Through the pearly gate and the open door,
His happy feet on the golden street
Are entering now, to go out no more.

For his work is done and his rest begun,
And the training time is forever past,
And the home of rest in the mansions blest
Is safely, joyously, reached at last!

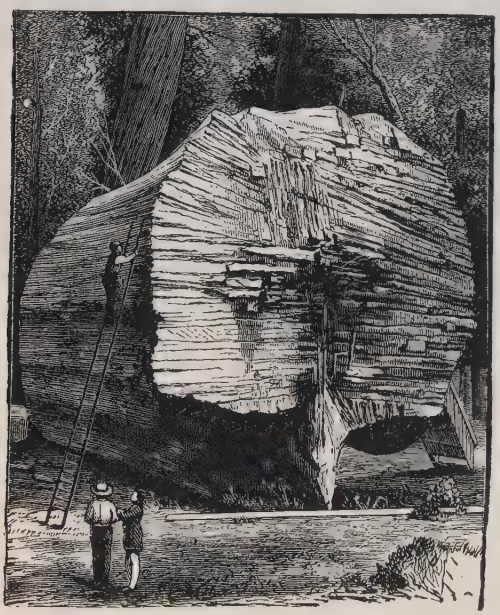
Oh, the love and light in that home to-night!
Oh, the songs of bliss and the harps of gold!
Oh, the glory shed on the new-crowned head!
Oh, the telling of love that can ne'er be told!

Oh, the welcome that waits at the shining gates
For those who are following far, yet near,
Where we shall meet at His glorious feet
In the light and the love of His home so dear!
Yes, home to-night.

B.

MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA AND YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.



SECTION OF BIG TREE.

WHY do so many Canadians go to Europe for rare sights and scenes before they have studied fairly the resources and wonders of their own continent? The traveller need not go to Switzerland for bold and rare mountain effects, for the Rocky and Sierra ranges will afford panoramas which cannot be rivalled in the Old World, from the Alps to the Himalayas. He need not sail up the Rhine for grand river scenery, for nothing can excel that of the golden-sanded Fraser, in British Columbia, as it breaks through the rocky battlements of the cascade range. He need not sigh for Italy, with the tender azure of its sky, the deep blue of its sea, the soft tints of its vine-clad hills, and the balm of its southern air—for one has it all in the sensuous beauty, the golden haze, the golden landscape, the golden soil of sunny, dreamy California. He need not coast along the shores of classic Greece to find an Archipelago, with isles like crystal gems set in a silver sea. One has but to navigate that wealth of waters, Puget's Sound, or the Gulf of Georgia, to find for four hundred miles along the shores of the youngest and most distant province of our own Dominion, an inland sea studded with islands of every form and beauty—a Western Cyclades. And if he wants a sublime Apocalypse, a

picture that shall live in the memory and haunt the soul like a vision of angels, or a scene of fairy-land, he has but to make a

TUNNEL THROUGH BIG TREE.

pilgrimage to the wonderful Yosemite—a valley shut in by walls of yellowish granite, rising perpendicularly from three-quarters

to a mile in height, having all that is varied and sublime in rock formations, and with half-a-dozen enchanting water-falls, leaping, sparkling and shooting into arrowy spray as they make their amazing descent. On all this fair earth there is no such shrine of beauty or so majestic a display of the Creator's architecture.

The Pacific Coast has a fauna and flora of its own. It is almost at the peril of one's reputation for veracity that he records some of the wonders of vegetation, especially as they relate to flowers, fruits, plants and trees. It is an old saying that a traveller must not relate more than half that he has seen if he does not wish to be disbelieved. I suppose our ladies, who take such pains to cultivate the rare and beautiful fuchsia, will open their eyes to hear that there they climb up to the house-top and have trunks as large as one's arm. On the Fraser River they grow beets, some of which weigh one hundred pounds each. The fruits of California are the largest and most luscious in the world; the pears growing three times and the plums four times as large as those we see here. But the biggest of all things, in the way of botany, are the mammoth trees of the groves of Mariposa. We felt that all the forests we had seen in this country were but *underbrush*, when in British Columbia we saw

MARIPOSA BIG TREE.

monarchs of the forests, the fir tree, rising occasionally to the height of three hundred feet, and the cedar measuring a circumference of forty feet; but how their pride and glory were forgotten in the presence of the famous Big Trees of California! Fancy a tree which required five men twenty-five days to fell it, boring it off with pump-augers, and then taking three days to make the proud thing fall after it had been severed from the trunk, such was the breadth of its base.

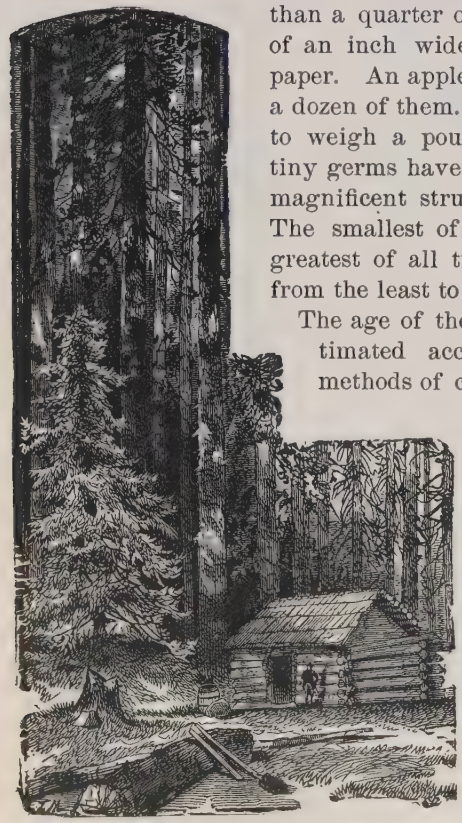
The late Bishop Kingsley computed that on the stump of that tree a house could be built for a newly-married couple, giving them a good-sized parlour, dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, a pantry, two clothes presses, and then have a little room to spare. Think of the hollow trunk of another tree through which you could ride on horseback without endangering your silk hat; or another so large that you could drive a stage coach, filled with passengers inside and outside, for nearly the same distance through its trunk. Imagine, if you can, the size of one of these fathers of the forest when it contains more than one-half a million feet of sound inch lumber; or another which would make a thousand cords of four-feet wood, with a hundred cords of bark, which, burning at the rate of a cord a month, would last a frugal household just ninety-one years. There are several groves of these mammoth trees. There are three Mariposa groves within two miles of each other. One of these groves contains eighty-six trees.

The Tuolumne grove contains ten trees. The Calaveras grove has over ninety mammoth trees, and one of the fallen trees must have been four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter.

The *Big Tree* is a *Sequoia* related to the closest manner to the redwood. Dr. Seeman called it the *Sequoia Gigantea*, and it bears that name with botanists, though Prof. Lindley gave it the name *Wellingtonia Gigantea.*

These mammoth trees grow in a deep fertile soil, and stand in the midst of other trees which would be considered giants if set down among the trees of our forests. What a new idea of the magnificence of nature one gets as he glances at one of these immense trunks, and then looks up and up to try to comprehend their height. Sublime sight! Each tree fills you with wonder as you gaze upon it. These trees measure from seventy to a hundred feet in circumference. The bark is spongy, is formed in layers, reddish-brown in colour, and very thick, often measuring not less than eighteen inches. The wood is soft, elastic, straight-grained, light when dry, and of a bright cinnamon brown colour,

which gives a gaiety to the forest, making "sunshine in the shady place." It is very durable, very much like our red cedar. What struck us as remarkable was the size of the cones. We picked up the cones of smaller conifers; they were half as long as one's arm, and very much thicker, but what do you suppose is the size of the cones of these gigantic trees? Not larger than a hen's egg. The leaves, too, are very small, and of a bright green colour. The seeds are very tiny, not more than a quarter of an inch long, one-sixth of an inch wide, and thin as writing-paper. An apple seed would weigh down a dozen of them. It takes 50,000 of them to weigh a pound! and yet these little tiny germs have wrapped in them such magnificent structures. What a lesson! The smallest of all seeds producing the greatest of all trees. Thus God proceeds from the least to the greatest!



CABIN IN REDWOOD GROVE.

The age of these trees is variously estimated according to the different methods of counting the rings—probably many of them are not less than three thousand years old. Twenty-six centuries have passed since Rome was founded, yet before Romulus was heard of these trees were growing. When Plato opened his academy in the groves of Athens; when the beautiful Esther was Queen of Persia, and Mordecai prime minister; nay, when Solomon was in all his glory, they were springing up. They were waving in proud majesty when the shepherds of the Judean Hills heard the song of the Angels, and the glad announcement that Christ was born in Bethlehem. They stood the giant cedars of God when the Christian Church was founded. What tides of human history have rolled away since they first thrust their green spires from the ground! What mighty sermons in those trees! Thirty centuries seemed

to be looking down upon us from their lofty tops. As long as they remain upon the earth they will be the wonder of the world, and long generations coming after us will gaze upon them as among the marvellous works of God.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

There is yet another scene which seems too full of grandeur

IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

and beauty to belong to any part of earth. This is the Yosemite Valley—a mighty chasm which the Almighty has cleft amid the mountains on the western side of the Sierras, 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and distant about one hundred and twenty-five

miles due east from San Francisco. It is a dell of matchless cliffs and water-falls from ten miles in length to three miles at its greatest width. The bottom is rich and fertile, deep with grass and bright with flowers, and shaded with groves of pine and oak, and through it the Merced River (River of Mercy) flows transparent as crystal. The walls rise up into the air, unbroken in dizzy sweeps from three-quarters of a mile to a mile in perpendicular height, soft in their yellowish-gray, and bearing all forms and shapes and colours of majesty and grandeur, while over the sides of these walls shoot half a dozen beautiful cascades, in one of which the water at two dizzy leaps falls more than half a mile.

The first view of the valley is impressive beyond description. We had made a tedious and expensive journey from San Francisco, riding in a stage coach from Stockton, over a rough and dusty open prairie, through played-out mining towns, up the San Joaquin Valley, across the Stanislaus Tuolumne rivers, through gorges, deep and narrow, shadowed with over-hanging cliffs, and over mountains that offered a glorious view of the outspread landscapes, covered with a dreamy purple haze, with graceful and sloping mountain summits outlined here and there like islands in a sea. Then we had taken to saddle-horses, and ridden twenty miles through grand and gloomy forests of pine, along a narrow trail, climbing up and down steep mountains, wading through snow-fields that lie amid the topmost peaks of the Sierras, 8000 feet above the sea level; with the swelling hills all around us and ravines of awful solitude on either side; over heights where we felt the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence, with not the note of a bird or the flap of its wings to stir the air or break the solemn stillness that reigns in these lofty regions; amid such scenes and through such solitudes we approach this wonder of nature, this scene of infinite beauty and sublimity. Suddenly we are on the brink of an awful chasm. One mad plunge of our horse and we should go down three-quarters of a mile. We hold our breath. Every voice is hushed. We stand in awe before this revelation of Omnipotence. The Almighty Himself has raised these rocks and reared their lofty domes, and bade the obedient waters flow. Look over the precipice and down, far down, you see the Merced River, attenuated to a thread of silver, and what seem like little green points are gigantic forest pines, while over all a soft, yellowish sunlight simmers and gleams. Weary and sore, but with a strange spell thrown over our spirits, we make the steep descent into this vale of beauty. We half-scramble, half-ride down the zig-zig break-neck path;

our head now swimming in dizzy apprehension as we move along the edge of the precipice, down which the stumble of our horse would plunge us a thousand feet, without a shrub to break our fall; now shrinking appalled and sliding off the saddle for fear of going head foremost over the horse's head and down the awful verge.

At length in safety we have reached the bottom and are in the valley; but how can we portray its impressive beauty? The solemn grandeur surpasses all description. Passing up the valley, the first thing that fascinates your gaze is a waterfall of wonderful beauty. It is the Bridal Veil, which descends in silver spray nine hundred and fifty feet from the edge of the rock. As it sways backward and forward by the wind, in ever-varying beauty, it is like a veil of the purest lace, with which the bride is wont to hide her blushes on her marriage day. Nearly opposite the Bridal Veil Falls, and about three-quarters of a mile distant, is *El Capitan*, or the great chief; a cliff of solid granite, without a seam or scar to mar its beauty, rising perpendicularly from the level greensward 3300 feet. This massive wall is three miles in length. How we were awed and humbled in its presence! The floating clouds passing over it gave it the appearance of moving toward it. But had it fallen we would have remained unharmed, for though the valley at that place is more than half a mile in width, it is so lofty that it would have lodged upon the opposite wall. Farther up the valley we pass "Cathedral Rocks," "Sentinel Dome," "The Three Brothers," "The Graces," in their majesty and grandeur. The granite cliffs have foreshadowed themselves into mansions, domes, castles, palaces, cathedrals and other forms of great impressiveness, and the Indians have given liquid and beautiful names to these rocks and domes.

Cathedral Rock is a nearly vertical cliff, 2260 feet high, and the spires are two graceful columns of granite, which rise close to the edge of the cliff like the towers of a Gothic cathedral. In the middle of the valley, opposite Mr. Hutchinson's hotel, is the Yosemite Falls—fifteen times as high as Niagara! As you gaze upward upon that broad white sheet, you can hardly realize that it is 2600 feet in height!

I shall never forget a morning ride through one of those wild gorges to the Vernal Falls, shut in on either side by walls rising 5000 feet above the valley. The sun had risen high, but these great cliffs kept the gorge in shadow, and on we rode amid the music of the many-voiced waterfalls, "the sound of many waters," which swelled up through the morning air like the song of the redeemed. Then we clambered over rocks and along the

edge of the cliffs, amid spray that wet us to the skin, as well as a perfect cascade of rainbows that hung in the sunlight, until we commanded a full view of this most exquiste of falls, and looked upon it as it shot its whitened foam down through the air. Not a drop of the stream of water but is white in its whole passage; for as it leaps over the precipice it breaks and blossoms into spray, snow-white and delicate.

"And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and flundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore."

CATHEDRAL ROCK.

These waterfalls, with the added glory and awe-inspiring majesty of the surrounding precipices, make the Yosemite Valley far superior in romantic beauty and impressive grandeur to any spot of equal compass on this beautiful earth.

At the point that is known as the Teneya Canyon are some of the most remarkable cliff effects of the whole valley. From the northern wall of this deep gorge rises the lofty Washington Column, to its left the Royal Arches, and above these great arches towers to the height of 3568ft. the North Dome, its granite crest as symmetrical as the dome of St. Sophia at Constantinople. Opposite this rises the loftiest and most imposing of all the cliffs, the South Dome, or Half Dome, 5000 feet high, one half of it cleft away—cut sharp and smooth for three thousand feet down as though cleaved by the very sword of the Almighty. Between these domes lies the exquisite little Mirror Lake, formed by the expansion of a mountain stream which beautifully reflects in its sparkling clear surface the overhanging cliffs and surrounding granite walls.

What has scooped out this valley? Abundant traces of glacial action can yet be seen, and, no doubt, earthquakes and other volcanic forces have had their share in the work. But what a delight to be permitted to gaze upon so magnificent a display of natural architecture. The whole valley seems but a grand

MIRROR LAKE, YOSEMITE VALLEY.

cathedral filled with the Creator's presence. How insignificant the grandest structures which human hands have reared compared with this sublime vision! Bring all the great cathedrals of the world together, with their wealth of architecture, and weight of gold, and beauty of painted dome and frescoed walls, and what are they in comparison with this Mountain Edifice—the Temple which the Lord Himself hath reared? I can only say that in

beholding these natural wonders I feel the touch of God's own hand upon my heart. I recognized in them all our Heavenly Father's handiwork, and I shall be rewarded if I have inspired in any of the readers of THE METHODIST MAGAZINE a greater love for Nature, and deepened in their hearts the sense of the Creator's loving-kindness and power, enabling each with the poet's ecstasy to say:

"This world is very lovely, O my God,
I thank Thee I still live."

TWO SONNETS.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

I. THE PROPHET.

A MAN to whom God speaks, and who to men
Brings without changing it the truth he hears;
And, if it fall on dull and doubting ears,
Still the one truth he publishes again:
Be it with voice, or constant act, or pen,
Never a hair's breadth from his aim he veers;
And when excess of toil and weight of years
Bring silence, he will rest, and not till then.

A man whom God's own hands have made, not we;
Who moves in majesty athwart the earth;
A king that asks no crown, no mockery
Of sinful hands to give his message worth;
Noble among the meanest, strong and free
'Mong veriest slaves—a prophet from his birth.

II.—THE PRIEST.

A MAN whose heart is full for men's distress;
Who in his ruth for it forgets his own;
Who hears the feeblest call, the faintest moan;
Who loves the pauper and the fatherless;
Who, since they that have sinned will not confess
Their sin, who need help most all help disown,
Brings all with tears to Love's imperial throne,—
Casts all in faith on God's almightiness.

Not robe, and crook, and seal of office can
Give one a tender heart; without it none
Can put himself beneath another's ban,
Make others' sorrow his: under the sun
There is no priest that is not first a man:
The prayer baptized with tears is all but won.

BENTON, N.B.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

OVER THE LEBANONS TO BAALBEC.

CAVE IN PALESTINE.

For the first mile or so, after leaving Damascus, we rode over the smooth and splendid highway built by the French Diligence Company between that city and Beyrout. The waters of the Abana, now called the Barada, were pouring along beside the road, sometimes in canals, cut one above the other in the hill-side, and all about us was vigorous and vivid life. The waters sparkled amid a wild tangle of luxuriant foliage, and coursed down gaily to gladden and glorify the rich plain below. Soon, the road turned and entered a pass through the hills, and we looked our last upon the wide expanse of the Plain of Damascus, and at a village named Dunwar—a favourite resort of the rich Damascenes, as evidenced by their tasteful villas—we left the French road, and turned off to the right among the hills. A greater or sharper contrast could hardly be conceived to the road we had just been pursuing. Here, everything was arid and bare, the rocky glen through which we rode being absolutely devoid of verdure. Hills of barren rock, burned almost white by the fierce sun rays, arose on all sides, and the abruptness of the transition intensified its influence. In a short time, however, we were riding through a narrow gorge among the hills, along which the Barada was flowing, its banks livid with a narrow margin of rich meadow and fringed with trees.

As we rode on through the windings of the defile, its beauty increased at every turn. Far above, on either side, towered the bare sun-burned cliffs, glistening in the heat, not a shrub or a tree

upon them; far down in the valley the river laughed and leaped amid a perfect paradise of living green. I thought again and again that morning of the Psalmist's description of the man who medi-

MOUNTAIN POOL.

tates on God's law: "He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, which bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither." Here was the comparison in all its force

and beauty before me; the dry unwatered hill-side above, the tree planted by the river below, full to its utmost twig, of lavish and luxuriant life. Such wonderful variety of tints of green, such a positive and peculiar glow of life, I could not have believed possible had I not seen it.

We halted for lunch at Ain Fijeh, the loveliest spot in this lovely valley, where the main source of the Abana bursts out in a foaming torrent from the ground under the ruins of a classic temple, erected long centuries ago in honour of the nymphs of the stream. Groves of brilliant silver poplar and walnut, orchards filled with various fruit trees, were on every hand; and the tiny village of Fijeh, embowered in this green paradise, and embosomed in these stern, strong guardian hills, seemed the very picture of quiet content and rural felicity.

The well-behaved and civil inhabitants of the village came out, as usual, to see the strangers, and they showed by dress and appearance the comfort of their lot, and formed a contrast to the squalid creatures inhabiting the villages of Palestine, through which, a week before, we had been passing.

After a couple of hours or more spent in this lovely spot, we again mounted and continued our journey along the glen. Village after village was passed with fertile lands around, and pleasant, comfortable-looking peasants at their work, until late in the afternoon we reached our tents pitched on a level field, above a large village, and under the shadow of a lofty hill surmounted by a *wely*, or Mohammedan shrine. It was in memory of Abel; for the first murder was, according to their tradition, committed in this neighbourhood, which bore anciently the name of Abilene, and was a tetrarchy in the days of Roman dominion. Next morning we passed through an extraordinarily wild, weird region of beetling crag and roaring torrent, with the remains of an old Roman road close by, cut sheer and straight through solid rock, and with inscriptions detailing the date and the occasion. Then up to a wide table-land, high above the river bed, and beside a most romantic waterfall, of which my friend succeeded in making a charming view, and then through a fertile plain bounded by lofty hills to a noontide halt for lunch and rest by the village of Zebedany. Thence on, through the heart of Anti-Lebanon, by many a winding mountain-path to our camp by the stream of the Yahfufeh, pouring down through the lofty hills to the plain of Buka'a between Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon.

This was one of the most picturesque of all our camping grounds, close beside the clear mountain stream and surrounded by the lofty hills that shut in the glen. Before going to our tents M——

and I walked up a bit from camp, to get a good picture of the scene, and while busy photographing, became aware by the noises and shouting, as well as by the evident tumult in the field where the muleteers were busy with the horses, that some fight was in progress. We saw the stalwart form of the dragoman in the thick of the fray, pushing the combatants apart and insisting on peace in his stentorian voice, and in a few minutes the disturbance was quelled. We found afterward that it had been a religious war, begun by an altercation between two or three of the servants, and ending in a melee, in which "Dog of a Moslem," "Dog of a Christian," were the favourite battle cries, and which might have led to

MOUNTAINS OF LEBANON.

very serious consequences had it not been promptly stopped by the masterful interference of the dragoman. I have already spoken of his wonderful influence over his native servants, and his skill in using his authority.

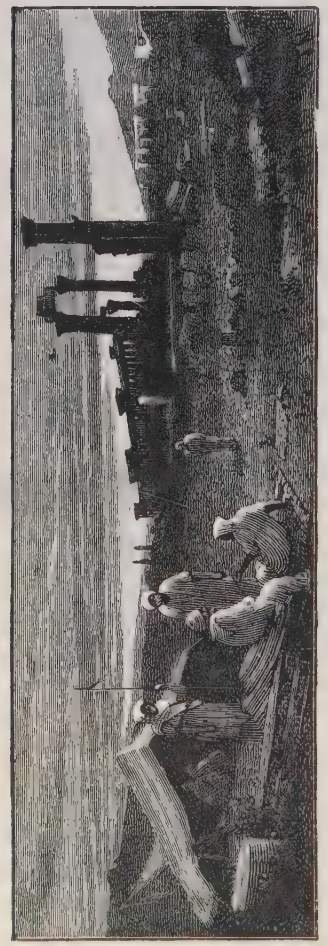
As I got to my tent I was amazed to find my valise open, and some of my clothes, which had been packed separately, hanging on the tent ropes saturated with water. The explanation was soon forthcoming, and was annoying enough. The mule which had been carrying some of the baggage had slipped, and fallen into a stream, and the luggage had, of course, come to grief. It was laughable, too, to see the three or four of us who had suffered in the matter, gingerly picking out our saturated belongings. There was one old bachelor who appeared to possess a number of souvenirs of

lady friends, which were forthcoming, to his chagrin, in a very moist state; and there was a young English swell who had brought a prodigious and elaborate supply of linen, whose garments, as they were hung up to dry that evening in his tent, gave it the appearance of a laundry establishment. My own solicitude, as I unpacked my valise, was not, I confess, on account of my clothes, for there was little to spoil; but I was greatly afraid that my entire stock of negatives, my most precious possessions, might have become water-soaked and ruined. There were a hundred and fifty of them or more, taken all along the route we had travelled, and the loss and disappointment would have been great; but, fortunately, the tin case in which they were packed had for the most part kept out the water, and they had received no damage—a fact I ascertained to my very great relief and thankfulness. Curiously enough, too, it was about the very last day that such an accident could have happened. It speaks volumes for the care with which the trip was managed that it was our only accident.

As we reached the table-land above our camping-ground, we caught glimpses through the hill-tops of the wide plain beyond, and of the chain of Lebanon on its farther side. Light, fleecy clouds, saturated with sunlight, rolled over the lofty mountain summits, and hung suspended in the blue sky above the plain. I never saw anywhere such glorious cloud effects, such wealth of sunlight and shadow, as I did that brilliant morning. Ordinarily the Syrian sky is cloudless, and the mountains we had passed before were sharply outlined against the clear blue. Here glorious masses of cloud sailed, like sun-laden argosies of the air, between the twin yet distant ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, or lay at anchor beside their tops. Soon we reached the crest of the hill, and the rich plain lay at our feet stretching away as far as the eye could see on either hand, and walled in on one side by the long range of Anti-Lebanon, on which we were standing, and on the other by glorious and historic Lebanon.

As we moved down the zigzag bridle path, a sharp turn brought us at length in view of Baalbec There stood the six lofty columns we had so often seen in photographs and pictures, and there all around them, on the rising ground of the Acropolis, the most splendid ruins in Syria. The name of Baalbec—the city or crowded place of Baal—gives us at once an idea of its antiquity and its origin. It was originally a Phœnician city and shrine, founded in those early days of barbaric splendour and culture, of which we have been accustomed to speak as pre-historic, but the records of which are now being read to us by scholars from the long buried hieroglyphs and cuneiforms in which they have been so well kept.

Here we have a great shrine of that great god, Baal, whose cult was predominant among the early people of these fair lands, and whose name so often occurs in the Old Testament writings as the object of the rebellious worship of the favoured people of Jehovah. Baal was the sun-god, the deification of that glorious luminary whose worship seems the most natural of all false systems; and in later times the Baalbec of the Phœnicians became the Heliopolis—the city of the Sun—of the Greeks and Romans, twin in name and in fame of Heliopolis in Egypt, with which, indeed, it seems to have been closely connected.



DISTANT VIEW OF RUINS.

Heliopolis was a shrine of great sanctity, and its oracle in such repute that, on one occasion at least, it was consulted by the Emperor Trajan previous to his second war against the Parthians. Coins tell us that in Julius Cæsar's time it was styled *Col. Julia Augusta Felix Heliopolis;* and it must as a Roman colony have enjoyed a large amount of prosperity, and exercised a vast influence.

It is very strange, however, that no cotemporary historian gives us any record of its superb temples, and that the first mention of them is found in the writings of John Malala, of Antioch, in the seventh century of our era, who says that "Ælius Antoninus Pius built at Heliopolis of Phœnicia in Lebanon, a great temple to Jupiter, which was one of the wonders of the world." Constantine founded here a great Christian basilica, and closed up the heathen temples, and less than a century later the orgies of which they had so long been the scene, and which had been revived in the interim, came forever to an end by the determined action of Theodosius, who destroyed the heathen shrines, and converted them into Christian churches.

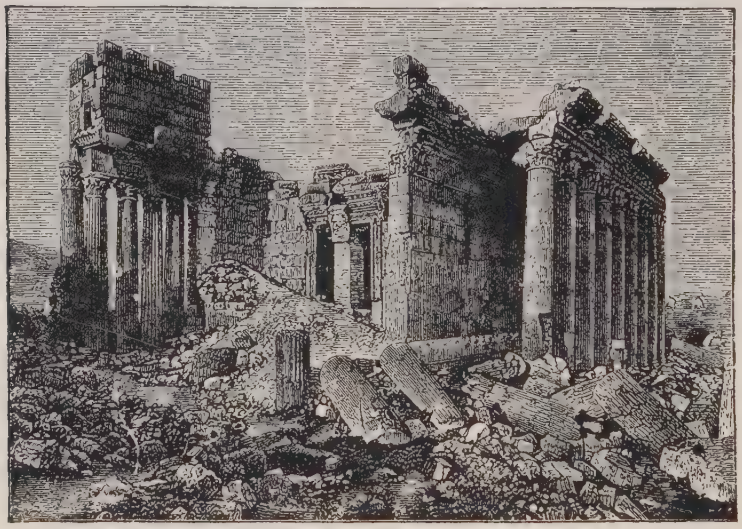
With the Moslem invasion, in the seventh century, came another change. Heliopolis again became known as Baalbec, and the temples and their courts were converted into a fortress. From being a city, it has dwindled down to an insignificant village, and bit by bit, by the slow ravages of time, by the shock of earthquake, but more by the ignorant rapacity and vandalism of its Arab masters, its splendid fanes have become more and more ruinous. Indeed, but for the hand of man they would still seem to mock at time, for where unbroken and secure, the exquisite delicacy of the carving is as clean and sharp in its detail as when it issued from the deft hand that chiselled it so many long centuries ago.

Baalbec is by some supposed to be the Baal-Gad mentioned in the Book of Joshua, as the limit of the conquests of that great leader, and there is a prophecy of Amos denouncing and predicting the overthrow of Bikath Aven, the plain of Aven, which is also believed to apply to it.

The great ruins crown an Acropolis, raised some fifty feet above the plain, and completely isolated from all other buildings. We entered by a long, dark vaulted passage, from the sides of which issued chambers once used apparently for storehouses, and entered upon a court hexagonal in shape, and measuring some seventy yards in length by eighty-five in width, and thence into the Great Court, as it is called, which is a hundred and fifty yards long by a hundred and twenty-five wide. Here we found the rest of our party, who had preceded us, sitting at lunch in the shadow of the great columns of the Temple of the Sun. This mightiest of the temples of Baalbec, and perhaps mightiest of all heathen temples, consisted of a cella or rectangular building, surrounded by peristyle, a portico of lofty columns, and was originally some two hundred and ninety feet long by a hundred and sixty broad. Of the cella nothing remains, but of the peristyle there still stand these six magnificent columns, with part of the entablature which they formerly carried. They are between sixty and seventy feet high, and seven feet three inches in diameter at the base, each consisting of three stones. The carving of the entablature on one side, the north, is gone, but on the south it is almost perfect. Originally there were fifty-eight of these columns, nineteen on each side of the cella, and ten at each end, and as they stand in solitary grandeur, rearing seventy feet above the wall the massive fragment of entablature, they convey some idea of the magnificence of the edifice of which they formed a part. The temple seems to have been a sort of pantheon, in which Baal was pre-eminent, and an inscription still to be seen on the base of one

of the pillars reads as follows, "To the great gods of Heliopolis. For the safety of the lord Antoninus Aug. and of Julia Aug. the mother of our lord of the Castra (and) Senate. A devoted (subject) of the sovereigns (caused) the capitals of the columns of Antoninus whilst in the air (to be) embossed with gold at her own expense."

In confused heaps in the neigbourhood of the columns lie the remains of those which have fallen. It is difficult to realize how vast are their proportions till one stands beside them, or stretches himself at length across the diameter of a fallen drum to find a foot and more of length still to spare.



TEMPLE OF JUPITER, BAALBEC.

Some hundred yards to the south of the great pillars, stands the Temple of Jupiter, smaller indeed comparatively, but yet the finest and most perfect and elaborate in Syria, and larger than the Pantheon at Athens. It was of the same general style as the Great Temple—a cella and peristyle—and its dimensions are two hundred and twenty-seven feet by one hundred and fifteen. In the peristyle, were originally forty-two columns, fifteen on each side, and eight at each end, and these columns were sixty-five feet high including base and capital, six feet three inches in diameter at the base and five feet eight inches at the top.

The cella of this superb building is still entire, but most of the columns have fallen. Enough remains entire and *in situ*, however, to give a very vivid idea of its original beauty. The wealth of delicate sculpture in the ceiling which connected the peristyle

with the cella, particularly in the capitals, and the elaborate ornamentation of the magnificent portal, is perfectly amazing. This portal is twenty-one feet wide and forty-two feet high, and the jambs, which are monoliths, are sculptured most delicately with a band four feet wide, representing fruit, flowers, and vine leaves. The lintel is in three parts, and the massive key-stone, during an earthquake in the last century, slipped from its position, and is now upheld by a pile of rough masonry.

The interior matches the exterior of the building, in the profusion and richness of its carving, and in the elaborateness and grace of its detail; and, indeed, every fresh turn in and about these marvellous precincts gave one some fresh evidence of the taste, the time and the wealth that had been lavished in erecting and beautifying these stupendous fanes of an effete superstition and a decaying national life.

REMAINING COLUMNS OF GREAT TEMPLE, BAALBEC.

Some two hundred yards from the ruins I have been describing, and apart from them entirely, stands a small circular temple, the most beautiful ruin in Baalbec. It was originally dedicated to Venus, worshipped here as Ἡδονη, or Pleasure, and this exquisite work of art was used for the unhallowed orgies of the most impure worship. The earthquake has terribly shattered the graceful building, and it looks as if a very little shock of any kind would precipitate its destruction. I remember well trying to photograph it in the evening light. An old woman was execrating my companion for no other offence than sitting on a rude stone fence close by the temple, while a Moslem at his prayers in the foreground kept up his risings and prostrations so persistently and imperturbably, that I had to move my camera to keep him from spoiling my picture.

My friend and I in wandering through the village came upon

a ruined mosque which had been made up of material taken from the old temples. Such a composite as it was. Tiers of pillars of Egyptian syenite from far away at the Nile cataracts, and some hewn in the neighbouring quarries, some upside down, and adorned with exquisitely carved Corinthian capitals much too heavy for them, supported rough arches of Saracenic workmanship. The whole effect was incongruous and even absurd, the separate detail was superb. What varied histories were written on the stones so strangely forced into unfit companionship. A lot of young men were playing at ball among the columns, and were not too friendly, but my friend succeeded in making a picture.

But the greatest wonder in Baalbec has yet to be described. It is the massive masonry of the ancient walls below the Great Temple, and dates far away back to early Phœnician times. Fancy a tier of stones thirty feet long and some thirteen feet high, and of the same thickness, and above these again a tier of stones, three in number, one sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and another sixty-three feet, in all one hundred and ninety feet eight inches! Their height is thirteen feet and their thickness about the same, and they are twenty feet above the level of the ground. Suppose one of them to be set on end and hollowed out, it would make six rooms twelve feet square and ten feet high, one above the other, with walls six inches thick, and floors eight inches thick! How were these stones ever put there? That is the question one naturally asks when looking at these cyclopean stones. By what process of lost engineering art were these enormous masses, for each of them weighs about a thousand tons, set in their places in this most ancient wall? The most probable supposition is that there was an inclined plane built from the quarries, a half a mile away, to the level required, and then human labour, the toil and sweat of thousands of slaves, did the remainder, slowly pushing or pulling the ponderous masses on rollers up the grade till they rested on the spot prepared for them. These gray, giant, and ancient stones, what stories they could tell of awful oppression and horrible cruelty, as well as of the might of mind and skill in those who planned and built this wonderful wall.

When leaving camp next morning, we rode to the old quarries, from which the great stones of the Trilithon had been taken. It is about half a mile from the ruins, and there, almost cut out, lay a mightier stone than any we had seen, a squared block sixty-eight feet long, fourteen feet two inches high, and thirteen feet eleven inches broad! Its weight would be about eleven hundred

tons, and there it lies unfinished, as its masons left it so long ago. One of our party rode up beside it and halted his horse, to be photographed with it, and horse and man looked small, indeed, beside this most massive work of stone-quarrying ever achieved by man.

That evening in Baalbec is photographed very vividly on my memory. Our camp was pitched on a rising ground near the village, with the great plain of Baka'a stretching before us, the splendid ruins in the immediate foreground, and the long chain of the glorious mountains bounding the view. As the sun set over Lebanon, the cloud masses that swathed its highest peaks assumed an unspeakable brilliancy and variety of tints, and the rugged mountain shoulders warmed into rich and luminous purple, while the full glow of the level beams fell directly upon the ruined Acropolis below us, lighting up the grand columns with marvellous and unearthly beauty.

GREAT STONE IN THE QUARRY.

A MIRROR.

A DROP of dew may show a star
Twinkling in night's blue vault afar;
Hidden the gem till brought to sight
By the silver star's down-glinting light.

So the pure heart a mirror may be,
Letting us there God's image see,
As in the dewdrop we see the star
That hangs in night's blue vault afar.

SAMUEL BUDGETT, THE SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.

BY PETER BAYNE, M.A., LL.D.

About the beginning of this century there was, at the village school of Kimmersden, near Coleford, in Somersetshire, a boy about ten years of age. He had been born at Wrigton, another Somersetshire village, in 1794, of poor shop-keeping people, who seem to have been hard put to it to find a livelihood; for they went from village to village seeking a sure though humble maintenance, and it was only after many a shift that they opened a little general shop in Coleford. The boy was in some respects distinguished from his fellows. One day he picked up a horse-shoe, went with it three miles, and got a penny for it. He managed to lay together one or two other pennies, and commenced trading among his school-fellows. Lozenges, marbles, and so forth, were his wares. He sold to advantage, and his capital increased. By calculation on the prices charged in the shops, by buying in large and selling in small quantities, by never losing an opportunity or wasting a penny, by watching for bargains and stiffly insisting on adherence to their terms, he laid shilling to shilling, and pound to pound, until, at the age of fifteen, he was master of thirty pounds sterling. The spectacle cannot be called pleasing. A boy, whose feelings should have shared in the exuberance and free generosity of youth, converted into a premature skinflint and save-all; the frosty prudence of life's autumn crisping and killing the young leaflets and blossoms of life's spring; a rivulet in the mountains already banked and set to turn a mill—surely the less we hear of such a boy the better—was he born with a multiplication table in his mouth? This boy's name was Samuel Budgett.

A touch of romance is a salutary ingredient in character; in boyhood and youth it is particularly charming; but there is a possibility that it may go too far; and a sentimental, tearful child, who is always giving some manifestation of the finer feelings, borders on the intolerable. There was at this same Kimmersden school (even in village schools variety of character will come out) a boy who seemed to be somewhat of this sort. When a little money came into his possession, he bought Wesley's Hymns, and of a summer evening you might have seen him walking in the fields reciting his favourite pieces with intense enjoyment. His mother was once dangerously ill, and his father sent him on horseback, in the night, for medical assistance. As he

rode back, in the breaking morning, he heard a bird sing in a park by the wayside; he listened in strange delight, and seemed to receive some tidings from the carol. On reaching home he went to his sister and gravely informed her that he knew their mother would recover, that God had answered his prayers on her account, and that this had become known to him as he heard a little bird sing in Mells Park that morning. Not one boy in a thousand would have marked that bird's song. On another day you might have observed him coming along a lane on horseback: as you looked, you saw that he was not thinking of his horse or his way; his eyes had an abstracted look, though animated and filled with tears; the bridle had fallen from his hand, and his horse was quietly eating grass. He was at the moment in reverie; he was dreaming himself a missionary in far lands; and the tears streamed down his cheeks as he knelt among tropical bushes, under a southern sun, to implore blessing on the household he had left at home. Such was the sentimental scholar of Kimmersden. And what was his name? Samuel Budgett!

Nature had framed no contradiction. The boy's heart was tenderly affectionate, his nature keenly sensitive, his sympathies rich, kindly, poetic; but his young eyes had seen nothing but struggle and penury in his father's house; he had learned, by natural shrewdness and happy occasion, the lesson of thrift; he had a brain as clear and inventive as his heart was warm; by accident or otherwise, the pleasurable exercise of his faculties in that juvenile trading commenced, and with the relish of a born merchant he followed the game. The money itself was little more to him than than the pieces are to a born chess-player; its accumulation merely testified all worked well. The coalescence and relative position of the two sets of qualities were finely shown. He wasted no money, yet he lost no time in buying Wesley's Hymns. He amassed thirty pounds in a few years of boyish trading, but when the sum was complete, he gave it all to his parents.

Having finally decided to be a merchant, and adopting it as his ambition to raise his family to tolerably affluent circumstances, Budgett was apprenticed, at the age of fifteen, to an elder brother, who had a shop in Kingswood, a village four miles from Bristol. His education, now formally completed, had, in all relating to books, been meagre enough. He had learned to read, write, and to some extent cipher; no more. In other respects it had been more thorough. He had already, in his boyish mercantile operations, served an apprenticeship to clearness of head, promptitude and firmness in action; his father's house had been a school of

rare excellence. In that house he saw honesty, industry, determination, and godliness; he saw how severe the struggle sometimes is; he saw how faculties must be worked in order to their effective exercise. Of special importance was that portion of his education which consisted in the influence of his mother's godliness. He was still a child of nine, when he happened one day to saunter past her room. The door was shut, and he heard her voice. She was engaged in prayer, and the subject of her petitions was her family. He heard his own name. His heart was at once touched, and from that moment it turned towards heaven. Samuel Budgett went to apprenticeship from his father's house, a steady, kindly, radically able, and religious youth.

His apprenticeship was not such as to permit his habits of perseverant industry to be broken or to relax. He was at the counter by six in the morning; "and nine, ten, or eleven at night," were the ordinary hours of closing. The toil he underwent was such that he used to speak of it till the close of his life. He was of small strength, and little for his years; the exertion of the grocer's business was doubtless too much for him. He soon became a favourite with customers, his manner was so unaffectedly kind, his attention so close and uniform. It is interesting also to observe the keen thirst for knowledge which he displayed during those years. When he heard a sermon, he treasured it up like a string of pearls, and adjourned at its close to some sequestered place, to con it over, and lay it up in his inmost heart. What books came in his way he eagerly devoured; for poetry he showed a keen relish, and committed large portions to memory.

A shop-boy with so genuine and fixed an aspiration after knowledge will scarce fail to find education. Budgett had the faculty to work well; he was acquiring a thorough knowledge of men, and a power to measure them at a glance. The open fields and skies, the summer woods and the river bank, and every smile and frown on the face of what the ancients well called our Mother Earth, he loved.

After serving for three years with a salary, on the expiration of his seven years' apprenticeship, Budgett was taken into partnership by his brother.

He feels now that he has got a firm footing, that a spot has been found in the world on which he may live and work. He prepares himself for the future accordingly. A pleasant little background of romance suddenly beams out upon us. We find that long ago—"very early"—he had fallen in love with a certain Miss Smith, of Midsomer-Norton. He married her, and

turned to face life with the heart of a man. He was now twenty-five years of age.

Let us for a moment contemplate the sphere in which Samuel Budgett commences work for himself. His sphere is not imposing; it is a retail shop in the grocery business, in the village of Kingswood, four miles from Bristol. His brother is a respectable, industrious, plodding man, who has prospered hitherto according to his ambition, and dreams not of any change. Samuel Budgett's prospects are such as one may have in a village grocery.

The new partner is found to have ways of his own, which, in this establishment, are regarded as new-fangled, or even officious. His brother casts a glance of indifference, or even dislike, upon his proposals and proceedings; only after a time, and as the commanding talent of Samuel becomes more plain, does he fairly throw the reins into his hands. Budgett acts in the way natural to him. It may be briefly characterized thus: he does, with perfect accuracy and thoroughness what lies to hand—what is ordinary and established in the routine of business—and he has always, besides, a sure and piercing glance ahead and around.

Mr. Arthur sketches, with much animation and graphic power, the progress of Budgett, as he pushed on, step by step, and won position after position, but we shall not here follow him. The reader must picture to himself a man of untiring activity who is yet never flurried, of keen and constant sagacity, of tact in dealing with men, of real and abounding affection to his fellows, so that the interest he manifests in their affairs has in it no element of deceit or affectation. He must mark him ever in the van of circumstances, discerning opportunity from afar, and seizing it with eagle swoop. He must see him gradually diffusing a spirit akin to his own on all who come within the sphere of his influence; incapacity, indolence, and dishonesty shrinking from his look. He must note specially the skill with which he combines conservation with advance. The customer who is secured is always first attended to; all thought of extending the trade is to be postponed to his convenience; the shops which deal with Budgett are seen to be the most prosperous, and no customer is ever lost.

A single illustration of his mode of work may convey some idea of its general character.

The business has now branched out in all directions. There are "several establishments" in Bristol; the retail shop is the centre of great warehouses and counting-houses; at Kingswood there are kept forty-seven draught horses. One night the citizens of Bristol are startled by the reddening of the whole horizon in

the direction of Kingswood Hill; the warehouses of the Messrs. Budgett are in flames. The men of Bristol stand gazing as the huge blaze illumines the sky; from all neighbouring quarters there is a flocking of spectators, and a racing of engines. Efforts are vain; the horses, indeed, the stables, and the books are preserved; but warehouses, counting-houses, and the retail shop, are burned to the ground. Samuel Budgett has not, of course, forgotten to insure, yet the pecuniary loss is above three thousand pounds. The next morning every customer expecting goods on that day from the Budgetts receives a circular. It states briefly that there has been a fire on the premises, and that one day is necessary to repair the consequent derangement. Just one day: in such length of time Samuel calculates the wrath of the fire will have been baulked. And one day is sufficient. He goes swiftly, but with no hurry, into Bristol, hires a new house, sets all hands to work, and the next day sees all customers served. Bristol becomes henceforward the headquarters; and Samuel Budgett, now the sole head of the business, is more powerful than ever.

The force of Budgett's mind has affected the whole region. His warehouses tower proudly, like those of merchant-princes; over all the south-western counties of England his connection extends; over the seas, from distant lands, come vessels with cargoes for him. It is probable that a greater effort was not possible in his department. And now he is a man of wealth and importance; he has satisfied his youthful ambition. The day was when he sold cheese by the pound across the counter; he now receives goods "by the cargo," and sells them "by the ton." "I remember," said an old man, who felt like a Caleb Balderstone on the subject—"I remember when there were five men and three horses; and I have lived to see three hundred men and one hundred horses."

Mr. Arthur informs us, his aim was unimpeachable honour and his word gold. We know, too, that money was not his object; that wealth was a matter for which he cared little. The proof of this important point is perfect. He did not cling, with miserly tenacity, to business to the last; he took matters quietly, and strove after no further extension when life was still strong in him. After he had ceased to attend with his old impelling vigour to the affairs of the firm, he heard some one say that he, the speaker, wished for more money. "Do you?" exclaimed Budgett: "then I do not; I have quite enough. But if I did wish for more, I should get it." On his deathbed, when his voice was tremulous with the last weakness, he deliberately said, "Riches I have had

as much as my heart could desire, but I never felt any pleasure in them for their own sake, only so far as they enabled me to give pleasure to others;" and we know him to have been a man, out of the market, of a generosity which might be deemed extravagant. We have now seen, so to speak, the framework of our man; we find that it is the unflawed iron of integrity, clear insight, and energy: he is a man who can work.

But we saw that, in his boyhood, there was not only a stern, but a gentle aspect of his character; we may find now that this iron framework of his manhood is wreathed with verdure and dewy flowers. We have seen him when he had simply to measure his strength: we must survey him now as a master; as a member of society philanthropically desirous of removing its evils; and as a father.

Entering Budgett's central establishment, where, as we have seen, hundreds of men are employed, we find that the whole works with faultless regularity. The genius of English industry seems to have chosen the place as a temple. There is no fuss, little noise: there is no haste—no time for that. The face of every workman shows that he may not linger; its firm lines at the same time declare that he has no wish to do so. Hearty activity, healthful, contented diligence, are seen on every hand. The immense daily business is timeously transacted; and the hours of the evening see the place shut and silent.

Samuel Budgett is the mainspring of the whole vast machine. Under the middle size, with strong brows, open forehead, and lower features firmly and clearly cut, he may at once be discerned to be a man who can dare and do: his "quick brown eye" pierces everywhere, and overlooks nothing; its glance makes the wheels go faster. He speaks a word of encouragement to the active, he sends an electric look to the indolent; it is plain his authority is unquestionable, and that he maintains and uses it without an effort. Bungling of no sort, be it from want of power or want of will, can live in his glance; he can detect falsehood lurking in the depths of an eye, and veiling itself in the blandest smile; he has a tact of ready invention which finds a quiet road to every secret; only perfect thoroughness of work and perfect honesty of heart can stand before him. Yet the kindly and approving is evidently his most natural and congenial look; he speaks many a word of sympathy and kindness; the respect and deference which wait on his steps are tempered by affection.

As a master he is, first of all, thorough. His men have a profound knowledge that he is not to be trifled with. The incompetent, the indolent, are discharged. A man must perform what

he has taken in hand, or go. "Why, sir," said one who had been long in his service, "I do believe as he would get, aye, twice as much work out o' a man in a week as another master."

Next, he has a warm and honest sympathy with his men. It is not the result of their work, in the shape of his own profit, which gratifies him, so much as the satisfaction and advantage of all who work along with him. We find no niggardliness in his efforts to attain wealth. If he gets more work out of men than other masters, his employed get more from him in the best forms than other men. At the time of his entering partnership, the working hours are from six in the morning to nine at night. This goes against the new partner's grain. "I do not like to see you here," he would say to the employed; "I want to see you at home: we *must* get done sooner." Dismissal at half-past eight is attempted, and the men are greatly relieved. But this is only a commencement. If there are too few men, more can be added; if there is trifling, men must go altogether. As the business enlarges, the time shortens; and Samuel does not rest until he sees his men all trooping off cheerily to their families at five or half-past five in the evening. Keep these parallel achievements in view when you estimate the generosity and mercantile honour of Budgett. There is in the establishment a regular system of fines; but the head or heads pay most, and the whole goes to a sick fund. There is an annual festival given to the men; good cheer, athletic games, and a certain amount, moderate, it may be hoped, of speech-making, speed the hours. There is a systematic distribution of small rewards from week to week; Budgett stands at a certain outlet to the premises with a pocketful of little packages containing money, and slips one into each man's hand as he passes out; "one would find he had a present of five shillings, another of three, another of half-a-crown;" the gifts are graduated by relative merit. "Ah, sir," exclaims an old informant, "he was a man as had no pleasure in muckin' up money; why, sir, he would often in that way give, aye, I believe, twenty pounds on a Friday night,—well, at any rate, fifteen pounds." Besides this, certain of the employed are made directly to feel their interest in the success of the business. "When a year wound up well, the pleasure was not all with the principals; several of those whose diligence and talents had a share in gaining the result, found that they had also a share in the reward."

But, last and most important of all, Budgett, in his capacity as master, is a religious man—a real, earnest Christian. We have not now to ask whether his energy is unimpeded and unrelaxed,

whether his powers have their full swing; but it is important to learn of what sort his religion is, and to what extent it pervades his life, that we may know whether it is of a nature to be pronounced effete—whether it is, on the one hand, a fashionable, deistic assent to Christianity, or on the other, a cramped fanaticism or bigotry, not blending in kindly union with the general modes of his existence. In his case Christianity was never intellectually doubted; and he may therefore be taken as a good example of a thorough English merchant, who still, in the nineteenth century, drew the vital strength of his character from that Christian religion in which he had been born, and in which he had unconsciously grown up.

His religion was of that personal, penetrating order, which has in all time characterized men, who, even among Christians, have been recognized as such in a peculiar sense; of that sort which made Bunyan weep in anguish, and at which the merely respectable person in all ages laughs; of that sort against which Sydney Smith aimed his fine but melancholy raillery, in unaffected wonderment at its refusing to him the name of Christian minister. This determined merchant, whom we have seen pushing on to fortune through the press of vainly opposing rivals, humbles himself daily before God, searches his soul for secret sins, finds cause for keenest sorrow in the turning of God's countenance away from him. This Budgett can weep like a child, or like Bunyan, or an old Ironside, for his shortcomings. Christianity is to him as fresh as it was to Peter when Christ commanded him to feed His lambs; its salvation is to him as clear a reality as it was to Stephen when he saw heaven opened. And it blends in the kindliest union with his whole character and actions; he feels that a Christian must be all in all; he lives as if the continual sense of having been made by Christ one of God's priests upon earth.

His natural tact, and power of winding himself into close conversation, so as to get at men's inmost hearts, are brought into the service of the Gospel. In an unostentatious, quiet way, he manages to urge its claims on his men, by casual words, in little snatches of conversation, at any moment when he has them alone. Every man in his establishment is perpetually reminded that he is considered by his master an immortal being, and feels that all temporary differences between them are merged in the sublime unities in which Christianity embraces all human relations. Once a man came begging employment of him: the wife of the applicant thus narrated the result:—"I shall never forget my husband's feelings when he came in after having seen Mr. Bud-

gett for the first time. He wept like a child; indeed, we both wept, for it had been so long since anybody had been kind to us. Mr. Budgett had been speaking to him like a father; but what affected him most was this—when he had signed the agreement, Mr. Budgett took him from the counting-house into a small parlour in his own house, and offered up a prayer for him and his family." The young men resident on the premises have separate rooms, for the express end that they may seek God in private. There is daily prayer on the premises; every day, in the morning, the whole concern is, as it were, brought directly under the eye of God, His authority over it recognized, and His blessing invoked. And every year at stock-taking, ere Samuel became sole head, it was observed that the two brothers, when it was ascertained what precise progress had been made, retired into a private room, and there joined together in prayer. It is a Christian mercantile establishment.

And what is the result on the whole? There is the progress we have seen—a progress which we can now to some extent understand. His neighbour tradesmen are heard to "speak as if he rose by magic," and to insinuate that "there is some deep mystery in his affairs:" we have some idea of his enchantments. But the progress is not all. There is another circumstance, of which certain hints have already been let fall, but which is deserving of special attention. It is the fact that there is diffused through the whole body of the employed a loyal zeal for the success of the business—that they are united by sympathy in a common aim—that they feel as true mariners for the honour of their ship, as true soldiers for the fame of their regiment. His men, we hear, are "personally attached" to Budgett; they like to work with him and for him; they are proud of what has been done, and proud of having contributed to its achievement. This is a notable fact. With it, as the crown of the whole, we complete our survey of Budgett in the capacity of master.

But we must briefly glance at the other phases which his character displays: we must see him fairly out of the commercial atmosphere. And what aspect does he present to us? He comes out from the mine where he has been toiling so eagerly with the gold he hath so manfully won. Has he the greedy, inhuman look of the miser, the small frost-bitten eye of the niggard? He has worked hard, and the result we see in money: the "beaverish" talent he certainly possesses. Has his soul become beaverish too? No. He has still the boy's heart which throbbed with joy when he flung his boyish earnings, the thirty pounds—which probably appeared to him then a greater sum than any he afterwards

possessed—into his mother's lap. Over the deep mine, far up in the taintless azure, he has ever caught the gleam of treasure which might well purge his eyes in the glare of earthly gold. To make money has been his duty; he could not work to the measure of his abilities without that result; but to give is his delight and his reward. With the same tact which stood him in such good stead among his workmen and customers, he strikes out devices of good; with his native energy he carries them out. His positive expenditure in philanthropic objects is fully £2000 a year. His mansion becomes a centre of beneficent light for the whole district—in every direction the broken mists of ignorance and vice retiring. His heart is as warm, his hand is as open, as if he had never known what it was to make a shilling; he shows himself worthy to be a steward of nature, with large gifts committed for disposal to his hand; he scatters bounty where his agency is unseen; he ever makes charity the handmaid of industry, never of recklessness or sloth; the blessed influence of generosity, tempered by justice, and governed by strong intelligence, is felt over the district.

And now we shall look for a few moments into the sanctuary of his home. We saw him take his early love to be his wife, in a little cottage in an English lane. As his other projects have prospered in his hands, his cottage has gradually changed its appearance; he is now in a commodious mansion, seated in the midst of broad pleasure-grounds, and commanding a wide prospect of that region which his presence has lighted with new comfort and gladness. In his family circle we find him displaying the same traces of original character which we have marked in his procedure elsewhere. His children are admitted to an unwonted intimacy and confidence. "They knew his business affairs intimately, and in every perplexing case he would gather them around him, with their mother and aunt, and take their advice. His standing council was formed of the whole family, even at an age when other fathers would think it cruel and absurd to perplex a child with weighty concerns." He seems to have attained that perfection of domestic rule where kindness is so governed by sagacity that severity is banished, yet every good effect of severity won. The sympathy which he meets among his workmen, and which lends an aspect of noble work and noble governance to his whole business establishment, pervades, with a finer and more tender warmth, the chambers of his home; his children go hand-in-hand with him in his plans of improvement, the willing instruments in every philanthropic device. And he feels that he has their sympathy in higher things

than these; we hear him expressing the conviction that they are all going along with him on the way to heaven. This is the final touch of joy that can gild a Christian home, a ray of heaven's own glory coming to blend with, to hallow, to crown, the blessings of earth.

Thus soft, genial, tenderly kind, do we find the hard-trading Budgett, when we contemplate him where kindness and tenderness are in place. Depend upon it, were he not a right merchant in the market, he would not be so gentle in the home: it is only the strong that can thus wrap the paternal rod in flowers. To see him in the market, one would say there was not a dew-drop of poetry to soften the ruggedness of his nature. Follow him in a walk on his own grounds, and you are apt to think him a soft sort of man, with somewhat of a sentimental turn. For he has still the same open sense for nature's beauty and music that he had when he heard that little bird's morning carol, and felt in his young heart that God had answered his prayer for his mother. There is a certain dewiness, a flowery freshness, over his character, an air of unexhausted, unrestrained strength. Three things, at least, nature has united in him, which have been deemed incompatible: thorough working faculty, religion of the sort which weeps for sins invisible to the world, and poetical sympathy. You may see him distancing his competitors in the market, until they whisper that he must work by magic; you may see his cheek wet with tears as he prays to his God; you may hear him, in gleeful tone, quoting verse after verse of poetry in his fields, while his children romp around. From his early days, too, the strange merchant has preached, and with extraordinary power; his connection with the Wesleyan body leading him to this. His whole character, last of all, is veiled in humility; his bearing is that of a truly modest, self-knowing man, who can act with perfect self-reliance, yet take advice, if such may come, from a child.

At the age of fifty-four, when it might have been hoped many years of life were yet before him, Budgett gave symptoms of a fatal malady. Dropsy and heart-complaint showed themselves, and his strength gradually wore away. His death-bed was glorious even among Christian death-beds. And though no weighty argument can be based upon the closing scenes of Christian men, death-bed experience is not of slight importance. Life is assuredly more important that death; on it ought the main attention to be fixed. Yet it is mere vacant absurdity to deny that fear casts its shade over mankind here below, as they look forward beyond time; that it is really the king of terrors whose realm is the grave, and that it has been one grand aim of all

religions to discrown the spectre. If, moreover, man is only for a span a denizen of time—if he is yet to be born into eternity, and if his life here is of importance only in his relation to his life beyond—that must ever be a moment of supreme interest to men, when the immortal soul is preening her wings for an infinite ascent, when earth is becoming still, and voices out of the distance seem to reach the dying ear, and a strange radiance falls across the bourne into the glazing eye. Budgett found his simple Christian faith, laying hold of the sword of the Spirit, strong enough to palsy the arm of the terror-crowned, and strike from it its appalling dart: nay, he found that simple Christian faith of power sufficient to steady his eye in gaze upon the spectre, until his terrors faded away, and he became an angel standing at the gates of light. At first he was troubled and cast down; but ere long the victory was complete. I shall quote a few of his words, leaving readers to make upon them their own comments; to judge for themselves whether they express a selfish joy, or that of one whose delight was in holiness and in God; and to observe the childlike humility that breathes beneath their rapture. His death occurred in the April of 1851, and these words were uttered by him from the time that his illness began to manifest its fatal power; they sufficiently indicate the occasions of their utterance:

"I sent for you to tell you how happy I am; not a wave, not a ripple, not a fear, not a shadow of doubt. I didn't think it was possible for man to enjoy so much of God upon earth. I'm filled with God."

"I like to hear of the beauties of heaven, but I do not dwell upon them; no, what I rejoice in is, that Christ will be there. Where He is, there shall I be also. I know that He is in me, and I in Him. I shall see Him as He is. I delight in knowing that."

"How our heavenly Father paves our way down to the tomb! I seem so happy and comfortable; it seems as if it cannot be for me, as if it must be for somebody else. I don't deserve it."

"I have sunk into the arms of Omnipotent Love."

"I never asked for joy; I always thought myself unworthy of it; but He has given me more than I asked."

"I am going the way of all flesh; but, bless God, I'm ready. I trust in the merits of my Redeemer. I care not when, or where, or how; glory be to God!"

Be strong to love, O heart!
Love knows not wrong;
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in Heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

THE INDIAN IN CANADA.*

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THERE are few countries whose past is richer in the quality of picturesqueness than that which is now called the Dominion of Canada, and in the brilliant pages of Mr. Parkman the most picturesque figure, despite the impartial fidelity of the portraiture, is undoubtedly the Indian's as he stands forth a prominent actor in every important scene. Not only is his figure picturesque, it is also full of pathos; for while the history of nations presents many examples of a conquered nation absorbing its conquerors, and developing therefrom a national life of increased vigour, the aborigines of the American continent have had a very different experience. They have accomplished nothing in the way of absorption, but on the contrary have run serious risk of extinction at the hands of their white invaders.

Picturesque, then, and pathetic we may safely permit the Indian to be, but not heroic, or at least not to the extent that he is thus painted in fiction. That we should be ruthlessly compelled to cast away this pleasing illusion of our youth is part of the price we pay for progress in knowledge. Stripped of his paint and feathers and examined at close quarters, the Indian, whether of our day or Frontenac's, manifests few of the qualities that go to constitute a valuable member of society; and although the relations between him and his supplanters in Canada have been from the very outset harmonious and honest to a degree eminently creditable to both, and as will be hereafter shown, he has received at their hand concessions unparalleled elsewhere, nevertheless it seems too much to expect that he will ever become completely incorporated with the national life, or in the mass rise to any higher status than that of a ward of the Government.

A survey of the North American Indian's history brings out a contrast between his treatment at the hands of the white man above and below the forty-ninth parallel so striking as to call for explanation. In the first place, the English were singularly fortunate in being anticipated by the French in the occupation of Canada; for although some ill-judged and irritating incidents do appear in the latter's treatment, still upon the whole, the conduct

*We abridge from the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*, with the permission of the author, the following admirable article by a brilliant young Canadian *litterateur*.—ED.

of the French was such as to reconcile the Indians to their intrusion, and even make them welcome. They really adapted themselves to the native's ways, and made but little show of taking hold of the country, confining their territorial acquisitions within such narrow limits as to disarm suspicion of coveting the continent. In the meantime their trading-posts became points of mutually profitable contact, and their *coureurs du bois*, not disdaining dusky mates, produced a race of half-breeds that constituted a natural bond of peace between the two nations.

Upon Canada passing into the hands of England by the capitulation of 1760, her native inhabitants were at the first, it is true, thrown into a threatening state of alarm and animosity. The Indians were amazed at the downfall of the French power, and lent a ready ear to the fabrications industriously circulated by crafty emissaries, that this calamity was due to the King of France having fallen asleep, and the British having taken advantage of his slumbers, but that he was now awake again, and his armies were advancing up the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi to expel the intruders from the country of his red children.

Putting faith in the righteousness of his cause and the ability of their former masters to aid them, the Indians rose under Pontiac in 1763, and a savage war ensued which lasted through two dreadful years. But this, as it was the first, may also be said to have been the last serious embroilment between the natives and their new rulers.

The French influence did not, of course, extend beyond the Great Lakes, and when the English came to deal with the Indians at first hand, as they had to do in opening the North-West for settlement, it is natural to inquire how they fared; and the answer is, not less well, for the same valuable service that was rendered them by the French in the east was performed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the west, and all they had to do was to be faithful in their engagements and firm in their management.

This remarkable corporation, whose proper title was "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading in Hudson's Bay," began their operations about the year 1677, and thenceforward during two centuries, although occasionally interfered with by the French, held possession of the most stupendous land property that ever submitted to private ownership, which they took exceeding care to maintain as a fur-preserve. Accordingly, while all attempts at settlement were strenuously discouraged, the good-will of the Indians was as sedulously cultivated, with the result that from Fort Churchill, on the shores of Hudson's Bay, to Fort McLeod, nestling among the foot-hills of the

Rocky Mountains, the lives of their servants and the goods in forts were as safe from violence as in any civilized community, although some forty or fifty different tribes roamed over the vast hunting-grounds of whose peltry the Company had a most comfortable monopoly.

When, therefore, the Canadian Government in the year 1869 bought out the Company and took over its territorial possessions, the Indians upon them had, by a long course of satisfactory dealings with their white brothers, been well prepared to enter intelligently and trustfully into relations with their new masters. True, they were more than a little disturbed at first, partly owing to the stand taken by the Metis or half-breeds of the Red River, who in 1870 combined under Louis Riel to resist the coming of the Canadians, and partly to the sudden influx of white men that came pouring from the east and west into their country. But the first danger was speedily removed by the advent of a little army under the command of one Colonel Garnet Wolseley, of whose distinguished career this expedition was the beginning; and the wise conduct of the Canadian Government, in arranging their alliance with the Indians contemporaneously with the formal establishment of their rule, prevented any trouble arising from the latter source.

The third circumstance which has been so far in Canada's favour with regard to her Indian subjects is, that they have not yet been made to feel that they are being crowded out by the white men. To a large extent their favourite hunting-grounds are still left to them, the treaties providing for their freedom to hunt and fish over all lands not taken up for settlement, and thus the most fruitful of all sources of trouble in the United States—namely, the incessant encroachments of the white man upon the red—has been practically unknown in Canada. When the population so increases as to render this process inevitable, then will come the testing-time, and then will the Canadian authorities be called upon to pass through the same ordeal that has so severely tried their Republican neighbours.

A very interesting chapter of Canadian history is that which concerns the treaties formed with different Indian tribes, and particularly the portion relating to the Indians of the West, to which for brevity's sake I shall confine myself. The first treaty actually effected with the Indians wesward of the Great Lakes bears date as far back as 1817, and was rather a private than a public affair, being the work of the Earl of Selkirk, who, having purchased a large tract of land from the Hudson's Bay Company for his settlement, which ultimately became the Province of Manitoba, thought

it well to secure the good-will of the original occupants of the land, and succeeded so effectually as to obtain the extinction of their title not only to the Canadian portions of their possessions but to a generous slice of United States territory also, extending to what is now Grand Forks in Dakota. It need hardly be said, however, that the earl gained no substantial advantage by this reckless ignoring of geographical divisions.

Since the year 1870 the Canadian Government has concluded seven important treaties with its Indian subjects, and there now remain no red men throughout the whole North-West, inside the fertile belt, whose allegiance and good-will have not been thus secured. In almost every case the Indians were not less anxious for these treaties than were the Canadians. They were filled with uneasiness by the influx of population, and showed a disposition to obstruct the progress of surveyors and settlers unless their rights were first assured them. Happily no collision ever occurred, but there is no doubt that delay in dealing with them would have been attended with serious consequences. At the conference preceding the first treaty, called the Stone Fort Treaty, after the place of meeting, Governor Archibald so admirably expressed in a few simple words the basis upon which the Canadian Government desired to treat with the dusky children of the plain, that it will be well to quote some of his words.

"Your Great Mother, the Queen," he said, "wishes me to do justice to all her children alike. She will deal fairly with those of the setting sun, just as she would with those of the rising sun. She wishes her red children to be happy and contented. She would like them to adopt the habits of the whites, to till the land, and raise food, and store it up against the time of want. But the Queen, though she may think it good for you to adopt civilized habits, has no idea of compelling you to do so. This she leaves to your choice, and you need not live like the white man unless you can be persuaded to do so of your own free will. Your Great Mother, therefore, will lay aside for you lots of land to be used by you and your children forever. She will not allow the white man to intrude upon these lots. She will make rules to keep them for you so that, as long as the sun shall shine, there shall be no Indian who has not a place that he can call his home, where he can go and pitch his camp, or if he chooses build his house and till his land. When you have made your treaty you will still be free to hunt over much of the land included in the treaty. Until these lands are needed for use you will be free to hunt over them, and make all the use of them which you have made in the past. But when these lands are needed to be tilled or occupied, you must not go on them any more."

The treaty was not, of course, concluded without the customary long palaver to bring down to a reasonable figure the extravagant demands of the Indians. In the matter of reserves, for

instance, the quantity of lands they asked for each band amounted to three townships per Indian, and included the greater part of the settled portions of the provinces, and in some other respects their demands were equally absurd. But by means of patience, firmness, and mutual concessions, they were finally prevailed upon to accept the following terms, which with variations to suit altered conditions were adopted in all other treaties. For the cession of the country described in the treaty, and comprising the Province of Manitoba and certain country to the north-west thereof, each Indian was to receive a sum of three dollars a year in perpetuity,* and a reserve was to be set apart for each band of sufficient size to allow one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, or in like proportion as each family might be greater or less than five. As each Indian settled down on his share of the reserve, and commenced the cultivation of his land, he was to receive a plough and a harrow. Each chief was to receive a cow, and a pair of smaller kinds of farm stock. There was to be a bull for the general use of each reserve. In addition to this each chief was to receive a dress, a flag, and a medal as marks of distinction, and also a buggy or light spring waggon. Finally, a gratuity of three dollars apiece to cover all claims for the past was thrown in, and the bargain completed.

In the following month a second treaty, almost precisely similar in terms, was easily effected at Manitoba Post, whereby a tract of country three times as large as the Province of Manitoba was surrendered by the Indians to the Crown. That the confidence of Commissioner Thompson, whose tact and knowledge contributed largely to the success of this treaty, in the good faith of Her Majesty's new subjects was not misplaced, was finely illustrated during Riel's rebellion in 1885, when the utmost efforts of the half-breeds were able to induce but a mere handful out of the many thousand Indians within range to join them in their insane attempt against the peace of the realm. Had the Indians generally taken up the tomahawk, as the Metis counted upon their doing, nothing could have prevented such a storm of fire and blood sweeping across the fertile prairies as would have filled the world with horror. But the vast majority held true to their allegiance, and a most terrible calamity was happily averted.

The work of treaty-making went swiftly, if not always smoothly, on until by the conclusion of the North-West Angle Treaty with the Objibbeway Indians, of Treaties number Four, Five, and Six

* These terms were subsequently increased from three to five dollars, with the additional annuity of twenty dollars to each chief and head-man, four head-men being allowed to each tribe.

with the Crees and Saulteaux, and of number Seven with the Blackfeet, Bloods, Sarcees, Pægans, and Stonies, the Indian title to the whole of that vast territory extending from the shores of Lake Superior to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains was extinguished, and a promising *modus vivendi* arranged between its red and white inhabitants.

In the course of the often very delicate and difficult negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the treaties there was a fine display of that curious blending of simple childishness with shrewd cunning, of superb gravity with absurd excitability, of haughty reserve with garrulous confidence, which make the Indian nature so interesting a study. But most striking of all was the stately eloquence which distinguished many of their speeches, an eloquence that might be safely matched with the product of the highest civilization. One of the orators, referring to the mineral wealth of the lands they were asked to surrender, said, "The sound of the rustling gold is under my feet where I stand;" and another chief, in announcing the acceptance of the offered terms, concluded as follows: "And now in closing this counsel I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands; and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun goes round and the water flows."

Sweet Grass, who might well be called the siver-tongued orator of the Crees, in signifying their assent to the terms of the treaty, placed one hand upon the Commissioner's heart, and the other upon his own, and then uttered these beautiful words, which, let us hope, contained not only a promise but a prophecy: "May the white's man blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white and the red man can stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one. Use your utmost to help me, and help my children, so that they may prosper."

Not only had the Canadian authorities to reckon with the Indians whom they found within their own borders, but they were compelled by force of circumstances to deal also with the Sioux from the other side of the boundary line, who twice invaded Canada in large numbers, fortunately however not for the purpose of bringing death and desolation with them, but in order to escape the penalties of their wrong-doing on the other side of the boundary line. In the year 1862, the first irruption occurred, a large number of these taking refuge in the Red River Settlement after the massacre at Minnesota. Their arrival caused great consternation in the settlement, and every effort was made by both

the British and American authorities to induce them to return, but all in vain. They had come to stay, and, inasmuch as they behaved themselves remarkably well, their urgent requests for reserves were in course of time complied with, so that they became permanent additions to the population. So well pleased were they with their treatment, that later on, when war broke out between their brethren across the border and the American Government, they flatly refused to have anything to do with it, despite the utmost efforts of the emissaries sent over to obtain their assistance. The report of the Minister of the Interior for 1877 contains this striking passage concerning them: "The Sioux who are resident in Canada appear to be more intelligent, industrious, and self-reliant than the other Indian bands in the North-West."

While the authorities were thus successfully coping with the problem of how to provide a future for their uninvited guests, a fresh difficulty presented itself by the incursion into the North-West Territories of another large body of American Sioux, this time under the lead of that famous, or infamous, chieftain, Sitting Bull. The presence of these people was indeed a source of great anxiety to both Governments; the Canadian authorities dreading lest they should arouse the other tribes, and the American authorities lest they should make their haven across the border a base of operations against their legal guardians. Fortunately, however, the problem solved itself through the agency of hunger. The Canadian Government, of course, would not provide food for such undesirable visitors; and, as the buffalo began to fail, the greater number of them, though they had all previously refused to listen to any overtures from the Government of the United States, consented, after an agreement had been entered into by the parties as to their future treatment, to return to their own country, so that now only a few remain, and for their return the American Government will, it is understood, endeavour to arrange at an early date.

It is a surprising fact that in spite of all that has been said as to the Indians being a vanishing race, and in the face of sage predictions and pathetic poetry bearing upon their final disappearance, they have positively had the assurance to increase and multiply upon many of their townships and reserves. Thus the historic Six Nations, who are comfortably settled in Ontario, show an increase of sixty-six souls in a total population of 3,282 within the year, while in 1836 their numbers were only 2,330. They rejoice in the possession of fine farms, good roads, churches, schools, doctors, and in fact every essential of civilization except, I believe, lawyers. They have nearly 30,000 acres of land under

cultivation, upon which they raise splendid crops. Near Brantford there is a training-school, known as the Mohawk Institute, for their special benefit, which is doing excellent work.

Making due allowances for the number of Indians in the band, and the length of time they have been settled upon the reserve, reports equally gratifying are given from every other part of the older provinces where the Indian is to be found. They are more and more betaking themselves to agriculture, they are showing a livelier appreciation of church, school, and other privileges, and they are with few exceptions maintaining a good report. Their one great failing, and it is not peculiar to them as a race, is their inability to resist the temptation to indulge in fire-water, whenever they get the chance.

The best possible proof of the well-being of the red men is afforded by a comparison of their numbers at different periods, and accordingly I put here side by side the census returns for 1870 and 1886 respectively:

	1870.	1886.
Ontario	12,978	17,267
Quebec	6,988	12,286
Nova Scotia	1,666	2,138
New Brunswick	1,403	1,576
Prince Edward Island	232	323
Manitoba and the North-West Territories	34,000	86,632
Labrador and the Arctic Watersheds	22,000	20,000
British Columbia	23,000	38,539
	102,358	128,761

In the face of these figures, the task of the prophet who would predict the date when the last Indian shall tread upon Canadian soil is so difficult as probably to remain unperformed for some time to come. It will be noticed that a very marked increase in numbers has occurred in the Province of British Columbia. The Indians there are very much superior both physically and mentally to those on the plains or in the other provinces. They are full of enterprise, ingenuity, and independence, and particularly marked by a commercial sagacity, which is altogether lacking in their brethren on this side of the Rocky Mountains. They do a thriving trade in fish, furs, and other native products, live peaceably in large villages composed of comfortable permanent dwellings, welcome the missionaries who come to teach them, and make very apt pupils.

A few words in conclusion as to the legal status of the Indian in Canada. Captain Pratt, of the Carlisle Indian School of Pennsylvania, said in one of his reports: "I have little hope of much

success in elevating the Indians, until the Indian is made an individual and worked upon as such, with a view of incorporating him on our side." This is precisely the view taken by the Canadian Government, as illustrated by recent legislation, which recognizes the Indian not merely as an individual, but as a person also. The second section of the Electoral Franchise Act of 1885 contains these significant words: "The expression 'person' means any male person, including an Indian;" and all Indians of the older provinces duly qualified are accordingly given the right to vote in the elections for members of the House of Commons. In the year 1884 the Indian Advancement Act was passed, whereby any band of Indians who shall show themselves fit are enabled to take upon themselves the full privileges, responsibilities, and advantages of municipal government, and there is further provision made to meet the case of Indians who may desire to separate from their tribal connections and settle down to a life on their own account, an allotment of land from the reserve being granted to such, guarded by conditions preventing alienation or mortgaging. The statute embodying these provisions, although passed some years previously, has much in common with the Indian Severalty Act of Senator Davies which has recently become law in the United States.

With such statutes as have been referred to before us, not only because of what they enact, but because of the spirit they illustrate, it surely is not venturing too much to express the conviction that the Indian is rightly regarded as a permanent, and not a transient, element in the national life of Canada; and that the problem of preserving the native race from extinction at the hands of the subjector and settler seems here to offer a fair hope of successful solution.

Weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways under ground be led;
Yet if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

'Neath some shadow oft I wait,
Like blind Bartimeus at the gate,
Assured that when my Lord draws nigh,
Sin, doubt, and darkness all shall fly;
Hence to His cross I cling the more,
Whene'er these shadows touch my door.

JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

CHAPTER III.

The summer brought some changes. Christine went to the seaside for a few weeks, and Donald went away in Lord Neville's yacht with a party of gay young men; James and David passed the evening together. If it was wet, they remained in the shop or parlour; if fine, they rambled to the "Green," and sitting down by the riverside talked of business, of Christine, and of Donald. In one of these confidential rambles James first tried to arouse in David's mind a suspicion as to his nephew's real character. David himself introduced the subject by speaking of a letter he had received from Donald.

"He's wi' the great Earl o' Egremont at present," said David proudly, for he had all a Scotsman's respect for good birth; "and there is wi' them young Argyle, and Lord Lovat, and ithers o' the same quality. But our Donald can cock his bonnet wi' ony o' them; there is na better blood in Scotland than the McFarlanes'. It taks money though to foregather wi' nobeelity, and Donald is wanting some. So, James, I'll gie ye the siller to-night, and ye'll send it through your bank as early as may be in the morn."

"Donald wanting money is an old want, Mr. Cameron."

David glanced quickly at James, and answered almost haughtily, "It's a common want likewise, James Blackie. But if Donald McFarlane wants money, he's got kin that can accommodate him, James; wanters arena always that fortunate."

"He has got friends likewise, Mr. Cameron; and I am sure I was proud enough to do him a kindness, and he knows it well."

"And how much may Donald be owing you, I wonder?"

"Only a little matter of £20. You see he had got into—"

"Dinna fash yoursel' wi' explanations, James. Dootless Donald has his faults; but I may weel wink at his small faults, when I hae sae mony great faults o' my ain."

And David's personal accusation sounded so much like a reproof, that James did not feel it safe to pursue the subject.

That very night David wrote thus to his nephew:

"Donald, my dear lad, if thou owest James Blackie £20, pay it immediate. Lying is the second vice, owing money is the first. I enclose a draft for £70 instead o' £50, as per request."

That £70 was a large sum in the eyes of the careful Glasgow trader; in the young Highlander's eyes it seemed but a small sum. He could not form any conception of the amount of love it represented, nor of the struggle it had cost David to "gie awa for nae consideration" the savings of many days, perhaps weeks, of toil and thought.

In September Christine came back, and towards the end of

October, Donald. He was greatly improved externally by his trip and his associations—more manly and more handsome—while his manners had acquired a slight touch of hauteur that both amused and pleased his uncle. It had been decided that he should remain in Glasgow another winter, and then select his future profession. But at present Donald troubled himself little about the future. He had returned to Christine more in love with the peace and purity of her character than ever; and besides, his pecuniary embarrassments in Glasgow were such as to require his personal presence until they were arranged.

This arrangement greatly troubled him. He had only a certain allowance from his father—a loving, but stern man—who having once decided what sum was sufficient for a young man in Donald's position, would not, under any ordinary circumstances, increase it. David Cameron had already advanced him £70. James Blackie was a resource he did not care again to apply to. In the meantime he was pressed by small debts on every hand, and was living among a class of young men whose habits led him into expenses far beyond his modest income. He began to be very anxious and miserable. In Christine's presence he was indeed still the same merry-hearted gentleman; but James saw him in other places, and he knew from long experience the look of care that drew Donald's handsome brows together.

One night, towards the close of this winter, James went to see an old man who was a broker or trader in bills and money, doing business in Cowcaddens. James also did a little of the same business in a cautious way, and it was some mutual transaction in gold and silver that took him that dreary night into such a locality.

The two men talked for some time in a low and earnest voice, and then, the old man, opening a greasy leather satchel, displayed a quantity of paper which he had bought. James looked it over with a keen and practised eye. Suddenly his attitude and expression changed; he read over and over one piece of paper, and every time he read it he looked at it with a greater satisfaction.

"Andrew Starkie," he said, "where did you buy this?"

"Weel, James, I bought it o' Laidlaw—Aleck Laidlaw. Ye wadna think a big tailoring place like that could hae the wind in their faces; but folks maun hae their bad weather days, ye ken; but it blew me gude, so I'll ne'er complain. Ye see it is for £89, due in twenty days now, and I only gied £79 for it—a good name too, nane better."

"David Cameron! But what would he be owing Laidlaw £89 for clothes for?"

"Tut, tut! The claithes were for his nephew. There was some trouble anent the bill, but the old man gied a note for the amount at last, at three months. It's due in twenty days now. As he banks wi' your firm, ye may collect it for me; it will be an easy-made penny or twa."

"I would like to buy this note. What will you sell it for?"

"I'm no minded to sell it. What for do ye want it?"

"Nothing particular. I'll give you £90 for it."

"If it's worth that to you, it is worth mair. I'm no minded to tak £90."

"I'll give you £95."

"I'm no minded to tak it. It's worth mair to you, I see that. What are you going to mak by it? I'll sell it for half o' what you are counting on."

"Then you would not make a bawbee. I am going to ware £95 on—on a bit of revenge. Now will you go shares?"

"Not I. Revenge in cold blood is the deil's own act. I dinna wark with the deil, when it's a losing job to me."

"Will you take £95 then?"

"No. When lads want whistles they maun pay for them."

"I'll give no more. For why? Because in twenty days you will do my work for me; and then it will cost me nothing, and it will cost you £89, that is all about it, Starkie."

Starkie lifted the note which James had flung carelessly down, and his skinny hands trembled as he fingered it. "This is David Cameron's note o' hand, and David Cameron is a gude name."

"Yes, very good. Only that it is not David Cameron's writing, it is a—forgery. Light your pipe with it, Andrew Starkie."

"His nephew gave it himsel' to Aleck Laidlaw—"

"I know. And I hate his nephew. He has come between me and Christine Cameron. Do you see now?"

"Oh! oh! oh! I see, I see! Well, James, you can have it for £100—as a favour."

"I don't want it now. He could not have a harder man to deal with than you are. You suit me very well."

"James, such business won't suit me. I can't afford to be brought into notice. I would rather lose double the money than prosecute any gentleman in trouble."

The older man had reasoned right—James dared not risk the note out of sight, dared not trust to Starkie's prosecution. He longed to have the bit of paper in his own keeping, and after a wary battle of a full hour's length, Andrew Starkie had his £89 back again, and James had the note in his pocket-book.

Through the fog, and through the wind, and through the rain he went, and he knew nothing, and he felt nothing but that little bit of paper against his breast Oh, how greedily he remembered Donald's handsome looks and stately ways, and all the thousand little words and acts by which he imagined himself wronged and insulted. Now he had his enemy beneath his feet, and for days this thought satisfied him, and he hid his secret morsel of vengeance and found it sweet—sharply, bitterly sweet—for even yet conscience pleaded hard with him.

As he sat counting his columns of figures, every gentle, forgiving word of Christ came into his heart. He knew well that Donald would receive his quarterly allowance before the bill was due, and that he must have relied on this to meet it. He also knew enough of Donald's affairs to guess something of the emergency that he must have been in ere he would have yielded to so dangerous an alternative. There were times when he deter-

mined to send for Donald, show him the frightful danger in which he stood, and then tear the note before his eyes, and leave its payment to his honour. He even realized the peace which would flow from such a deed. Nor were these feelings transitory, his better nature pleaded so hard with him that he walked his room hour after hour under their influence, and their power over him was such as delayed all action in the matter for nearly a week.

CHAPTER IV.

At length one morning David Cameron came into the bank, and having finished his business, walked up to James and said, "I feared ye were ill, James. Whatna for hae ye stayed awa sae lang? I wanted ye sairly last night to go o'er wi' me the points in this debate at our kirk. We are to hae anither session to-night; ye'll come the morn and talk it o'er wi' me?"

"I will, Mr. Cameron."

But James instantly determined to see Christine that night. Her father would be at the kirk session, and if Donald was there, he thought he knew how to whisper him away. He meant to have Christine all to himself for an hour or two, and if he saw any opportunity he would tell her all. When he got to David's the store was still open, but the clerk said, "David has just gone," and James, as was his wont, walked straight to the parlour.

Donald was there; he had guessed that, because a carriage was in waiting, and he knew it could belong to no other caller at David Cameron's. And never had Donald roused in him such an intense antagonism. He was going to some national celebration, and he stood beside Christine in all the splendid picturesque pomp of the McFarlane tartans. He was holding Christine's hand, and she stood as a white lily in the glow and colour of his dark beauty. Perhaps both of them felt James' presence inopportune. At any rate they received him coldly. Donald drew Christine a little apart, said a few whispered words to her, and lifting his bonnet slightly to James, he went away.

In the few minutes of this unfortunate meeting the devil entered into James' heart. Even Christine was struck with the new look on his face. It was haughty, malicious, and triumphant, and he leaned against the high oaken chimney-piece in a defiant way that annoyed Christine, though she could not analyze it.

"Sit down, James," she said with a touch of authority—for his attitude had unconsciously put her on the defensive. "Donald has gone to the Caledonian club; there is to be a grand gathering of Highland gentlemen there to-night."

"Gentlemen!"

"Well, yes, gentlemen! And there will be none more worthy the name than our Donald."

"The rest of them are much to be scorned at, then."

"James, James, that speech was little like you. Sit down and come to yourself; I am sure you are not so mean as to grudge Donald the rights of his good birth."

"Donald McFarlane shall have all the rights he has worked for; and when he gets his just payment he will be in Glasgow jail."

"James, you are ill. You have not been here for a week, and you look so unlike yourself. I know you must be ill. Will you let me send for our doctor?" And she approached him kindly, and looked with anxious scrutiny into his face.

He put her gently away, and said in a thick, rapid voice,

"Christine, I came to-night to tell you that Donald McFarlane is unworthy to come into your presence—he has forged your father's name."

"James, you are mad, or ill, what you say is just impossible!"

"I am neither mad nor ill. I will prove it, if you wish."

At these words every trace of sympathy or feeling vanished from her face; and she said in a low, hoarse whisper,

"You cannot prove it. I would not believe such a thing possible."

Then with a pitiless particularity he went over all the events relating to the note, and held it out for her to examine the signature.

"Is that David Cameron's writing?" he cried; "did you ever see such a weak imitation? The man is a fool as well as a villain."

Christine gazed blankly at the witness of her cousin's guilt, and James, carried away with the wicked impetuosity of his passionate accusations of Donald's life, did not see the fair face set in white despair and the eyes close wearily, as with a piteous cry she fell prostrate at his feet.

Ah, how short was his triumph! When he saw the ruin that his words had made he shrieked aloud in his terror and agony. Help was at hand, and doctors were quickly brought, but she had received a shock from which it seemed impossible to revive her. David was brought home, and knelt in speechless distress by the side of his insensible child, but no hope lightened the long, terrible night, and when the reaction came in the morning, it came in the form of fever and delirium.

Questioned closely by David, James admitted nothing but that while talking to him about Donald McFarlane she had fallen at his feet; and Donald could only say that he had that evening told her he was going to Edinburgh in two weeks, to study law with his cousin, and that he had asked her to be his wife.

This acknowledgment bound David and Donald in a closer communion of sorrow. James and his sufferings were scarcely noticed. Yet, probably, of all that unhappy company, he suffered the most. He loved Christine with a far deeper affection than Donald had ever dreamed of. He would have given his life for hers, and yet he had, perhaps, been her murderer. How he hated Donald in those days! What love and remorse tortured him! And what availed it that he had bought the power to ruin the man he hated? He was afraid to use it. If Christine lived, and

he did use it, she would never forgive him; if she died, he would be her murderer.

But the business of life cannot be delayed for its sorrows. David must wait in his shop, and James must be at the bank; and in two weeks Donald had to leave for Edinburgh, though Christine was lying in a silent, broken-hearted apathy, so close to the very shoal of Time that none dared say, "She will live another day."

How James despised Donald for leaving her at all; he desired nothing beyond the permission to sit by her side, and watch and aid the slow struggle of life back from the shores and shades of death.

It was almost the end of summer before she was able to resume her place in the household, but before that she had asked to see James. The interview took place one Sabbath afternoon while David was at church. Christine had been lifted to a couch, but she was unable to move, and even speech was exhausting and difficult to her. James knelt down by her side, and, weeping bitterly, said,

"O Christine, forgive me!"

She smiled faintly.

"You—have—not—used—yonder—paper—James?"

"Oh, no, no."

"It—would—kill—me. You—would—not—kill—me?"

"I would die to make you strong again."

"Don't—hurt—Donald. Forgive—for—Christ's—sake—James!"

Poor James! It was hard for him to see that still Donald was her first thought, and, looking on the wreck of Christine's youth and beauty, it was still harder not to hate him worse than ever.

Nor did the temptation to do so grow less with time. He had to listen every evening to David's praises of his nephew: how "he had been entered wi' Advocate Scott, and was going to be a grand lawyer," or how he had been to some great man's house and won all hearts with his handsome face and witty tongue. Or, perhaps, he would be shown some rich token of his love that had come for Christine; or David would say, "There's the *Edinbro' News*, James; it cam fra Donald this morn; tak it hame wi' you. You're welcome." And James feared not to take it, feared to show the slightest dislike to Donald, lest David's anger at it should provoke him to say what was in his heart, and Christine only be the sufferer.

One cold night in early winter, James, as was his wont now, went to spend the evening in talking with David and in watching Christine. That was really all it was; for, though she had resumed her house duties, she took little part in conversation. She had always been inclined to silence, but now a faint smile and a "Yes," or "No" were her usual response, even to her father's remarks. This night he found David out, and he hesitated whether to trouble Christine or not. He stood for a moment in the open door and looked at her. She was sitting by the table

with a little Testament open in her hand; but she was rather musing on what she had been reading than continuing her occupation.

"Christine!"

"James!"

"May I come in?"

"Yes, surely."

"I hear your father has gone to a town-meeting."

"Yes."

"And he is to be made a bailie."

"Yes."

"I am very glad. It will greatly please him, and there is no citizen more worthy of the honour."

"I think so also."

"Shall I disturb you if I wait to see him?"

"No, James; sit down."

Then Christine laid aside her book and took her sewing, and James sat thinking how he could best introduce the subject ever near his heart. He felt that there was much to say on his own behalf, if he only knew how to begin. Christine opened the subject for him. She laid down her work and went and stood before the fire at his side. The faintest shadow of colour was in her face, and her eyes were unspeakably sad and anxious. He could not bear their eager, searching gaze, and dropped his own.

"James, have you destroyed yonder paper?"

"Nay, Christine; I am too poor a man to throw away so much hard-won gold. I am keeping it until I can see Mr. McFarlane and quietly collect my own."

"You will never use it in any way against him?"

"Will you ever mary him? Tell me that."

"O sir!" she cried indignantly, "you want to make a bargain with my poor heart. Hear, then. If Donald wants me to marry him I'll never cast him off. Do you think God will cast him off for one fault? You dare not say it."

"I do not say but what God will pardon. But we are human beings; we are not near to God yet."

"But we ought to be trying to get near Him; and oh, James, you never had so grand a chance. See the pitiful face of Christ looking down on you from the cross. If that face should turn away from you, James—if it should!"

"You ask a hard thing from me, Christine."

"Yes, I do."

"But if you will only try and love me—"

"Stop, James! I will make no bargain in a matter of right and wrong. If for Christ's sake, who has forgiven you so much, you can forgive Donald, for Christ's dear sake do it. If not, I will set no earthly love before it. Do your worst. God can find out a way. I'll trust Him."

"Christine! dear Christine!"

"Hush! I am Donald's promised wife. May God speak to you for me. I am very sad and weary. Good-night."

James did not wait for David's return. He went back to his own lodging, and taking the note out of his pocket-book, spread it before him. His first thought was that he had wared £89 on his enemy's fine clothes, and James loved gold and hated foppish, extravagant dress; his next, that he had saved Andrew Starkie £89, and knew the old usurer was quietly laughing at his folly. But worse than all was the alternative he saw as the result of his sinful purchase: if he used it to gratify his personal hatred, he deeply wounded, perhaps killed, his dearest love and oldest friend. Hour after hour he sat with the note before him. His good angel stood at his side and wooed him to mercy. There was a fire burning in the grate, and twice he held the paper over it, and twice turned away from his better self.

The watchman was calling "half-past two o'clock," when, cold and weary with his mental struggle, he rose and went to his desk. There was a secret hiding place behind a drawer there, in which he kept papers relating to his transactions with Andrew Starkie, and he put it among them. "I'll leave it to its chance," he muttered; "a fire might come and burn it up some day. If it is God's will to save Donald, He could so order it, and I am fully insured against pecuniary loss." He did not at that moment see how presumptuously he was throwing his own responsibility on God; he did not indeed want to see anything but some plausible way of avoiding a road too steep for a heart weighed down with earthly passion to dare.

Then weeks and months drifted away in the calm regular routine of David's life. But though there was no outward change, there was a very important inward one. About sixteen months after Donald's departure he returned to visit Christine. James, at Christine's urgent request, absented himself during this visit; but when he next called at David's, he perceived at once that all was not as had been anticipated. David had little to say about him; Christine looked paler and sadder than ever. Neither quite understood why. There had been no visible break with Donald, but both father and daughter felt that he had drifted far away from them and their humble, pious life. Donald had lost the child's heart he had brought with him from the mountains; he was ambitious of honours, and eager after worldly pleasures and advantages. He had become more gravely handsome, and he talked more sensibly to David; but David liked him less.

After this visit there sprang up a new hope in James' heart, and he waited and watched, though often with angry feelings; for he was sure that Donald was gradually deserting Christine. She grew daily more sad and silent; it was evident she was suffering. The little Testament lay now always with her work, and he noticed that she frequently laid aside her sewing and read it earnestly, even while David and he were quietly talking at the fireside.

One Sabbath, two years after Donald's departure, James met David coming out of church alone. He could only say, "I hope Christine is well."

"Had she been well, she had been wi' me; thou kens that, James."

"I might have done so. Christine is never absent from God's house when it is open."

"It is a good plan, James; for when they who go regular to God's house are forced to stay away, God himself asks after them. I hae no doubt but what Christine has been visited."

They walked on in silence until David's house was in sight. "I'm no caring for any company earth can gie me the night, James; but the morn I hae something to tell you I canna speak anent to-day."

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

JUST as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to chose my way,
Content with what He would bestow,
Assured He will not let me stray.
So as He leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in Him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in His hands;
That which He has decreed and sent,
That which His will for me commands,
I would that He should all fulfil,
And sweetly bending to His will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I will resign;
I trust me to my Father's will:
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfil,
That which His love ordained as right
Before He brought me to the light,
My will to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide;
In faith, in hope, in suffering true,
His strength is ever by my side;
Can aught my hold on Him undo?
I hold me firm, in patience knowing
That God my life is still bestowing,
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go;
Oft amid thorns and briers keen,
God does not yet his guidance show,
But in the end it shall be seen,
How by a loving Father's will,
Faithful and true he leads me still,
His perfect love revealing.

"HOPPETY BOB."

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

In the wilderness of dingy brick on the Surrey side of the Thames there is a short cut from one street to another, called, if I remember rightly, Raymond's Folly. Hurrying through the Folly on one occasion, for the sake of its short cut, I could not in spite of my haste, help stopping for a moment to glance at a couple of pictures, as Hogarthian in their contrast as any two depicting the careers of Tom Idle and Francis Goodchild. The frames were the open doorways of two adjoining houses.

In one room a hulking bricklayer's labourer, powdered with white dust on his unkempt hair, bristly beard that had not been mown for a fortnight, and lime-splashed clothes that were never doffed to go to church, was lifting his heavy head and shoulders, like Dr. Watts' sluggard, from the rickety table on which they had been sprawled—a table slopped with beer, and littered with the fragments of a broken pipe. His stupidly-glazed eyes—the orbit of one of them puffed and purple from a recent blow—showed that he had a good deal more than enough beer already; but he had roused himself into semi-consciousness to growl a sleepy curse, and shake a cowardly fist at his wife, because she did not go at once to fetch him "another pot." It was no wonder that even she, poor, pinched, tattered, terrified creature, plucked up courage to linger for a moment with the broken lipped jug in her hand. A baby was hanging at her skinny breast, and two or three scared, half-starved little ones were tugging at her scanty skirts. When children are whimpering to mammy for bread, and yet the lazy bread-winner insists on having beer, a woman must find it hard work to keep her vow to "love, honour, and obey." What a mockery the Marriage Service must seem to her—and the dreams she had when she listened to it, arrayed in abnormal splendour, and bashfully returning the fond glances of "her new lord, her own, the first of men," looking as smart as any gentleman, and even more loving than in the earliest days of their "keeping company."

In the other room—propped up with a patchwork pillow in a wicker arm-chair, something like a frontless blackbird's cage—sat a dwarf. He was deformed as well, and one leg hung springless and shrivelled as a broken, withered twig. There were traces of past, as well as twitches of present, pain, in his drawn face; and yet it looked not only intelligent, but cheerfully benevolent. A musk plant, trained on a fan frame of liliputian laths, stood on his window-shelf, and above it hung a linnet in a cage. Wherever you see birds and flowers you may be pretty sure that the tenant of the house or room is of a gentle disposition. The musk plant and the linnet were no deceptive signs. Whilst the

cripple plied his long, lithe fingers amongst the little gallipots of paint, the little wooden winches, and the little stiff wooden men, with wire-articulated limbs, with which, instead of shattered pipe-stem, his table was littered—he listened to a little class of scholars, squatted on the floor like young Orientals, and spelling out, from an old Bible passed from hand to hand, the first chapter of St. John. Every now and then, too, he looked up to laugh at a chirping, gurgling toddler, tethered to his chair with an old red bell-rope, like a grazing kid; a chubby little toddler, whose cheeks, it must be confessed, were more than sufficiently begrimed, but still too fresh from God's hand to have been distorted by man's into the harsh angularity, or flattened blur of feature, that generally characterizes the Folly's youth.

The friend to whose lodgings I had taken the short-cut through the Folly, had charge of the "Mission District" in which it stands. When I mentioned to him what I had seen, "Oh, yes," he said, "I know him well—a most worthy little fellow. He makes me think sometimes of what Bacon says, 'Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn.' It's better spur than that, though, the little man has got. I believe that the love of God is so shed abroad in his heart that it runs over with love upon others. He's the peacemaker of that terrible place he lives in, and it's astonishing how many ways he finds, feeble as he is, to help his neighbours. You're almost always sure to find a swarm of children in his place. He looks after them for their mothers, and teaches them to read when he can get the chance. A good many of the women there are a sad set, but they've a great respect for poor little 'Hoppety Bob'—that's the name he's known by. They'd clean out his room, or cook his food for him any day, and sometimes, when he is worse than usual, he is obliged to let them take his work to the shop, or do something of that kind. But he's a very independent little fellow, and hops about on his crutch like a sparrow. He's making penny toys now, but he's been all kinds of things. If you'd like to have a chat with him, I'll take you round some evening. Mind, though, that you don't offer him any money. He isn't like other folks. I declare to you that, when I have no money to give them, I often feel inclined to skip calling on some of my poor people. It seems such mockery to preach patience with them, when they are cold and hungry and naked, without doing anything to help them—to speak about God's love, without showing any of it in man's aid. But you would only offend Bob by offering him money."

On a sultry summer evening, about a week afterwards, I found myself with my friend at the entrance of the Folly. A thunder-cloud hung over the whole of London, and in that wretched place the air was oppressively hot and close. Men and boys lolled against the posts, listlessly smoking, and almost too languid and ill-tempered to stand aside and let us pass. The women sat on the doorsteps, with their feverish faces resting on their up-drawn

knees, embraced by their weary arms. Fractious children were wrangling on the pavement. From lines, stretched from side to side above it, drooped clothes whose motionless moistness did not freshen the hot, hushed air. The women seated on the common doorstep of the house in which Bob lodged, gave my companion a very sulky "Good evenin', sir," as they dragged up their tired limbs to make way for us. Bob's door opened just inside the common lobby, and when we knocked at it, it was a pleasant change to hear his cheery "Come in." He pushed his chair to the open window, and was chipping away in the fading light at one of his little men.

"What are you so busy about, Bob?" asked the clergyman.

"Well, sir," he answered, "perhaps you'll laugh, but somebody says there's 'sermons in stones, and good in everything;' and I've been thinking that there might be texts in toys; anyhow there shouldn't be any bad in 'em. After that blackguard fight at Farnbro', you know, sir, Sayers and Heenan were all the rage, and my shop got me to make them for the children. You turned the handle, you see, and then they squared up and pitched into one another. It was rather a pretty bit o' work, and took with the little uns uncommon. I never thought about any harm there could be in it till yesterday. The bricklayer man next door was settin' two young uns to fight, so I told 'em to stop it. 'You're a nice un to preach about fightin',' says he, 'why you teach 'em!' 'I!' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'How?' says I. 'With yer whirligigs,' says he. That struck me all of a heap like, and I'm trying to make Sayers and Heenan a-shakin' hands, but Tom's an obstinate feller, and won't lift his arm quick enough. I expect I shall have to make out that it's on account of the rap the American give him. Isn't it strange, sir, that it's so much easier to make even a bit of wood do what it oughtn't?"

All this time my introduction was delayed, but I was well content to wait whilst I listened to the mingled earnestness and humour with which the crippled toy-maker unfolded his difficulty. There was something pleasant in his voice. For one thing, he neither dropped nor lavished his h's, although having lived all his life amongst the lower class of Londoners, it would have been impossible for him to avoid catching some Cockneyisms.

"Well, sir," he said, as we sat together after my introducer had departed; "so you want to know how a poor lamester like me has managed to rub on. I don't see what pleasure it can give you to hear about a nobody, but you should know best. But first let's light a bit of candle. When I'm alone, I like to sit a bit in the dark—you can think plainer, I fancy—but it seems unsociable like when you're talkin' to a friend, if you'll excuse me, sir. I'm a Colchester man by birth. Yes, sir, I was born just as I am—let's see, it must be close on fifty years ago. My father was a lighterman at the Hythe. Poor old father! He's been in St. Leonard's churchyard this many a year—but he did whop me cruel. You see, sir, he was disapp'inted at getting a poor thing

like me. He wanted a hearty lad to bring up to his own trade; and I deserved the drubbin's sometimes, too, for I was a young limb in those days.

"I was talking about fightin' just now—if you'll believe me, sir, cripple as I was, I'd fight any boy that 'ud go down on his knees to me to bring our heads level and give me a chance. The Almighty knew my spirit, and so, I believe, He was pleased to make me as I am, to keep me out of temptation. It was the drubbin's father gave mother hurt me far worse than my own. Though I often grieved her with my ways, dear soul, I always loved her, for she was always good to me. She taught me to read my Bible and to say a prayer, and tried to get father to ask for me to be put in the Bluecoat School in Maidenburgh Street. He could easily have got me in, but he couldn't read or write himself, and so he swore at mother for teachin' me. She went to the Round meeting, too, and though he never went to church himself, he couldn't abide her being a Pogram—that's what some of the silly folks used to call a meetin'er in those parts. And then, when he was very drunk, he'd abuse poor dear mother just as if it was her fault I was born so.

"I remember one Saturday evening, when I had just turned eight, mother had coaxed me not to go hippety-hopping down to the quay to lark about the coal-sheds with the young rascals that used to get down there at night, but to stay at home with her. Father was at the Whitby Packet, or the Seven Bells, or some such place, and mother had swep' up the hearth, and sanded the kitchen, and brushed my hair, and there we sat readin' and talkin' together for ever so long, as comfortable as could be. I can remember one of the chapters we read that night—though, deary me! what a time ago it seems—for there was 'If, therefore, ye being evil,' in it. I used to pride myself on being sharp in those days, and says I to mother, 'What a precious evil father I've got then, for he never gives me nothing but whacks.' I wish I'd never said sharp things about father to poor mother, for they always made her cry. She was crying and sayin', 'It isn't for you to speak against him, Bob. Honour thy father—' when in he came. Mother had kep' me up longer than she meant, and he'd come home earlier than usual, in a fury of a temper about something. As soon as he saw us, he began to storm at mother for wasting his fire and candle—though, how we should have lived without mother's washing, I don't know—poor old father used to drink away almost the whole of his wages. 'And blubberin' over your Methodist rubbish,' he went on with a swear. And then he bundled us both out of doors, and chased us up the hill. We turned into the churchyard to get out of his way, and there we waited for him to quiet down. It was a sharp frosty night. After a bit we went back, and heard father a-snoring; so we crept in. But mother had got her death in the churchyard. She took a cold which settled on her lungs, and she went back in the churchyard afore Christmas. 'God bless you, my dear Bob!' she said

to me the day she died. 'He will if you ask Him. Read your Bible, and try to be of some good, though it's pleased Him as knows best to make you as you are.' And then she clutched my face up to hers in her two hands, and burst out cryin'; and those are the last words I ever heard my poor dear mother say.

"Well, sir, I tried to be a good boy for poor dear mother's sake. But father treated me worse and worse. He pitched mother's Bible into the fire when he caught me reading of it, and pushed it down with the poker till the leaves were 'most like tinder; but I got some of the middle ones out when he was gone, and I've got 'em now. They are like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, though the smell of fire had passed upon 'em. Well, sir, father drubbed me, and never give me half enough to eat—sometimes he wouldn't give me anything. The neighbours gave me a bit of bread now and then, but, of course, they couldn't be expected to keep me, when my father was a hearty man earnin' good wages; and, besides, I hadn't pretty looks and ways to take the women's hearts. I was worse off than if I'd no father, for then the parish must have took me. I thought it wasn't game to cry, but I couldn't help it when I've gone to poor mother's grave, and wished myself snug inside along with her.

"Some of the lads on the quay were sad prigs, and they've put me up to steal rope, and copper nails, and things, and slip down into the cabins to prig prog; but if my earthly father didn't look after me, my heavenly Father did, and, I'm thankful to say, I never was a thief—though a boy's hungry belly is a sore tempter, sir. Perhaps, if I'd have had the use of my pins as they had, I might ha' done it—if so, I thank God for making me a cripple—but I hope not. I used to fancy that my mother was a-watchin' of me. 'Try to be of some good, Bob,' I used to hear her say, and as well as such a poor little crittur could, I made up my mind that I would try. Anyhow, however, I couldn't stand home any longer. I must be off somewhere to fend the best I could for myself. I'd sense enough to guess that father 'ud bring me back if I hung anywhere about Colchester. I wanted to be off to London. I'd heerd that all sorts o' folks could get work there. Not as I thought that it was paved with gold—children—poor folks' kids, anyhow—ain't green enough for that. I had talked about London sometimes to a man who drove a fish machine. 'Well, Bob,' says he, one day, 'you couldn't be worse off there than you are here, and if you can manage to hobble out, quite unknown to your father, mind—for I shouldn't like him to fancy that I'd any hand in it—to the third milestone on the London road, I'll take you up to-morrow evening.'

"I went to bid poor mother good-bye that night—her grave somehow makes me think that Colchester's my home down to this very day, though I've never set my foot in it since—and next mornin', as soon as I'd seen father off in his lighter polin' down the river to Wivenhoe, I slipped back and packed up a few of my clothes that he hadn't pawned, and my Bible-leaves, and a Mavor's spelling-book my mother used to learn me out of, in a brown Hol-

land linen-bag of hers, and began to hippety-hoppet down Hythe Hill. I went a roundabout way to throw father off the scent. 'Where are you goin', Bob?' says a woman. 'For a walk,' says I, 'and I shall be hungry before I come back.' She looks hard at me, but then she says, 'Poor little chap,' and goes in and cuts me a slice of bread and butter.

"The machine man took me up at the milestone, and I came up to London, bumpin' in a sack on the top o' Colchester natives. He gave me something to eat on the road, and next mornin' he dropped me at an early coffee-house in the Mile-En' Road, and gave me a shilling, and said 'Good-bye, Bob: luck go with ye;' and ever since then, sir, I thank God, I've been able to earn my own living —'cept when I've been laid up in hospital, and that's about ten times in forty years. They're good Christian places, those hospitals, when you're once inside; and the doctors, and the nurses, and the ladies—sisters they call 'em—there weren't any o' them when I used to be laid first—are as kind as kind can be. The doctors speak a bit brisk now and then, and the nurses make you mind 'em; but then what a lot they've got to look after! and the ladies are always so gentle, bless 'em! It's a pity, though, that the porters and such-like should be so bumptious: they might have, you'd think, more feeling for poor folk.

"Of course, you understand, sir, I'd rather pay a doctor, if I could; but then I can't, and, besides, how could I keep a nurse? So when I'm bad, I go to a kind gentleman I know, and he always manages to get me an order somewhere or other. I declare to you, sir, I've been downright happy in hospital when I've been gettin' a bit well again. So clean and quiet, no bad smells, and no bad language, and time to think good thoughts—it's like a week o' Sundays—very different from the Sundays here, sir. It was in Guy's, sir, that poor mother's words first really come home to me. Just before I was laid up, I'd been getting cocky—sacrificin' unto my net, and cripple as I was, I'd manage to get my livin', and keep myself respectable, and pick up a bit of book-learnin' about beasts, and birds, and flowers, and mechanics, and such-like, better than some big fellows who could make a mouthful of me. It was real good for me to be laid on the flat o' my back that time—it took the nonsense out of me. I was lyin' in my bed one night, feelin' very small, when all of a sudden I thought of poor mother lying on her bed, and of what she'd said to me, 'Try to be of some good, Bob.' And, thinks I, if you'd been the fine feller you fancied yerself, after all, wasn't you only workin' for yerself? If you was to die to-night, who'd be worse off but yerself? I'd given up saying my prayers and going to church for a bit, but I said a prayer that night, and made up my mind that, if ever I got about again, God helpin' me, I'd try to do somebody besides myself some good. But what good could a chap like me do to anybody? I thought again.

"However, the first Sunday I was out, I went to church—the one that stands back in the Blackfriar's Road—and the sermon was just as if the parson knew what I was thinking. It was

about the cup of cold water, you know, sir. Thinks I, it's hard if I can't give that, and I've tried since to do the little I can that way, and I was never so happy before. How folk can make a merit of works, I can't make out. It's precious little anybody can do, and then for the very littlest thing you can do you can get such a lot of pleasure that it seems somehow as if you was only shamming to be kind to get somethin' for yerself—throwin' away a sprat to catch a salmon like.

"But I haven't told you how I've got my living? That's true, sir, and really I don't see that there's much to tell. I've only done what everybody that hasn't got tin's forced to do, if he doesn't want to starve, or to steal, or turn cadger, or go into the workus. I've been at the toy-making off and on for about five years now. The pay's light, but so's the work, so far as strength goes, and that suits me now, for I'm getting shaky. It's pretty kind of work, too, I reckon. There ain't much room for taste, it's true, but it wants a little bit of gumption sometimes to manage the strings and things. Anyhow, I like it, and try to make 'em the best I can. It's nice somehow to think that I'm makin' playthings for poor folks' kids that can't get anything better. I've got queer fancies sometimes, sir. I wonder whether Christ, when He was carpenter, ever made anything out of the chips for the little uns that peeped into the shop? There's no sin in fancyin' that, is there, sir? He was so fond of children that I can't help thinkin' He'd ha' done anything that was right to please 'em.

"What did I do before? Bless your heart, sir, I've been a Jack of all trades, 'cept a navvy, and a coalheaver, and such like. I used to see a good bit of coal-heavers once, though. My second master went about in the Pool selling hot beer to the sailors. We was run down in a fog one day, and the poor old man was drowned. They hooked me out on to a steamer, and put me ashore at Greenwich. I couldn't help crying a bit, for I'd lost all except my Bible leaves and the clothes I stood in. So the mate pitched me an old broom, and told me to go and fight for a crossing. I got one without fightin', however, on Maze Hill, and made a pretty good thing of it; but I used to lodge in Mill Lane, and one night tramps cleaned me out. My first place was to clean boots and knives at the coffee-house where the machine man put me down. I've sold watercresses, and walnuts, and lark turfs, and gr'un'sel, and such like; but I never took much to those out-door things—they didn't seem respectable.

"I thought I was getting up in the world—I was about thirteen then—when an old fellow who kept a second-hand bookshop in the Goswell Road hired me to sit inside and watch the books. He didn't give me much wages, but I got lots to eat, and a good bit of reading too on the sly. I'm afraid now it wasn't quite right: but I couldn't help it when I got the chance, and, after all, he never lost anything by me.

"Well, sir, since I got that billet at the bookseller's I've always managed to keep myself by some indoor work or other—except, of course, when I've been in hospital. It was when I got a fold-

ing job at a stationer's over in Finsbury, that I heard of poor old father's death. I was sixteen or seventeen then, and had got a few shillings put by. I'd been thinkin' that, hard as he'd been, he was my father after all, and my mother had loved him, though he did whop her, and that it wasn't right to take no more notice of him than if he'd been a dog. So I was a-goin' to write down to him, and if I found he was hard up, to send him a crown or so. I dare say there was a bit of pride in that—I wanted to show him that I'd been able to get on without him. I've mostly found there was summat o' that in anything I've been very proud of. Well, sir, the very night I was goin' to write, as I hopped home from work, thinkin' what a good son I was, and all that, I ran against one of the porters in the yard. He didn't know me, but I knew him as soon as I set my eyes on him. He was a Colchester man that used to live in Magdalen Street. Well, sir, I asked him about my father, and he told me that he was dead and buried. He'd walked off the quay one Saturday-night, and was half drowned in the water, and half smothered in the mud. It give me a turn, as you may think, sir. I wished I could spend the money as the Catholics do. I can't bear to think of it now. The thief on the cross is my only comfort when I do think about it. But, perhaps, we're too ready to judge. 'Judge not, that ye be not judged'—that's another comfort."

The poor cripple was silent for a minute or two after this, but then he went on in his old cheerful voice. "I'm sure I'm much obliged to you for givin' me your company so long. No, sir, thankee, there's nothing you can do for me. I've everything I want—enough and to spare. I've got work as long as I've got my health; and when that fails, I've got my hospital; and when I die, I humbly hope, through Christ's mercy, to creep into heaven. I've everything to make me contented. The curate talks to me like a brother, sir. I've only to ask my other good friend for an order for the hospital, and he gets it for me just as if I was a gentleman. The little ones all love me, and most of the people about here are very kind. If they'd only be a bit kinder to themselves, poor souls, I should be quite happy. Do you know, sir, I call my old chair here my Ebenezer? Hitherto the Lord hath helped, and He's a friend that will never fail. Good night, sir, and again I thank ye."

As I picked my way through the rain-pools of the Folly's flags, and thought of the little toy-maker, heartily grateful after weed-like tossings on life's sea for even that poor shelter, and, in spite of his infirmities, not only earning for himself an honest living, but acting as a moral leaven and even a material benefactor to his poor neighbours, it occurred to me that "the bricklayer man next door" was not the only lazy man, or woman, whom my lame man should make ashamed. Contrasted with his beneficent energy under difficulties, how utterly contemptible appears the *ennui* that springs from "nothing to do" in the midst of life's most luxurious appliances!

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1891.

THE Editor of this MAGAZINE prizes very highly the honour done him by his election for the sixth time to the duties of his office. He has laboured faithfully, and is profoundly grateful for the renewed expression of appreciation of his services It will be his pleasure, as it is his privilege and duty, to devote his best energies of body and mind to the department of work to which he has, by the providence of God and the act of the Methodist Church, been assigned. While thanking the patrons of this MAGAZINE, and especially his ministerial brethren through whose kind co-operation it has been attended with such success, he begs to solicit their continued sympathy and help that the contemplated improvement in its make-up and contents may win a still larger circulation throughout the country.

This MAGAZINE has now reached a larger circulation than ever before. To meet the increased pressure upon its space by the splendid announcement following, it will be enlarged by one hundred pages. This will give room for a greater variety, wider scope, and greater extent of reading matter.

We are not yet able to make a complete announcement of the many attractions which the MAGAZINE will offer during the coming year. We can confidently affirm, however, that in beauty and variety of illustration, and in interest and importance of its articles, it will surpass any previous year. This MAGAZINE is especially devoted, as its motto sets forth, to "Religion, Literature, and Social Progress." These ideas shall be kept prominently in view in its management. Its chief object shall be to promote whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. Its articles of travel, science and literature shall be written from a Christian standpoint.

METHODIST TOPICS.

While broadly catholic in its sympathies and in its treatment of subjects outside the pale of Methodism, this MAGAZINE shall be first of all frankly and avowedly Methodist. It will therefore give special prominence to subjects affecting Methodism and to papers by Methodist writers. Among the many articles under this head will be some reprints from the Methodist press, as well as numerous original contributions. Among the reprints will be an able paper by the Rev. William Arthur on "Methodism as a Power for Purifying and Elevating Society;" one on the "Advantages of the Itinerancy," by the Rev. J. Antliff, D.D.; one on "Lay Preachers in Methodism," by the Hon. J. W. F. White; one on "Woman's Work in Methodism," by the Rev. F. W. Bourne; one on "Methodism and Temperance," by Bishop Payne; "The Perils of Methodism," by Rev. W. L Watkinson; "More about Deaconesses;" "Changes in Methodist Preaching," by D. W. Wheeler, LL.D.; "Development and Results of the Missionary Ideal in the last hundred years," by the Rev. Alexander Sutherland, D.D.; "The Martyrs of Methodism," etc.

Other articles of special religious interest will be "How to Get at Our People," by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon; "Peculiar Temptations of Ministers," by G. H. Hepworth, D.D.; "Agnosticism," by the Rev. Dr. McCosh; "Religious Doubt and Modern Poetry," by the Rev. J. W. S. Dawson, from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine;* "Social Christianity," etc.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

To meet an expressed wish of numerous readers a department of popular science will be introduced, in which some of the more recent discoveries in the realm of science will be reported and illustrated. Among these will be a very striking paper on "Meteorites and the Stellar Systems," by G. H. Darwin, a son of the distinguished naturalist; reprint articles, by Professor Langley, Professor Williams, Sir W.

Thompson, the late Prof. Proctor, Professor Winchell, Dr. Dallinger. M. Flammarion, Grant Allen, and several others. Among the subjects treated will be, "How the Prairies were Formed;" "Oil and Gas Wells;" "Down a Coal Mine;" "Primeval Man;" "The Tooth of Time;" "The Ice Age;" "Niagara and the Deluge;" "The Sun Cooling Off;" "A New Theory of the Sun;" "Lunar Volcanoes;" "Sun Spots and the Climate;" "Vignettes from Nature;" "The Antiquity of Man;" "Life in Other Worlds;" "Star Drift and Star Mist;" "The Romance of Astronomy," and other topics of scientific and popular interest.

Other articles of popular interest will be a paper by the Rev. James Allen, M.A., on "Sixteen Hundred Miles in British Columbia;" "The Permit System in the North-West," by the Rev. Dr. McLean; "The Harvest of the Sea;" "The English Norse Land;" "John B. Gough;" "The Jerusalem Chamber;" "The Empire of the Spade;" "Unexpected Immortalities," by Rev. W. Harrison; "A Visit to Epworth," by the Rev. E. N. Baker, B.D.; more East End stories and social and city mission sketches.

Illustrated Articles.

As heretofore special prominence will be given to a series of splendidly illustrated articles upon a variety of subjects of great interest. A new series of papers on the comparatively little travelled and unhackneyed regions of Eastern Europe will be given, including copiously illustrated articles on "Through Hungary;" "Buda-Pesth;" "Carinthia;" "Among the Carpathians;" "Styria;" and "The Land Beyond the Forest"—Transylvania. Popular papers on "The Ancient Lake Dwellings of Switzerland;" "An Ancient Watering Place"—The Baths of Leuk, etc.

The adventures of the Canadian tourist party will be continued and soon brought to a close. The engravings of the Black Forest of Heidelberg, the Rhine cities, and other picturesque places visited will be of special merit. The charming "Vagabond Vignettes" of the Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A., which have been followed with such interest, will be continued, and will include "Over the Lebanons;" "In the Track of St. Paul—Smyrna and Ephesus, Athens and Corinth;" "The Mount of the Law—Sinai and the Desert;" "Two Philistine Cities—Ashdod and Gaza;" "Petra, the Rock City;" "The Sinaitic Peninsula;" "Calvary, the Traditional and the True." This series of articles will be of special value to every minister, Sunday-school teacher, and Bible student. "The Return of the Sunbeam" will give Lord Brassey's account of the voyage back to England, including brief stops at Darnley Island, Port Darwin, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Port Louis, Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth, Teneriffe, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Antonio, Fayal, Ferceira, etc.

Other articles will be a third series of "Round About England;" "Columbus, his Life and Times," of special interest in view of the celebration of the discovery of America; "Napoleon at St. Helena," by Percy B. Punshon; "Bunhill Fields and its Memories." The lamented death of the Hon. Senator Macdonald prevented the appearance of his promised article on Alaska; instead thereof another well-illustrated paper on the majestic scenery of that country will be given.

Among the lighter reading of the forthcoming volume will be a graphic Irish story, recounting the stirring events of the Siege of Derry; short stories by Mark Guy Pearse, Rev. J. Jackson Wray, Mrs. A. E. Barr, and other popular writers. Also a strongly written serial story of intense interest and pronounced religious character, by Mrs. A. E. Barr, who is every year reaching a wider and a higher reputation.

Our patrons will confer a favour if they will renew their subscriptions promptly, and thus prevent any break in their reception of the Magazine.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH,

In which the Methodist General Conference was held, 1890.

TWELVE years have rolled away since the Quadrennial Conference of Methodism assembled in Montreal. Such an elapse of time affords a fine opportunity for review. Marvellous changes have occurred in the interval. Those who remember the *personnel* of that assembly will look in vain for the well-known faces of some who were then conspicuous. At least twenty of the clerical members have passed on before, among whom may be mentioned, the Revs. Drs. Ryerson, Green, Pickard, Williams, Rice, Nelles, Rose, Carroll, and John Douse, all of whom were princes in our Israel; and among the laity whose faces we shall see no more in the flesh are the Hon. James Ferrier and Hon. John Macdonald, Sheriff Patrick, J. B. Morrow, Dr. I. B. Aylsworth, Dr. Norris, Robert Wilkes, S. S. Junkin, W. H. Leech, A. McRoberts, S. Warren, all of whom were not only distinguished in various walks of life, but were especially regarded as pillars in Methodism. Two of the fraternal delegates who were then present have also joined the great brotherhood around the throne in heaven, viz., Rev. Samuel Coley, from England, and the venerable Dr. Sargent, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

ECCLESIASTICAL CHANGES.

In 1878, the unification of three branches of Methodism had been in existence four years, and its utility was so well established, that other branches were taking steps to make one undivided whole. The results of the Union have been such as to satisfy the most sanguine expectations of its numerous friends. There has been a grand increase all along the line.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

This grand edifice in which the Conference assembled, may be described as the head-quarters of Meth-

odism in this great commercial metropolis. It has only recently been erected, and cost somewhere about $300,000, and some whose knowledge is extensive testify that there is no Methodist edifice in the world to be compared with it.

Methodism has a history in Montreal of which its friends have no need to be ashamed. The difficulties with which it has had to contend have been neither few nor small. The Rev. Samuel Merwin was the first stationed minister in the city. This was in 1803; he was followed by such men as the Rev. Thomas Madden Nathan Bangs, D.D., and others.

After the War of 1812, Montreal and a large portion of the province was connected with the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, when the city enjoyed the ministrations of such men as the Rev. Dr. Alder, Mathew Lang, Dr. Richey, Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Stinson, and others. In 1853, Methodism in Canada East was united with the Canada Conference, and has gone forward until now there are in the city twelve churches, sixteen ministers, and about 5,000 members and adherents, besides a City Mission, a Scandinavian Mission, and two French Missions.

There is also a Theological College, under the watchful care of Dr. Douglas, himself one of the fruits of Methodism in Montreal; and a French Methodist Institute for the education of French young people, under the care of the Rev. William Hall, M.A., who is a native of the city. In the Institute there are eighty French young people in residence.

Numerical Strength.

Figures do not lie. It has sometimes however been said that statistics are only an approximation to the truth. Rev. G. H. Cornish, LL.D., is the General Conference statistician, and is always characterized by accuracy. He reports as follows:—Ministers, 1,748, increase for the quadrennium, 138; ministerial deaths, 77; members, 233,868, increase, 36,399; Sunday-schools, 3,173, increase, 498; teachers, 28,411, increase, 4,165; scholars 226,050, increase, 34,865. Scholars meeting in class, 37,158, increase, 5,622; studying catechism, 36,486, increase, 3,614; signed temperance pledge, 49,419, increase, 12,138. Raised for missions by the schools in 1890, $28,122, increase on 1886, $7,360; for school purposes in 1890, $105,313, increase, $25,621. The sum raised during the quadrennium for ministers' support has been $2,771,941; for missions, $856,086; for all purposes, $8,063,-967. In all cases a good advance. During the same period over 73,000 baptisms have been performed, and 29,000 marriages solemnized. Raised for Sunday-school Aid Fund during the quadrennium, $13,874, an increase of $6,157. There are 3,292 churches, 1,168 other places of worship, 957 parsonages; the total value of church property, including colleges, is $11,597,491, being an increase during the quadrennium of $17,248. The Missionary income during the quadrennium exceeded $875,155. Every year there has been an augmentation of funds.

Rev. J. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, read a report which gratified all hearts. He stated that in 1886 there were only eleven self-sustaining charges in that vast territory, now there are forty-six, being an increase of 318 per cent. The membership is 9,895, which is a large increase, though not more than twenty-five per cent. can be attributed to recent immigration.

The report of mission work in Japan contains many gratifying items. The membership is now 1,716, increase, 1,125; contributions, 6,491.35 yen, increase, 5,588.31; value of church property, 64,843 yen, increase, 36,758; scholars in Sunday-schools, 1,486, increase, 944.

Mission Extension.

The brethren in Japan wish to extend into provinces yet unoccupied. The General Board granted permission to take charge of Kanazawa on the west coast, also the town of Nagano. The Committee at the

General Conference instructed that, owing to the demands of other missions, further extension in Japan must be by native agency.

The late Senator Macdonald bequeathed $2,000 to found a mission in the islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique. Some think that a mission should be established in India, others that Brazil or some other parts of South America should be occupied forthwith by Methodist missionaries from Canada. Congo Free State was also recommended, so that it will be seen that there are plenty of places whither the heralds of the cross can be sent.

General Conference Officers.

It was a remarkable feature of the Conference that no changes were made in any of the Conference officers, so that the Revs. Dr. Briggs and S. F. Huestis are the Book Stewards of Toronto and Halifax respectively; Revs. Drs. Dewart, Withrow, and Lathern are the Editors; Revs. Drs. Sutherland and J. Shaw remain Missionary Secretary and Assistant; Rev. John Potts, D.D., retains the Secretariat of the Education Society; Rev. J. Woodsworth was re-elected Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West; Rev. Jas. Gray remains Treasurer of the Superannuation* and General Conference Funds; Rev. E. Evans, Treasurer of the Eastern Supernumerary Fund; Hon. J. C. Aikins succeeds Senator Macdonald as Lay Treasurer of the Missionary Society and Superannuation Fund, and Hon. W. E. Sanford, Treasurer of the Educational Fund

Fraternal Delegations.

Rev. Dr. McMullen conveyed the greetings of the British and Irish Conferences to the brethren in Canada, and nobly he fulfilled the duties of his office. His sermons and platform address were just of such a character as might be expected from a fine Methodist minister. He stated that during the last thirty years there had been expended in Great Britain in church property $40,000,000. There were 80,000 chapels, with 2,000,000 sittings. During last quadrennial term 21,000 members had been added to the Church in England.

Rev. Principal MacVicar, Professor Scrimger and Mr. James Croil represented the Presbyterian Church of Canada; and they conveyed the greetings of a denomination which numbers 1,920 congregations and raised last year $2,540,951. The addresses of these gentlemen were brotherly; and it will be no marvel if, in a few years, the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches should become united in one body.

The Rev. Dr. Sledd bore the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He is a real Virginian. His sermon was a fine exposition of evangelical truth, and his official address, which occupied nearly two hours in delivery, was full of sterling facts respecting his Church, the narration of which produced the most delightful feelings in every heart.

The Rev. Mr. Staebler, from the Evangelical Association, a German Methodist, delivered an eloquent and earnest address. The denomination has one Conference in Canada, and for the last few years has been on fraternal relations with the Methodist Church, and probably before long may be amalgamated with it.

An unusual scene occurred when the Rev. Elder Hawkins and his companion were introduced as representatives from the British Methodist Episcopal Church. Their addresses were thrilling, and their singing produced such a scene of excitement as perhaps has never been seen in a Methodist Conference, in the midst of which an impromptu collection was made, amounting to $94, and presented to the venerable old man who had been sold on the auction block, but for many years has been an earnest minister of the Gospel.

The Dominion Alliance sent a deputation to the Conference, consisting of Major Bond, Mr. J. R.

*There are 194 ministers, 146 widows, and 107 children depending on this fund.

Dougall, Mr. Bayliss, Mr. Fleck, and Mr. Featherstone, who expressed their admiration of the course which the Methodist Church has always pursued on the temperance question, and prayed that the Church might still pursue its noble work with the same zeal as hitherto.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union also sent a delegation of sisters to convey their greetings to the Conference. Mrs. Middleton was the chief speaker, and earnestly did she plead with the brethren to cry aloud and spare not, as she knew they had always done. Nor did she fail to notice the good already accomplished, both by abstinence and the social purity cause.

The Woman's Missionary Society also sent a delegation, which was received with the utmost cordiality. A well-written address was read by Mrs. Ross, daughter of the late Superintendent, Dr. Williams. Mrs. Torrance, daughter of the late Senator Ferrier, Mrs. Dr. T. G. Williams, and Mrs. Morton composed the delegation, whose visit the President said was a real oasis in the discussions of Conference.

Other Funds.

The Hon. W. E. Sanford, Senator, reported for the Educational Fund, the total receits of which for the quadrennium were $43,713.08, an increase of $15,470.64 New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference reported the largest proportionate increase, viz., 70 per cent.; Toronto came next, 33⅓; Niagara, 25; and London, 20. The other Conferences were below 20 per cent. increase. The increase in the Conferences of Ontario and Quebec is largely due to the labours of Dr. Potts. The Rev. J J. Rice reported for the Sustentation Funds, from which we learned that there was a deficiency of $110,717 last year in the item of ministers' salaries, the great bulk of which was endured by the brethren who received less than $700 per annum; 166 ministers received less than $500 per year and 180 less than $600 per year. The total deficiency of ministers' salaries in four years, not upon the minimum basis, but upon what the circuits had actually agreed to pay, was $388,419. The Conference recommended that Sustentation Funds shall be established in all the Annual Conferences so as to increase married ministers' salaries to $750, single ordained ministers $400, and probationers $350.

The discussion on the Superannuation Fund was more than usually animated. Some proposed that the amounts paid by circuits should be kept in a special fund, out of which nothing should be paid to ministers who are known to be in good circumstances. Several proposed that all ministers receiving salaries exceeding $600 per year should pay two per cent. on their income. The laity, to their honour be it recorded, contended earnestly for the maintenance of the fund A commission was appointed to devise some means for the better support of the fund, and report to the next General Conference.

The College Question.

Many fears were entertained that the Federation of Victoria University would cause an acrimonious debate. Happily this was avoided by both parties agreeing that the question should be voted upon without debate. This wise course was adopted, and the majority in favour of Federation was nearly four times larger than in 1886.

Victoria University presents the following statistics. The number of students in Arts, Theology, Law and Medicine is 2,271. The present income from ordinary revenue is $20,291.44, but the expenditure is $20,733.38.

Mount Allison University has had an attendance the last four years of 256, 270, 277, and this year 293. The total graduates in Arts, Philosophy and Divinity is 159.

The Wesley College, Winnipeg, is a new institution, having been in existence only two years; the number of students is thirty-five, an increase of eight. Subscriptions to the amounnt of $14,000 had been

raised for building purposes, but a commencement will not be made until $30,000 is assured.

In addition to the above, there are the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; Albert College, Belleville; Ladies' Colleges at Hamilton, Whitby, St. Thomas, Ontario; and Wesleyan College at St. John's, Newfoundland.

The value of these institutions under Church control amounts to $1,648,700; annual income, $190,-209; annual expenditure, $188,233, with 157 teachers and professors on their staffs; with 2,522 students last year and with 3,157 graduates.

Tobacco.

The question of smoke excited considerable discussion. The "weed" had not a single defendant in the Conference, probably there were some who used it, but they were wisely silent. Some wished the disuse of the weed to be made a condition of membership, but it was thought that this would be going too far. Certain of the delegates who are members of the healing art did not hesitate to declare that the use of tobacco is injurious to health, especially to children and young people. It was ultimately agreed that all members and officials should be recommended to abstain from its use, and further that in our Sunday-schools children should not only be pledged against intoxicating liquor, but tobacco also, and that the Dominion Legislature shall be memorialized to forbid tobacco being sold to persons under sixteen years of age.

Fraternal Delegates Appointed.

Rev. J. Potts, D.D., is to attend the Wesleyan Conference in England and Ireland, and also the Conferences of the other branches of Methodism in England.

Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, was appointed fraternal delegate to the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., goes to the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. A. Langford and Dr. Lavell were appointed to attend the Presbyterian Assembly.

Rev. P. Addison was also appointed to attend the Conference of the British Methodist Episcopal Church.

Reports of Committees.

The Nominating Committee at the commencement of the Conference, nominated about forty committees, some of which presented more than one or two reports. Several occupied but a short space of time, others longer. The report from the Committee on the Discipline occupied a whole day.

The Committee on the Itinerancy recommended that the ministerial term be extended to four years, but the Conference refused its sanction; three years remains the limit.

The Committee on General Superintendency recommended that there should be two chief officers, but the Conference negatived the report, and therefore Dr. Carman will bear the weighty responsibility upon his shoulders of being the chief executive officer of the Connexion, which not only extends throughout the Dominion, but also to Newfoundland and Japan.

The Committee's report on Precedence on State Occasions, was unanimously adopted. It recommended a memorial to be sent to the Governor-General respecting such an alteration as will do justice to the larger denominations in the Dominion.

The year 1891 is the centenary of John Wesley's death and the centenary year of Methodism in Canada. Arrangements will be made for celebrating both events.

The Committee to which was assigned the memorials relating to Deaconesses reported adversely to the prayer of the memorials, which excited the surprise of many when it came up for consideration. The General Conference finally referred the matter to the Annual Conferences, with the recommendation that such an order be established under their direction and control.

Great interest was felt in the report of the Committee on the Oka

Indians. These poor creatures have suffered grievous persecution at the hands of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The Seminary holds the land for the good of the Indians, but as soon as some of them embraced Protestantism attempts were made to expel them from the homes of their childhood, and because they refuse to comply with this cruel mandate the Minister of Indian Affairs has written them to the effect that they need not expect any further annuities, such as they have been accustomed to receive. A Committee of Privileges has been appointed, to whom the question is referred. An attempt will be made to obtain the aid of the Dominion Government on their behalf.

As might be expected, the Committee on Temperance presented a report which gave no uncertain sound. No license, either high or low, will satisfy Methodist people. Nothing short of prohibition pure and simple will do, hence a Standing Committee has been appointed; a deputation was also appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government to press upon them and also the leaders of the Reform party the claims of the country for prohibition, and also the subjects of North-West permits and licenses.

The Report of the Committee of the Book Room and Publishing Interests was full of interesting facts. The profits for the last quadrennium are $78,775, $22,000 of which was appropriated to the Superannuation Fund. Some wanted the *Christian Guardian* reduced in price, but it was proved that this would be a ruinous policy. A new young people's paper will probably be published, and thus meet the want of those who are calling for a cheaper paper.

The Eastern Book Room at Halifax reports improvement, inasmuch as there is a profit on the quadrennium of $1,874.53, whereas the former quadrennium showed a net loss of $636.

Montreal Branch Book Room reports a gratifying improvement. After making deductions for depreciation, etc., the net profits are $1,752.63.

Epworth League.

This is a new departure. Rev. Dr. Berry, Editor of the *Epworth Herald*, visited the Conference, and met with a cordial reception as he described in an earnest manner this "missing link" in Sunday-school and Church work. The General Conference gave its *imprimatur* to the League. We doubt not but that it will now grow to maturity. There are already about 150 Leagues in Canada.

Religious Services.

General Superintendent Carman preached on the evening of the first day of the Conference, after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, at which the Rev. Dr. Steward presided.

A Welcome Meeting was held on the second evening, which was given by the Sunday-school Union of the city.

On Saturday afternoon, September 13th, Principal Douglas and his staff gave a reception at the Wesleyan Theological College. James Ferrier Hall was filled to overflowing and an hour was pleasantly spent in listening to several brief addresses, after which light refreshments were served and then a procession was formed, headed by Sir William Dawson and General Superintendent Carman, which proceeded to McGill University and a considerable time was spent in Redpath Museum; the various objects were explained by Sir William. Nothing could exceed the urbanity of the learned Principal of the University and the members of his staff.

The General Conference commenced its sessions September 10th, and closed on the 30th at midnight. Dr. Carman presided at all the sessions. He displayed great skill in his rulings. Nothing could surpass the fairness with which he conducted the business. The Secretary, Rev S. F. Huestis, and his associates, Mr. W. Kennedy, Rev. J. S. Ross, Professor Bradley, and the Journal Secretary, Rev. W. Jackson, performed yeoman service and no doubt felt relieved when the Conference closed.

Book Notices.

Chapters from the Religious History of Spain connected with the Inquisition. By HENRY CHARLES LEA, LL.D. 8vo, pp. 522. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2.50.

Dr. Lea has shown his special qualifications for discussing the subjects treated in this book by his great three-volume work on the History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages—a work which is unquestionably the best authority in the English language on the subject. In this book he takes up a number of topics which could not be brought into his former history and which deserve more elaborate treatment than could be given then in such a work. One of these is the censorship of the press in the Middle Ages. And a very melancholy history of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition it is. The severity of the censorship steadily increased, benumbing and paralyzing and repressing thought and speech and letters, to the great detriment of national character and prosperity.

Mediæval Mystics and Illuminati form the subject of another exhaustive essay. While many of the saints and mystics of the Catholic Church were persons of undoubted piety, yet many were the victims of self-delusion or of hysterical affections, and not a few were arrant hypocrites and deceivers. The popular craving for miracles, and their eager and uncritical reception, encouraged and facilitated these deceits and hypocrisies, of which many examples are quoted. But the history of the witchcraft delusion in both Old and New England, and the mystification of such able minds as Sir Matthew Hale and the Rev. Dr. Mather, should make us lenient in our criticism of Roman Catholic delusion.

Of a kindred character was the belief in demoniacal possession, the efficacy of exorcism and the like; and the strangely persistent superstition that Jews crucify Christian children in the celebration of the Passover. So late as this year, 1890, the Jews in Smyrna were accused of this crime, and in 1888 in Corea nine native officials were beheaded for an alleged similar crime. The book is a monument of painstaking research in seldom-trodden paths of history; it is well indexed, and original documents are quoted.

Faith on the Frontier. By EDMUND MARCH VITTUM. Pp. 390. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Life in the Far West, in the uninhabited prairie, has many hardships which are often suppressed in narratives published in the East. In this story is an "unvarnished tale" of the difficulties which surrounded a Vermont family who took up land in the West and forsook New England for what seemed to them a golden opportunity. They had to experience many a bitter disappointment and failure. The father is overcome by drink, and loses his life in a blizzard. Harry Marston, his son, grows up in the new country, and by his persistent courage and Christian faith finally compels success, and is the means of starting a frontier town. There are thrilling passages in the book. The power of liquor in a Western town is faithfully represented. The reader will obtain from the book an impression of Western life far truer than that to be derived from most literature of the sort.

A Royal Hunt. By MRS. E. C. WILSON. Pp. 394. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Writers have long found the his-

tory and experience of the Huguenots a most fruitful field for thrilling stories. In this book there is no lack of the best elements in all such fiction, with the additional charm of a peculiarly attractive picture of the child-life of these much persecuted people. The book gives us a glimpse of the cruel dragonnade system, when squads of dragoons were quartered on Huguenot families for the purpose of compelling them to recant their faith. Nannette's fearlessness of the captain of these dragoons, and her influence over him, is a most charming feature of the story. After many difficulties the family, with other Huguenots, escape to London in a vessel provided by a wealthy man who had not been suspected of being other than a good Catholic.

Without being rabid or vituperative against the Romish Church, the book sets forth in a most telling way the terrible injustice done to these most worthy and useful Huguenot citizens of France.

One Little Maid. By ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN. Pp. 367. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

A missionary's daughter in Japan is sent to spend a year in America at a wealthy girls' boarding-school in Baltimore. Being of an earnest religious nature, she has thought of America as truly "God's country," in contrast with the misery of the heathen nation in which she has grown up. When she reaches the school, and finds how much of what is earthly still clings to those who are professing Christians, and how many have not even made such a profession, there is something of a revulsion in her feelings. The effect, however, is to make her the more eager to exert a true influence, and soon she rejoices in finding how much good there is in her friends after all. Narika, the Japanese girl who came to America with her, catches in time some of the spirit of her missionary friend. The story is very sprightly, and the life of the girls well described, while the whole impression is excellent.

The Knights of Sandy Hollow. By MARY B. SLEIGHT. Pp. 376. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The "Knights" were originally a band of eight or ten boys in a dull fishing village, who, fired by the exaggerated and sensational adventures in dime novels, united for mischief of all kinds. Before long their lawlessness made them the terror of the neighbourhood. A leaven of a different sort had, however, begun its work in the little village. A most devoted and attractive young girl, who came to live at the shore with a lame brother, determined to make friends with these boys, and help them to be true knights instead of the false ones that they were. Soon after, her efforts were seconded by a cheery, hearty, young theological student who visited the sea-shore village, and preached to the people there. The boys of Sandy Hollow were of all sorts. Some of them were led into serious misdoing; but in the course of months they, as well as the place, felt the effect of the good leaven. The story is a first-rate one for boys.

The Story of a Heathen. By H. L. READE. Pp. 82. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 60 cents.

In a comparatively few words, and with a simple and direct style, the writer has told of the growth, conversion, and wide influence of a Japanese boy who is now living and occupying a high official position in Japan. The story is intended to be an inspiration to every one who is striving for the highest and best things. It gives us an insight into the pluck and ambitions of the Japanese youth of the present day. With its handsome cover and excellent reproductions of photographs, it makes a book well worthy of its subject and purpose.

Little Pilgrims at Plymouth. By FRANCES A. HUMPHREY. Pp. 331. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

Every boy and girl should learn to honour the Pilgrims who came to Plymouth in 1620. But many a boy and girl knows little or nothing about those good people, chiefly because the narrative of Plymouth colony has not been sufficiently set forth in interesting shape. It is to meet this need that Mrs. Humphrey has written this very readable story. She has woven into her tale the facts of the Pilgrims' life. Many interesting details concerning various individuals are given; places made doubly interesting by their connection with Pilgrim history are well described; and numerous illustrations, chiefly from photographs, give distinctness to the written description. The historical accuracy of the book has been vouched for by one well versed in colonial history.

For those who have visited Plymouth the book will be a valuable souvenir; all others cannot fail to be stimulated by it to a greater appreciation of the original Pilgrims.

The Scriptural and Historical Character of Infant Baptism Asserted and Defended. By the REV. WILLIAM MCDONAGH. Toronto: William Briggs.

During the last quadrennium over 70,000 children are reported as baptized by our ministers. These furnish just so many good reasons why the subject of this vigorous pamphlet should be thoroughly understood by our people. The pamphlet is the substance of a lecture given before the Theological Union of the London Conference, and published by its request. It thus has the endorsation of a body of men thoroughly competent to judge of its merits and of its usefulness. As the wide reading and study of the author would lead us to expect, it is a strongly written and practical treatment of the subject. It gives ample evidence from the Scriptures, the Fathers, and ancient inscriptions of the historical character and importance of this Christian rite.

Prayers for the Use of Christian Families. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book will be greatly helpful in maintaining the profitable habit of family prayer. Such prayers are too often of a meagre character. Our own preference is for spontaneous and extempore prayer and for prayer suggested by the daily Scripture readings; but these will be found very suggestive, will give larger scope and greater variety than domestic prayers often have. A table of lessons for family worship is added, and an excellent introduction on the habit of prayer prefixed.

A Piece of an Honeycomb: Meditations for Every Day in the Year. By HELEN M. G. MCKENNY. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a beautifully printed book of devotional meditations—just the kind of volume to have lying convenient on one's dressing table for daily consultation. The meditations are practical, helpful and suggestive, and cannot fail to promote personal piety and a helpful Christian life.

The Two Cousins: A Tale. By "FRIBA." Pp. 352. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is one of the most considerable-sized narrative volumes recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office. It is a strongly written story of Methodist life in rural and urban England. It discusses incidentally to an interesting story some of the differences between the Arminian and Calvinistic systems of theology. Its religious character is strictly orthodox, and its literary merit high. It is, like all the issues of this house, handsomely printed and bound.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEMS.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

December, 1890.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND.

BY ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE MANOR.

Of late years, when there has scarcely been enough snow on the ground at Christmas-time to give the country even a seasonable appearance, it has seemed almost a mockery to continue to celebrate the same old customs and to perform the same ceremonies that are connected from time immemorial in the minds of the English people with a winter sky and landscape, which, in the days of our forefathers, were so rarely absent at this season of the year. However this may be, the customs always associated with an old-fashioned Christmas-tide are still practised to a great extent; the piled-up wood fires still crackle and burn as brightly as ever in the ample old grates, and the stout-legged oaken tables still support as tender roast beef and as tasty and indigestible a plum-pudding as they ever did in days of yore.

In England Christmas is a universal holiday. In the cities the banks are closed; offices are deserted. The stores in the towns and villages are all shut, and while the morning of Christmas-day is in every respect treated as a Sunday, the latter part of the day is given up to whatever out-door amusements the state of the weather may render suitable; the evening sees the assembly of joyous parties and friendly gatherings, which last into the small hours of the morning, and are looked forward to by the younger portion of the community with an eagerness which the passing years tend rather to increase than to diminish.

But to see Christmas as it is really kept by the people we must leave the cities and dive deep into the heart of the country; we must mingle with the crowd that at the festive season enters the gates of the squire's hospitable mansion, or in the long low rooms of the old farm-houses. The real beginning of the festivities is on Christmas-eve, when the large parties meet their friends from far and near round the festive board. Then the time passes right merrily.

The village inn represented in the sketch below, sending its ruddy glow through its lattice windows, across the snow, and with its well-known sign—say the "Red Lion"—hanging above

THE VILLAGE INN.

the door, will reap a considerable harvest; and a jovial gathering of big-boned labourers and hardy rustics, with the host himself, portly and rubicund, in their midst, will make the blackened rafters ring again with song and joke as the night wears on. There we shall hear many an odd conceit or quaint superstition which the season of the yule-log and the holly-berry again brings round to their memories. As they sit and talk over their tankards they care very little for anything else but the fact that "Ye goode old Chrismasse-tide" has come again. It matters little to them that the actual Christmas-day was not even fixed on the 25th December until the fourth century. They are prepared to celebrate the day as it is, and be merry, come what may.

As hinted before, superstition of the most absurd kind is every-

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT THE MANOR HOUSE.

where rife at this season, and few persons who have not spent Christmas among the people in the country villages can have any idea of the extent to which it prevails. In his "English Country Life," Thos. Miller tells us how he incurred the displeasure of a relative by breaking through a rule which a certain superstition

had made necessary. He says: "To give a person a light between Christmas and Twelfth Night is to bring upon yourself ill-fortune all that year. I recollect well losing the good-will of my old grandmother by allowing a benighted waggoner to light his lanthorn while her back was turned, and it was many a week before the old lady forgave me."

In the olden days our ancestors used to keep the merry season in much the same way, but during the Middle Ages a custom prevailed which has since lost its character, if it has not altogether died out. Thus, in the larger towns were performed certain mysteries—dramatic representations—in which the players wore grotesque dresses and masks. These were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and the country people flocked from far and near to witness them. The only custom which bears any resemblance to these, and which is only found now in certain parts of the midland counties, is called the "December Liberties," or the feast of fools and asses, which is described as "grotesque saturnalia, in which everthing serious was ridiculed." Whole villages would turn out to dance, carrying torches and evergreens, casting weird shadows on the glistening snow.

Within doors the houses at Christmas-time are very cheerful and bright. On the wide stone hearth a yule-log burns, briskly casting a ruddy glow on everything around, while the walls and pictures are decorated with holly, ivy, and several bunches of mistletoe hung up in obvious places for equally obvious reasons. These decorations are usually kept up until Twelfth Night or old Christmas-day. At this season, too, there is a plant called rosemary, which flowers about Christmas-time. It was held in high repute by our ancestors, though the purposes for which they used it have now ceased to be noticed. They held high holiday from Christmas-day until Candlemas (February 2nd), and their first feast was the occasion of bringing in the head of the wild boar,

"Upon a silver platter with minstrelsye."

Then, once the great tankards had been filled, it was the custom to stir the foaming potations with twigs of rosemary. It was also considered auspicious to use it on two other occasions of a very opposite nature, namely, a wedding and a burial. Boughs of the plant were carried before the bride or laid on the grave, as the occasion called for, and referring to this old custom in his "Hesperides," Herrick says that the rosemary plant

"Grows for two ends; it matters not at all
Be it for my bridal or my burial."

It is only right that churches, which were built to the honour of Him whose birth we celebrate at this season, should be as brightly decorated as they are; and in the little country church there is sure to be a full congregation, from the squire, who is not so

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

regular in his attendance, perhaps, as he might be, during the year, to the oldest peasant, who unearths from its year-long grave an ancient beaver hat, from which the silken gloss has long since fled, and which he dons in honour of the day.

Should it ever fall to the lot of a stranger to be walking through

the country lanes near midnight on Christmas-eve, he will be startled to hear, on the last stroke of twelve, the iron clang of the church bells far and near ring out the best chimes of which they are capable, and from Land's End to John o' Groats not a church tower that possesses bells will be silent. When these cease the waits begin their rounds, and going from house to house, and village to village, they sing carols and Christmas hymns until the light begins to glimmer in the eastern sky and another Christmas-day has dawned.

The custom of singing carols at Christmas-time may be traced back through many a long century. In the classic city of Oxford, the stronghold of ancient customs and ancient opinions, Christmas has been celebrated for centuries with much of the pomp and pageantry of the Middle Ages. The procession song of the Boar's Head, the "Gaudeamus Omnes," the singing of the surpliced choir in the college chapel (as shown in our frontispiece), are still observed as in scarce any place else. And in the Bodleian Library may still be seen one of the oldest collections of carols known to exist. The volume, of which only a few pages remain, was printed in the year 1521, by Wynkin de Worde, and is entitled "Chrismasse Carolles." For some reason Oxford is particularly favourable to the laurel, and as a decorative evergreen in the chapels of the different colleges, it is used to the entire displacement of holly or ivy.

There are many other customs in the large cities, and old-fashioned traditions in the country, still preserved in many parts of England, which limit of space forbids us to mention; and though some of these may have already died out and others are now gradually becoming extinct as the years roll on, we are sure of one thing, namely, that England will ever be the home of Christmas gatherings and rejoicings of some sort; and if the old-time pastimes and quaint old ceremonies are giving way to others of a different sort, let us hope that the English people will ever thankfully remember, in their mirth and Christmas celebrations, the occasion when He who made such happiness possible, and who has made us, as a nation, what we are, was born in a stable and cradled in a manger.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands,
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

—*Whittier.*

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XII.

QUEENSLAND AND THE EAST COAST.

CLAREMONT ISLAND LIGHTSHIP.

Monday, August 15th.—Cooktown, in spite of the preponderance of iron houses and shops, looks rather pretty from the sea. Its small port is formed by the mouth of the Endeavour River. The Palmer River gold-diggings, and some recent discoveries of tin, which have attracted a large number of miners, are the chief sources of prosperity.

Tuesday, August 16th.—Awoke about seven, feeling much refreshed, and went early on deck. Many visitors came on board, only a few of whom I was able to see. In the afternoon we went out for a drive. We passed one or two nice stations, with com-

fortable, deep-verandaed houses, and tidy gardens and orchards. Nothing could exceed the care our driver took of me; his chief anxiety was that I should not suffer a single jolt beyond what the roughness of the road necessitated. He came out here when he was twenty-one years old, and rushed at once to the gold-fields; found £1000 in three days, on an alluvial field 300 miles inland from Sydney; lost it in two days after, by putting it into a speculative mining concern, which failed the day after he parted with his money.

Friday, August 19th.—Early this morning Tom and some of the gentlemen went on board the *Claremont* lightship. After breakfast we landed on the reef. It is a bare heap of sand and coral, save on its highest part, where a few tufts of coarse grass are growing. Here we found a native of St. John, New Brunswick, brought up, as he told us, by foreign parents, engaged in the business of collecting bêche-de-mer, or dried sea-slugs, for which there is a large demand in China.

This white man had in his employ thirty natives. Bêche-de-mer commands a high price. We were shown the accumulated casks full of this unattractive edible, representing a value of many hundreds of pounds. Lee, the head of this establishment, was living in a shelter formed of tattered canvas and battered sheets of corrugated iron, but he evidently possessed the power of command and organization, and was not without education.

Bêche-de-mer is of various qualities. The best is worth £120 per ton, the next £100, a third quality £90, and a fourth from £80 to as low as £30 per ton. The bêche-de-mer is a curious kind of sea-slug, rather like a sea cucumber. Its scientific name is *Holothuria*. It makes excellent soup, which is very nourishing, and is like the snail soup so much given to invalids in the south of France. In Cooktown the Europeans eat it largely, while in China, as trepang, it is a much-prized and high-priced delicacy.

Just before we were going away it seemed to suddenly dawn upon Lee that Tom was Lord Brassey. He asked the question, and when an answer in the affirmative was given shook hands most warmly, and was delighted when he was told that I was Lady Brassey, and that the children were my own dear ones. He had all our history at his fingers' end, and was extremely pleased to see the "historical *Sunbeam*" and "her spirited owners," as he called us.

We landed on the leeward side of the island, and on going to the windward shore it was curious to notice the process by which the islands gradually become covered with vegetation. The whole shore just above high-water mark was covered with little

seeds, beans, and various other atoms of vegetation which had been dropped by birds or cast up by the sea, and which in process of time will cover the island with trees and shrubs. The island did not look much bigger than half-a-dozen times the size of the yacht. At low spring tides the most beautiful corals and shells are found.

The blacks we saw are a good-looking lot of men, the finest in stature we have yet seen. Lee says he has to be most careful and always "sleep with one eye open," as they are treacherous. They would turn round on him at any moment if they saw a chance and did not know he was well armed.

THE LAST MILL IN AUSTRALIA.

Saturday, August 20th.—At Somerset on the mainland, and immediately opposite to our anchorage at Port Albany, a pretty little station has been built, with a flagstaff in front of the bungalow. On our arrival the flag, which had been hoisted, was dipped a great many times and a large bonfire was lighted, in order to give us, I suppose, a really warm welcome.

Sunday, August 21st.—We had Litany at eleven o'clock. In the afternoon I landed with the Doctor, and sat, or rather lay quietly, on the pleasant sandy shore for an hour or two. Some cocoa-nut trees have been planted, which are doing exceedingly well, and I rested under their shade, looking up at the sky through the long, pale green leaves. The innumerable flies, ants, and sandflies were troublesome. But what can be expected in a land where the ant-heaps are ten feet high and twenty-four feet in circumference? We had evening prayers on board at six, and after a quiet evening's reading, went to bed rather early.

Tuesday, August 23rd.—Most of the party went early ashore at Port Kennedy to see what this uninteresting town is like. Tom spent a busy morning with Mr. Milman, going into statistics, fortification questions, and so forth. In the afternoon we steamed across to the pearl-shell station on Prince of Wales' Island, managed

by Mr. Hall. He has a nice bungalow there, and seemed very busy and happy in his occupation, contriving to keep good friends with all the "boys," as the coloured labourers from Manilla, China, the South Sea Islands, and other places, are called. These "boys" are now busily occupied in unloading the shells from the boats and cleaning and preparing them for the market, which latter process we had come to see to-day. First, we went to a small shed where about a half-a-dozen "boys" were employed, some in chopping and scraping the shells in order to reduce their weight, whilst others were washing and cleaning them with brushes made from the outside of the cocoa-nut husk, which, when split into strips, is excellent for the purpose, as it scrapes and polishes the shells without scratching them. The boxes stood ready outside for packing, each holding about two cwt. of shells, valued at £11 per cwt. The number of shells varies according to their size, from sixty to sixty-five fitting into each box. On a table in the middle of the shed the shells were being quickly packed and nailed up, ready for exportation. From the cleaning and packing shed we went to another, where the diving apparatus is kept. This was sent out from England, and is exactly the same as that in use everywhere, being made to fit tightly round the ankles, wrists, and neck, with an immense superfluity of space in the middle to hold a storage of air. Besides this heavy dress, divers wear a belt with a large knife stuck into it, to cut themselves free from any obstacle their ropes may get foul of, and they also have a hook, to which their air-pipe is attached. In addition to an enormous pair of leaden boots, two heavy pieces of lead are suspended over their shoulders, one piece lying on their chest and the other on their back. They descend with great rapidity, and can walk, *with* the current, on the bottom easily enough; but woe betide them if the tender is not careful, for if their air-line catches in anything it is absolutely impossible for them to make any headway against the tide. Unless the men above are quick and clever enough to repair the mistake promptly, they are lost.

Wednesday, August 24th.—I have been so ill lately, and necessarily left so much alone when the others were on shore, that my dog has become more than ever a companion to me, and never leaves my chair or bed for an instant if he can possibly help it. He was fairly driven away this morning to accompany Tom on his long walk to the lighthouse, for I knew the outing would do him good. Half-way up the hill he refused to follow any farther, and bolted back, in a straight line, to the beach, and had actually swum more than half-way to the yacht before he was picked up. I should hardly have thought a dog could identify the vessel at so great a distance.

Thursday, August 25th.—There are only two white men living on York Islands; one is an English gentleman, and the other bears the name of Yankee Ned. He is the proud possessor of a telescope which, he declares, belonged either to Captain Cook or Admiral La Pérouse. These two men have a very large bêche-de-mer station here, which they manage with the aid of some natives, and make over £1000 a year out of it.

Friday, August 26th.—We anchored off Darnley Island at half-past ten. It is very pretty as seen from the sea, with large groves of cocoa-nut trees growing right down to the shore. On the higher ground the cleared slopes of grass give it at a distance something of the look of an English park. I was borne in my chair straight to the house of the chief, who is called King Jack, and who, with his wife, was anxious to welcome and shake hands with us all.

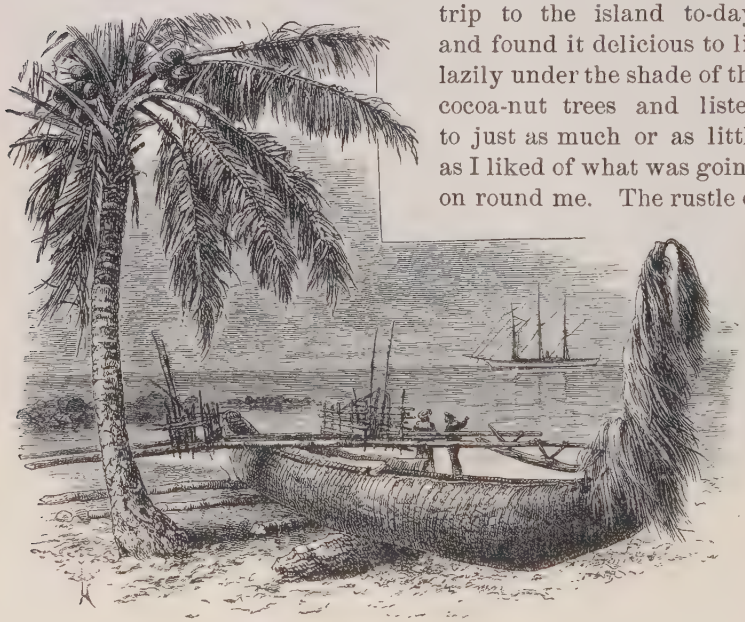
DARNLEY ISLAND—THE SHORE.

The flag flying before his trim little cottage—red with a yellow cross—did not satisfy King Jack at all, so we promised him a blue Jack for use on future festive occasions.

We took some photographs of the groups of natives and of the curious native boats, hollowed out of a single trunk, which were lying pulled up on the shore before us. The larger canoes are made from timber grown in New Guinea, which must be much larger than any trees we saw growing on the island. After a short delay, I was carried by some native policemen through a native village, consisting of a few circular and oblong houses made of plaited grass and thatch, all of which had been so familiar to one's eyes in the South Seas. It was quite like old times to see these dwellings again, and some of them were actually occupied by genuine South Sea Islanders—Kanakas. The men of these islands are very similar in appearance to that race, though I think the type here is finer.

At the end of the village stood the missionary's house, which was a superior abode to the others. It has been built and is kept for the use of white missionaries when they come over from the other islands. The native teachers generally live in a little grass hut at the side, and content themselves with gazing at the "mansion"—a small dwelling, consisting of only one main room and two side rooms off it, with deep verandas all round. The native teacher is a well-educated Kanaka. His wife is of the same race, and is pleasant and agreeable. She seemed to keep her house, hut, and children very tidy.

I thoroughly enjoyed the trip to the island to-day, and found it delicious to lie lazily under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees and listen to just as much or as little as I liked of what was going on round me. The rustle of



"SUNBEAM" OFF DARNLEY ISLAND.

the wind through the long leaves of the cocoa-nut trees is far more calm and peaceful than even the murmur of the "immemorial elms;" and the glimpses of the sea, dotted by small islands and coral reefs, on which the waves broke in beautiful creamy foam, were most lovely.

While we were up on the hill the crew had been engaged in procuring water to replenish our fast-failing stock. They had had great labour in bringing off the water, for the well is half-a-mile from the beach, and the sea was very rough. We only got a ton after all, when we should have liked a dozen or fourteen tons! Soon after our return on board a number of boats followed

us, laden with baskets of sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins, cocoa-nuts, shells, carols, etc. So great was the supply that the deck of the ship soon became covered with native produce, the owners of which, like all true savages, considered it a matter of etiquette and dignity not to express the least surprise or astonishment at anything they saw, although somewhat taken aback by the pictures and large looking-glasses. They were very pleasant and obedient, doing exactly what they were told without touching anything.

The little mission schooner, the *Mary,* with a dove and olive-branch on her flag as a message of peace, was tossing and rolling

IN THE TORRES STRAITS.

about in the most unpleasant manner, exposing her keel at almost every wave, first to windward and then to leeward. Her captain and crew, a fine, determined-looking set of Kanaka men, did not seem to mind the sea at all. From Mr. Savage I heard a good deal of his work among the natives. The station here is comparatively small; but at Murray Island a training-school for native teachers has been established, that island being somewhat larger than this, surrounded by live coral reefs, and containing about 400 inhabitants. Their principal field of mission operations among the natives appears to be in the Fly River in New Guinea, which is a most unhealthy spot. Their work is now beginning to be attended with a large measure of success.

Mr. Savage has been out here for two years, thirteen months of

which time he has lived entirely by himself. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are now going to inhabit Murray Island, with only one European carpenter as their companion. The life of these good people appears to be one of much self-abnegation. I hope with all my heart that the mission may succeed, and that the devoted missionaries will be rewarded for their self-denying exertions.

Sunday, August 28th.—As the tide was running very strong, it was decided not to start until eleven o'clock. We therefore had prayers before starting, and sailed slowly across to our old anchorage, which we reached about midday.

CHURCH ON DARNLEY ISLAND.

In the afternoon I was carried ashore to see Mrs. Milman, who appeared to be a great invalid. She has two nice little girls, who look after the house and save their mother a great deal of trouble. There was another little girl there, a daughter of Canon Taylor, who had come up from Cooktown on a visit. We returned on board at half-past five, and everybody but myself landed again later, and went to church at half-past seven at the Court House. Mr. Milman read prayers and a sermon, and Tom read the lessons.

Monday, August 29th.—The pearl divers are sometimes hoisted up to the surface asphyxiated from want of air, and requiring

almost precisely similar treatment to the apparently drowned. Only last week they had a man on board one of the schooners very nearly dead, but still able to speak and move. Instead of attempting to relieve him they brought him here, a distance of fifteen miles; and by the time he arrived, of course, the little spark of life he had possessed was quite extinguished. If only a knowledge such as that conveyed by the instructions given by the St. John Ambulance Association can be spread here, particularly among the people employed at the pearl-fishing stations, it will be most valuable. There are a great many men engaged in the pearl trade in the Torres Straits, New Guinea, and the numerous islands in the vicinity. It is, of course, impossible to establish a centre here; but I hope before I leave to set a class on foot, with Mr. Hall for the secretary, as he is most enthusiastic on the subject. Tom and I will, as usual in such cases, become life members, so as to give the movement a start.

LADY BRASSEY.

Here terminates abruptly Lady Brassey's Journal. Her last written word was one of sympathy with the suffering, as her last act and purpose were endeavours to promote their welfare.

Lady Brassey had been ill before she left Europe for the last time, and it was hoped that a long voyage, such as she so much enjoyed, and which she had more than once accomplished, would completely restore her. She made the tour, which has been described in this Journal, through India, and proceeded to Ceylon, Rangoon, Moulmein, Singapore, British North Borneo, Macassar, and thence to Albany, in Western Australia, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Cooktown, Thursday Islands, and Port Darwin. It was Lady Brassey's intention to leave the *Sunbeam* at the Cape of Good Hope and return home by mail steamer.

As the *Sunbeam* cruised along the northern coast of Australia, it is assumed that her ladyship contracted some form of malarial fever, which frequently prevails in that region. Great uncertainty, nevertheless, prevailed as to the nature of the malady, and until the 11th of September no grave apprehensions were felt. On the following day, however, it became apparent her condition was becoming critical, and alarm was evinced by the family. No surgeon was on board, and the exact nature of the malady could not be ascertained. On Monday, the 12th of September, it became evident that recovery was hopeless, and that her ladyship was sinking. The next day the scene aboard the *Sunbeam* was an affecting one. Feeling

that her end was nigh, Lady Brassey took a touching and affectionate farewell of her family, every member of which was on board. One of her last injunctions was that the book to which she had devoted so much attention during the cruise should be published. Shortly afterwards she became unconscious, in which condition she remained till her death, about eleven o'clock on the morning of the 14th of September. The interment took place at sunset of that day, and was a melancholy and memorable ceremony. Lord Brassey read a portion of the service, and the other members of the family assisted in the last sad rites as the body was assigned to its grave in the deep sea.

It was with a deep sense of almost personal loss that the readers of this MAGAZINE heard of the tragic death of the late Lady Brassey. Thrice she laid the readers of this periodical under deep obligation by her kind permission to reprint the substance of her interesting volumes, and by generously furnishing the exquisite engravings by which they were illustrated.

Many probably who have followed the author of these famous journals in her many wanderings have pictured to themselves a lady of sturdy frame and of inexhaustible physical power, but with Lady Brassey the strength and the courage lay in the spirit, not the body. When on the verge of womanhood she was, we are told, fearfully burned, and lay for six months helpless and wrapped in cotton wool. From the shock of this calamity she appears to have suffered more or less throughout her life. Severe attacks of bronchitis clouded her early married life ; and her first voyage brought upon her terrible sufferings from malarial fever. Her books grew simply out of a habit of sitting up in bed as soon as she awoke in the morning, and writing with pen and pencil a narrative of the previous day's proceedings to be sent home to her father.

Instead of subsiding into a fashionable society woman, as most ladies of her wealth and social position do, Lady Brassey devoted her time and talents to instructing an ever-widening circle of readers. Few works of travel have been so widely read, or have communicated so large an amount of interesting information, as have hers. She was a remarkably intelligent and acute observer and graceful writer. She had access to the best society everywhere, and had the amplest opportunities for seeing everything worth seeing at its best. She possessed more than an amateur acquaintance with the natural history of the many countries she visited, and had a very considerable knowledge of several of the languages of Europe. Though of delicate health, she accomplished a large amount of literary work. Few persons have any idea of the drudgery there was in the mere transcribing and proof-reading of her several large volumes. She only accomplished this by her habit of early rising, being often at her desk at four in the morning, and by her indefatigable industry.

One of her noblest characteristics was her thorough womanliness—her sympathy with the poor, with the sick and suffering, with the sailors and servants of her husband's yacht. Her sympathy embraced their religious as well as their material interests. In this she was admirably helped by her husband. He used regularly to conduct religious services on the *Sunbeam*, and his wife tells us that "he preached a very good sermon." And her practical beneficence showed that these were not sentiments merely.

Many thousands of readers through the English-speaking world will feel a sense of more than passing sorrow for the death of this amiable, accomplished, and generous lady, who made the world richer by her life, the poorer by her death.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter to Lady Brassey's last volume, by Lord Brassey, entitled "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words: "Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the Apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him everywhere the *entrée* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. Her last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train, and with troops of elephants and camels, etc., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern Seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well.

In the next volume, for 1891, we will give Lord Brassey's graphic account of the return voyage, calling at Darnley Island, Port Darwin, Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Port Louis, Algoa Bay, Port Elizabeth, Teneriffe, Cape Town, St. Helena, Sierra Leone, St. Antonio, Fayal, Ferceira, etc.

Be prayerful; ask and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day;
Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world—O make it then thy stay!
Ask largely, and thy God will be
A kingly giver unto thee.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Nowell ! Nowell ! in this halle,
Make mery I praye nowe alle ;
On that chylde may we calle.

Christ was born on Christmas-day,
Wreathe the holly, twine the bay.

To Thee, then, O Jesus,
This day of Thy birth,
Be glory and honour through heaven and earth ;
True Godhead Incarnate, Omnipotent Word ;
O come, let us hasten
To worship the Lord.

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Come back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

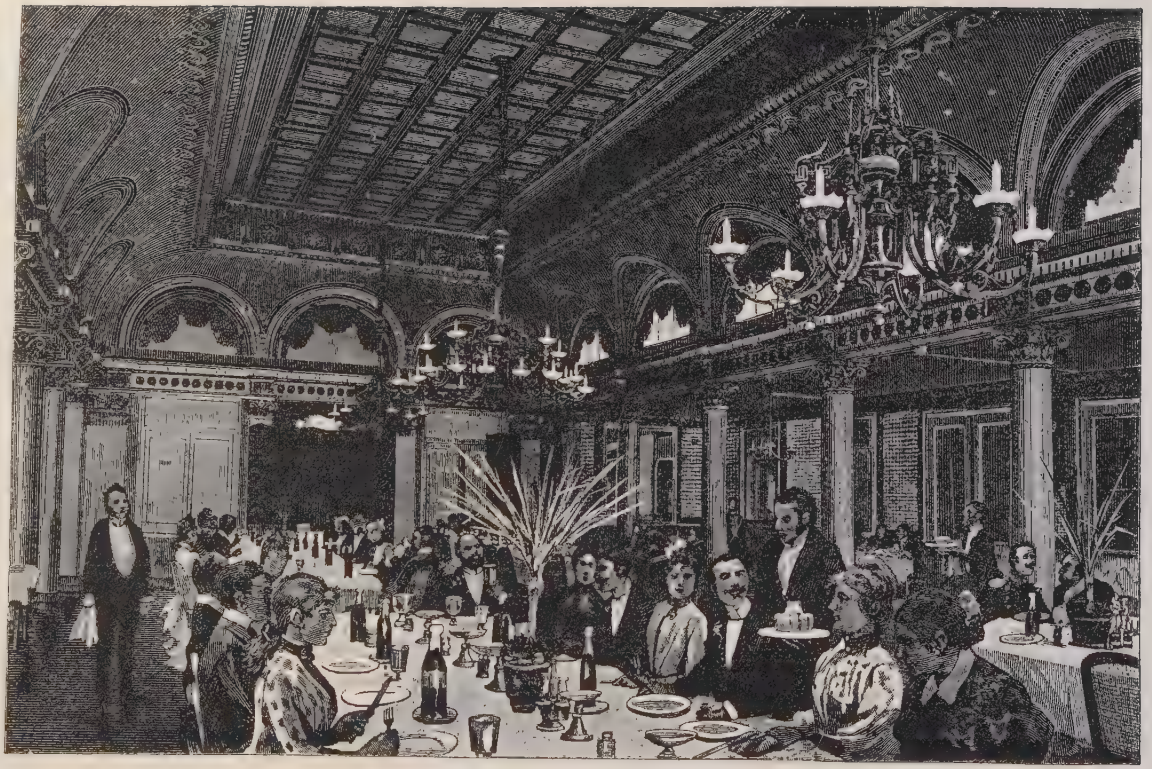
They enter softly ; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life :
We bid them welcome to their vacant places ;
They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they trod ;
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battle-field of God !

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words and looks of cold disdain :
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
Ye come to visit our dark world again !

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother ;
Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest ;
O best Beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.



DINING SALOON OF THE HOTEL METROPOLE, INTERLAKEN.

"EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST."*

BY THE EDITOR.

One of the chief pleasures of going abroad, to speak Hibernically, is that of coming home again; and one of its most important lessons is that no land under the sun furnishes for the average mortal happier conditions of existence than our own Canada. The peasant hamlets of Germany may have their gift-starred Christmas-trees, the Italian churches their straw-strewn mangers and holy Bambino, the French villages their tinsel toys and sweet songs of Noel, the English cottages their holly and mistletoe; but for abundant Christmas cheer and social enjoyment our Canadian homes are without a peer on earth. Of the typical Canadian farmer, as of Chaucer's Franklin, it may be said:

"It snowèd in his house of meat and drink."

Good food and plenty of it, not only at Christmas, but all the year round, are the first physical conditions of happiness; and this almost every Canadian may possess. But throughout Europe the poorer peasant populations are habitually ill-fed as well as poorly housed and coarsely clothed. To one accustomed to the abundance of food and generous comfort of the average Canadian home, the pitiful economies which are a stern necessity in the peasant homes of Europe are a strange surprise. The ordinary tourist, who takes his elaborate *table d'hôte* dinner at a fashionable hotel, sees little of this; but if he turn aside to the by-ways of travel he soon sees more than enough.

Ben Jonson cynically says that one's warmest welcome is always at an inn. It is amusing to witness the affectionate solicitude of the Swiss host for the guests' welfare. As they ride up to the door, a lackey in waiting rings a large warning bell. Then three or four waiters in swallow-tails, or valets in uniform, swarm out to assist the travellers to dismount, and the *maître d'hôtel* gives them most unctuous greeting, and assigns them rooms in turns, to which they are conducted by neat *femmes de chambre* in Bernese costume and snowy cap. At the dining table one's seat corresponds with the number of his room. At a signal from the head-waiter, his well-trained subordinates file in

*Reprinted from the Christmas *Globe*, 1889, with the kind permission of the Editor of that journal.

and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: soup, fish, roast vegetable alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it gives an opportunity to study the various phases of tourist character, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of my pleasantest recollections of travel are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.

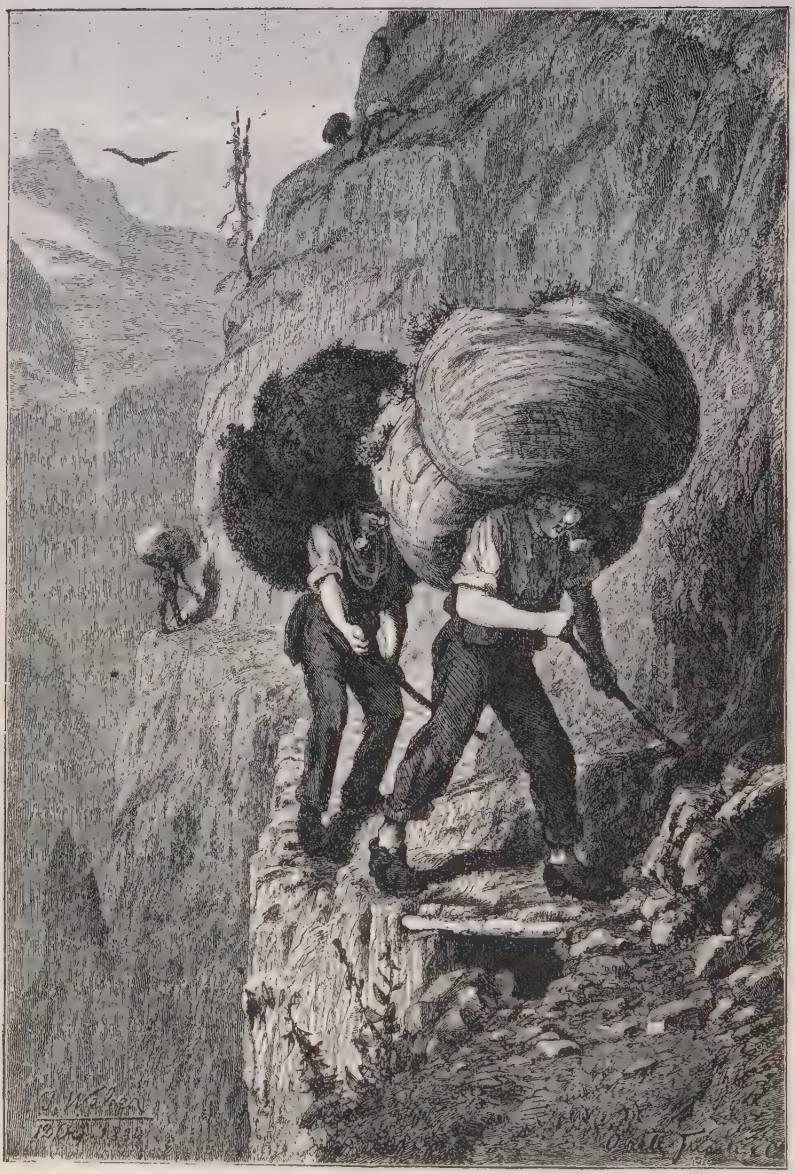
"WOMAN'S RIGHTS," IN GERMANY.

A striking contrast to the elegance of these great hotels is the condition of the peasants of most European countries. I went one day, tired and hungry, into the cottage of my guide at Mesino, near Naples, a region of richest fertility, and asked for food. I pity the prisoners in the Castle of St. Elmo if they have poorer fare than the coarse, black bread and hard cheese that were given me. The whole contents of the house—a rude bed, two or three chairs, and a few earthenware vessels on a stone hearth—would be dear at five dollars. Yet beneath this deep there was a lower

deep in the squalor of the crowded tenements of the *Strada de Sette Dolore* in Naples—the street of the seven sorrows of the Virgin. It seemed to me to symbolize rather the sevenfold sorrows of poverty, ignorance, vice, and other miseries of the hapless people. Unlighted, unventilated, undrained, swarming like a hive of bees, small wonder that cholera and typhus here make their lair.

At Interlaken, last summer, within gunshot of one of the finest hotels in Europe, I climbed up a rickety outside stair to the living-room of a Swiss family. As is the fashion of the country, part of the house was used as a stable, the manure heap near the door announcing itself to more than one of the senses. The ceiling was grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman was cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them that overhanging that lovely valley rose in midheavens the immortal beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—a shrine which attracted pilgrims from the ends of the earth. Indeed, the conditions of existence are so austere that the tillers of the soil—where there is any soil to till—have little time, and apparently less taste, to enjoy their magnificent environment. The principal crop of the country is, of course, the tourist crop, which yields about seven million dollars a year. The next is grass and hay for their extensive dairies. I don't know how Canadian farmers would like to be swung down by ropes to otherwise inaccessible cliffs to cut a few armfuls of grass. I have seen scores of women carrying great loads of hay on their heads up mountain paths so steep that I found it difficult to make my way with the help of an alpenstock. Near Leukerbad is a small village on a precipitous slope, the only access to which from the valley is by a series of ladders fastened to the cliff. Up and down these ladders men and women toil with great loads upon their backs, where most of us would be too dizzy to climb at all.

Small wonder that lovely woman loses her loveliness through such rugged toil. The fair sex is too often represented only by blowzy, frowsy, sturdy women and girls, whose chief charm is their invariable good-nature and desire to please. Even little lads and lasses climb the steep mountain paths with burdens all too heavy for their tender years, but always with the cheerful salutation, "*Gut' morgen, Herr, Gut' abend, Herr,*" and with a keen expectation of small coins. On the chief routes of travel the whining little urchins running beside one's carriage are the burden of one's life. If one gives them a few *sous* he feels that



ALPINE HAY-MAKERS.

he is demoralizing their character and encouraging habits of shameless mendicancy. If one refuses to listen to their clamour, he fears that they will run themselves into a fit of apoplexy.

The condition of women throughout Continental Europe is one that grates on one's feelings most exasperatingly, and one to which, however familiar it may become, Canadians can never be reconciled. It is bad enough to see women standing with signal flags at every railway crossing, but to see them acting as scavengers in the street, mixing mortar, sawing wood, and performing other unwomanly work, wrings one's very soul. "Woman's rights" in Europe strike one chiefly as woman's wrongs. I saw one old woman carrying heavy stones on her head out of a quarry. I saw another at Strasburg, near the magnificent new palace of the Kaiser, pushing a handcart before her and dragging behind her four others—empty, of course, but still a difficult task. A friend told me that he saw a woman and a cow harnessed together to a plough in a field. This I did not see, but I can well believe it, for I have repeatedly seen a woman and a dog harnessed to a waggon.

From the castle fortress of Ehrenbreitstein one may enjoy a magnificent view of the winding Mosel and of the vine-clad slopes of the Rhine. Yet to me all the beauty of these scenes was marred by the spectacle of a gang of women unloading military stores from railway cars, while five thousand German soldiers were polishing their bayonets and pipe-claying their belts in the adjacent barrack-yard.

The universal militarism of Europe is crushing the life out of the people, withdrawing millions of stalwart men from productive industries, training them at immense cost in the art of destruction, and rolling on the shoulders of millions of women burdens of toil that men should bear. Small wonder that mothers often weep when a male-child is born into the world, foreseeing for it only the terrors of the conscription and a bloody death in the passes of the Balkans or Carpathians.

Great Britain is the freest country in Europe, but it is not so free as Canada. To one brought up in this favoured land there is an irksome feeling of restraint in the rigid class distinctions of the Old World. The poor man is sadly handicapped in the race of life. The crowding of the wage-workers in the factory towns, and the grimy atmosphere and unsanitary condition in which they live, are in striking contrast to the favourable environment of the workingman in this new country. The condition of Hodge and Giles in Dorset and Devon is still far from realizing Joseph Arch's ideal paradise—the possession of "three acres and a cow."

In the great cities the drink curse inflicts its tyranny upon the masses to a degree unknown in Canada. In the most wretched purlieus of London, Liverpool and Glasgow the drink shops, those

social wens that grow by impoverishing all around them, largely countervail the most earnest efforts of the Christian and philanthropist. One Sunday night I heard Spurgeon pray with infinite pathos for the great city of London, "That the tide of iniquity that flowed down the streets might be stayed," and as I saw the blazing ginshops busy at their nefarious trade that Sabbath night, I felt that there was much need of prayer and faith and work for the arrest of the drink traffic and for the moral elevation of the people. I am not unaware of the noble efforts that are being made and of the great results that have already been achieved in this behalf. I rejoice in their success and in the promise of a brighter morrow for the world. Most of all am I thankful for the immunities and privileges which we in this new land possess.

If it be true, as Buckle asserts, that a civilization depends upon its physical environment—and it *is* true to a considerable extent—then we should develop on the virgin soil of this continent one of the noblest civilizations the world has seen. The very sky seems several stories higher than in the Old World, the air more exhilarating, and the climate unequalled in its ministry to health and pleasure. Many of those old historic lands of Europe are charming places to visit, but they are also excellent places to leave. The struggle for a bare livelihood is more keen, the chances of success less assured, the educational and social advantages are less easy attainable than in our own favoured land. Untrammelled by the fetters of the past, with its almost boundless extent and inexhaustible resources, Canada offers to its sons a fairer heritage than is, I think, to be found elsewhere on earth. Land of my birth,

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee."

CHRISTMAS.

A happy Christmas-tide to every one,
Though from the festal board some guests are gone,
And yet, not gone, for to each vacant place
There cometh one who hath an angel's face;
And there is left a store of life and love,
Links which unite us here to those above.

A happy Christmas-tide, and let the poor
Turn with a thankful heart from every door.
If in our hearts there's strife with kin or friend,
For Jesus' sake let the contention end.
So, ere the year is hidden 'neath its pall,
Thank we the Lord, to be at peace with all.

NORWAY—ITS GEOLOGY AND PEOPLE.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

*Victoria University.**

GUDVANGEN AND THE NÆRO FJORD.

Norway is a most tempting country to the geologist, to the lover of grand but gloomy scenery, and to every one interested in a quaint and simple but picturesque people.

An artist would be in raptures over it, if it only did not rain so often. All these attractions wiled me over to its barren moun-

* A lecture given before the Alumni Association.

tains one summer, and the few months spent there proved so full of pleasure and profit that it may be pardoned if some memories of it are offered the readers of this MAGAZINE. The land is all the more interesting to Canadians from the resemblance of many of its features to those of our own country.

We dwellers of the North have fjords on our coasts, and an immense range of gneiss and other archæan rocks as our geological backbone, and just so it is in Norway. It lies as far north as any man could wish for; it has the grandest fjords in the world; and it has wide stretches of gneiss, in the opinion of some of its geologists, like our Laurentian; the very oldest land in the globe, whose hoary hills raised their head calmly to heaven when the rest of Europe and America lay hid beneath the waters or pushed only an island or two above their surface.

And Norway is a land, like our own, of forests, of fisheries, of cold winters, and of sturdy, democratic people; but it lacks our fertile square miles, and the latter cause may in coming years draw many of her hard-worked sons across the waters to our broad North-West.

As might be expected when a stronger nation shares with a weaker, the division of the Scandinavian peninsula is not quite fair. Sweden takes all the plains and leaves Norway the mountains. It is a mere strip of mountains beginning away up in Lapland, not twenty degrees from the Pole, and stretching with varying widths eleven hundred miles to the south-west. Its most southerly point is more than ten degrees north of Quebec. The rocks in this sea of mountains are twisted and tossed into a most perplexing confusion, and not even yet are the mysteries of their origin and relations unravelled. They are all of the very oldest formations, nothing later than Devonian having been found in the better known south of the country, and even that without fossils. The Silurian is, however, widely found and well developed. Some of the old geologists of the country think them the very first-born of rocks, remnants of the first solid crust formed in the dim and misty beginning of things on the surface of the cooling but still molten earth. A later and younger school, of which my friend Dr. Broegger is a prominent member, look on very many at least of these seemingly primeval rocks, as being of far later origin, mere youths compared with our Canadian Laurentian. They have certainly proved their point in many cases. By patient, painstaking study of their native rocks they have here and there found beneath thousands of feet of crystalline schists and quartzites a stratum containing an obscure fossil or two, half obliterated, but still plainly recognizable as Silurian—coins struck in the die

of nature— long-lost, but when found, bearing in plain characters their date and inscription.

Most borderlands of continents show marks of fierce pressure

THE RAFT SUND.

from either side, as if the earth's coat of mail had a weak point at the juncture of sea and land. Nowhere has this sideward compression been more tremendous than in Norway. The transverse cleavage of slates, and even gneiss and quartzite, give

no doubtful evidence of the immense power that brought them about. Much of this force must have expended itself in heat. Cracks and fissures were made in every direction, through which

HARDANGER PEASANTS, NORWAY.

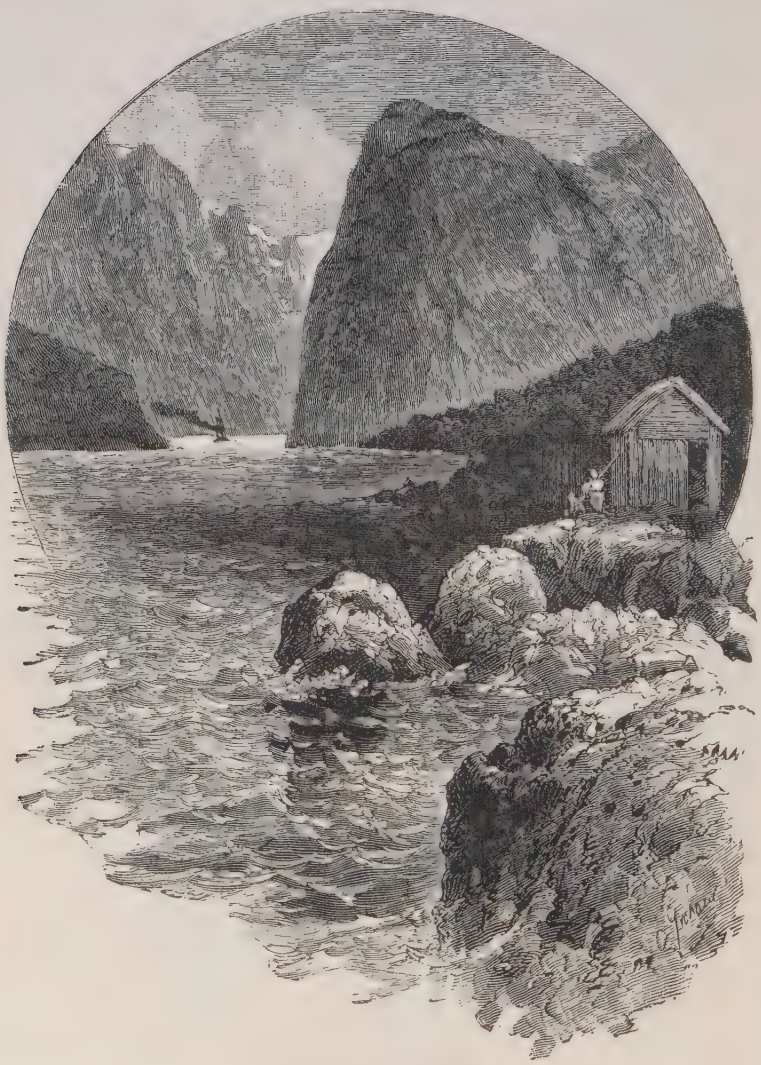
rose, in all likelihood, boiling waters charged with mineral matters in solution. To these and the heat we must ascribe the wide-spread crystallization of the rocks in question. In palæontological character the Silurian rocks of Norway do not materially

differ from those of Sweden, Russia, Wales, or even Canada. On the other hand, quite a marked difference is found between them and the Silurian rocks of Bohemia and Southern Europe, making evident the fact that some barrier must have separated the northern Silurian sea from the southern. The world must have been very unaccentuated in that age. The same steamy, tropical climate reigned at the Poles as at the Equator summer and winter. The small, unformed lands showed but slight differences of level, and seemed to have been monotonous voids, without birds or beasts or flowers. All seas so far as known were shallow, and the sluggish inhabitants showed little of the vigour and variety of the present.

The city of Christiania, the capital of Norway, is a petrographer's paradise, for splendid granites, syenites, porphyries, diorites, and diabases are all found within three or four miles. Where the city now sits peacefully on her hills, overlooking distant mountains, rugged shores, and charming islands, there was once most terrific volcanic action. There were muttered thunders that came not from storm clouds, but from the uneasy earth—mysterious warnings and premonitory shudderings. Vast cracks and chasms opened in the trembling rocks, into which welled molten fluids. Lava flowed from broad openings, and showers of ashes darkened the sun and desolated the country, while through the stifling down-pour came baleful gleams of red light reflected from lakes of fire below. The whole region was blasted again and again through successive geological ages, just as half Iceland has been turned into a desert in modern times by Hecla and Skaptar Jokul. The eruptive forces, terrible as their effects are at the time, do a most necessary work in raising lands above the ocean, but it is only on the border lands by the sea. In the interior of continents elevating forces of a slower, less revolutionary kind fulfil the same office, the tendency in either case being to begin at the north and shift southward. The volcanic powers that convulsed Norway, in time found the existing rocks too strong, and transferred their work to Central Europe towards the end of the coal period, forming the porphyry and melaphyre mountains of Bohemia and Silesia. Once more the resistance was found too great, and there was a shifting south to lift the trachyte domes of Hungary and the Auvergne in tertiary times. In our day vulcanism finds its home by the Mediterranean and torments Southern Italy and the Grecian Isles.

In no land in Europe have ice and snow played so important a part as in Norway, and one may truthfully say that the ice age still lingers in no small part of the territory, so that the action of

glaciers forms no small portion of her geology. The largest mass of eternal ice in Europe is found in Jostedalsbrae, near latitude 62°. It is a waste of ice and snow, sixty miles in length



NORWEGIAN FJORD.

and covering more than four hundred square miles of surface. It rises six thousand five hundred feet above the ocean, and is a sea of ice of unknown depth, hiding everything below like a mask and sending a score of frozen rivers into the valleys around.

The chief points in regard to glacial actions are as follows: The upper part of the glacier is loaded with an ever-increasing depth of snow, which is compressed to ice by the burden above. The constant pressure drives the mass like a viscous fluid downwards and forwards every day. Rocks split from surrounding cliffs fall upon it and are carried along. Other rocks frozen in along the sides or base serve as chisels in gouging out and wearing away all unevenness or obstacles in its bed. When the glacier melts, the heavier rocks are deposited, and lighter fragments borne away by the torrents, to be spread out in the valleys and plains as beds of gravel, sand, and clay. The glacier is the ploughshare of the Almighty. It left behind it in Norway fjords and river valleys and beds of lakes. It left a country bold and strong in its outlines, but terrible in its hardness, barrenness, and desolation. As soon as the ice withdrew from any part of its territory, running water took up the work of smoothing, sifting, softening down, and spreading out what its forerunner had left unassorted and in heaps. Soils were formed, and every foothold wrested from the ice was occupied by vegetation.

But the working of another force must be considered before the history is complete. The work of water is one of degradation, and some counteracting, elevating force must be looked for. We find it in vulcanism and the slow powers of upheaval, that silent and unnoticed elevate whole countries with their mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers to a higher level.

The people whose lives and habits are influenced by the strange physical conditions described, are near relatives of our ancestors, the English. The Norwegians of to-day are of medium size, strongly built, with blue eyes, fair hair, and white and red complexion. They are a cheerful, or rather, placid race, though a tinge of melancholy shows itself in the minor key of the music, perhaps born of the gloom of nature around. The people as a whole are thoroughly democratic, and the rough fellow to whom you have given a quarter for carrying your valise, grips your hand with an overflowing cordiality in saying good-bye, that leaves it lame for the next hour. The land has several distinct classes, and the man of the interior has quite a different set of thoughts and aspirations from those of the fishermen, of the Lofodens, or the sailor on the high seas. The class of farmers and herdsmen is one of the most interesting in Norway. The small farmer—and the farms are all small—has his quaint house and barns standing in a clump together in the midst of the little fields. Every yard of ground is used for potatoes, barley, or hay; five hundred feet up the mountain side, clinging to a rock slope, there

may be an acre of turf. It is utilized for hay, and a wire stretched from a tree on the cliff to another in the valley, gives a way of bringing the little crop to the barn.

The Lapps are the most striking part of the population to the foreigner; a diminutive people, once possessors of the country,

A HOUSE IN NORWAY.

but gradually elbowed out by their sturdier neighbours, and now only found in the far north. At first sight one can hardly distinguish men from women, they are so small, so slightly built, and so scantily supplied with beard. They might all be children. Their general appearance is more picturesque than engaging. They are Mongolian in look, with sallow face, narrow eyes, high cheek bones, and unkempt hair, whose ends stick out like a

fringe all round above their wide skin collars. Their brown locks weather out to a faded yellow from exposure to the sun and rain. The chief article of dress for the men is a sort of smock of reindeer skin, with the hair either inside or out. This garment is usually a world too wide, has a high collar above, and is fastened by a broad leather belt below, but so low down on the hips as to make the body look ludicrously long. A large knife in a wooden sheath hangs from this belt. The legs are clad in close-fitting leather hose, fastened to the upper part of the moccasins by numerous turns of leather string. The moccasins have pointed, upturned toes, and are of immense size, so as to admit of padding with moss or straw to keep the feet warm. There is often a coil of rope slung over one shoulder, and used to lasso reindeer. On his head, when in holiday trim, the Lapp sets a cap of brilliantly coloured cloth, flattened on top, and somewhat academic looking, with the corners projecting like horns to the four points of the compass. Within the large coat there is plenty of room to spare for storing tobacco, biscuits, and other articles which it is convenient to carry around. When tired or intoxicated, a Lapp may be seen to fling himself on the ground, or the bottom of his boat, turn up his hairy collar, nearly covering the head, draw in his arms, and contract himself like a turtle in his shell, leaving only the spindle legs and elephantine feet out of shelter. Lying thus, face downward, he dozes comfortably in the sunshine.

The dress of the women is much the same as that of the men, except that the blouse is prolonged into a skirt reaching below the knees, and the head is covered with a close-fitting night-cap of bright colours with two lappets hanging down on each side of the cheeks and ornamented with a kind of embroidery. The gait of both sexes is wobbling and ungraceful.

The Lapps live from their herds of reindeer or are fishermen. Dozens of the crazy boats of the latter may be seen fastened to the piers of Hammerfest, in the fine summer weather, and their presence gives a very strange and picturesque life to the harbour.

The pastoral Lapps sometimes own hundreds of reindeer, which brouse on the straggling bushes and moss of the fjelds over which they wander. Once or twice in the week they are hunted up in their mountain pastures, and driven in a tumultuous throng down to the valley where the owner has his hut. There they are shut into an enclosure made of tree trunks, and one after another the females are lassoed and held by the men while the women milk them into flat bowls. Meantime the deer pulls and struggles like a wild creature, and the others rush around in terror and make a peculiar crackling noise by the spreading of their hoofs

as they run. Two tablespoonfuls make the full amount at one milking.

The reindeer provides everything for the Lapp—his food, drink, and clothing, and the material for his summer tents. Its horns are worked into spoons, its sinews into cord and thread. The reindeer drags him swiftly over the snowy hills in winter in his little boat-shaped sled. His only other domestic animal is a foxy,

OLD CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY.

treacherous-looking dog, like those of our Canadian Indians. The only virtue of the brutes is their patriotism. They die of home-sickness if taken south.

The Lapp dwells in a mound-shaped hut, with only two openings, a low door and a hole on top to let out the smoke. The walls are of heavy planks or small logs, standing on an end and sloping inwards, with earth and sod heaped up outside. The apartment within is like a wigwam, with a fire in the centre, around which lounge the family, including the dogs, on a carpet

of reindeer skins. The other inhabitants, which are small but numerous and friendly, require no mention here.

On the whole, the Lapp's costume and hut are well adapted for the life and climate he is exposed to. Rough as his existence may be, he is not without some artistic feeling, as shown in adornments of dress and spirited sketches of men and reindeer on bone or horn spoons and knife handles. The sketches remind one of those found in France with other relics of pre-historic man; and it is pretty certain that a race like the Lapps were the primitive inhabitants of Belgium and France, if not of the rest of Europe.

With this puny and fading race, crowded hopelessly and helplessly into the most barren corner of the frozen North, we now take leave of Norway. I have tried to describe briefly a land with a glorious history—a land once strong but now comparatively weak, though still honourable and respectable. Its glory is departing. Its might and that of some other countries of the East is slowly but surely waning, while that of the West is in the ascendant. A powerful nation is springing up around us on virgin soil. And who will shape its destinies for good or ill? The leaders of thought and of action! And who will they be? Undoubtedly the young men of intellect in our universities! On you, young men, rests the responsibility for the future. Be true to yourselves; show yourselves men of honour and strength, and the future is assured. It is yours, and it will be glorious!

For the cuts which illustrate this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Harper Brothers, publishers of Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, and of the Religious Tract Society, publishers of Lovett's *Norwegian Pictures*.—Ed.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright
To them appearing with great light,
Who said: "God's Son was born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria.

This King has come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria.

Then, Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
Where we may sing to Thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria.

HOW PERSIMMONS GOT HIS DIVIDEND.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

I.

Persimmons was a member of the church on one of my circuits. It makes no difference where or when; indeed, his real name was Smith, but I call him Persimmons, so that nobody can guess who he was, or where he lived, and in telling the story I shall misplace some events, and instead of what occurred at one time and place, I shall supply a similar circumstance from another period and locality, for I don't want any one to go to him or any of his family and say that I have told on him.

Now, this necessary explanation off my hands, I must say that Persimmons was a very valuable and useful member of the church. He served in the capacity of trustee and steward, and he had no superior in that region in either of these important offices. He was wealthy and prosperous, and supported every department of the church's work with reasonable liberality. Indeed, considering what men's ideas of duty in this respect generally are, and comparing himself with others, Persimmons thought himself really munificent. I thought his example worthy of imitation, because, in addition to giving money, he attended class-meeting, and was thoroughly respectable and reputable—a sort of pillar in the church and in the community as well.

We built a new church in the village, and our faith led us to plan great things. No denomination in all the country round about had a church worth from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars, yet our new church was to cost as much as this. And Persimmons led off the subscription list with a cheerful thousand dollars.

Now, I don't blame him if, like most people who find themselves in a majority, or do a handsome thing in a minority, he felt a little exaltation from self-righteousness as he thought of his liberal promise, and the inevitable surprise and admiration sure to be expressed by those of less influence and importance than himself. It was only human that he should feel so.

And he was not wholly to blame when he entered on the debtor side of his heart's ledger a very indefinite claim against God. Why should he not regard the Lord as in his debt? And, seeing, as every one knows, God never strikes an exact balance when He pays a debt, but, regardless of all accounts, He just pours out bountifully and without stint, as though He can never give

enough, how shall I blame Persimmons for counting very largely upon the course of success and prosperity which he felt sure the Lord would give to him in return for his handsome contribution to the new church building? Blame him? No, indeed. He had given more than a tenth, and he had heard more than one preacher say in the pulpit and out of it that to give one-tenth was the best possible business investment, for God was sure to return it all and a great deal more. God would be in no man's debt. Why, surely He can return it all. Does He not own the earth? Are not the cattle on a thousand hills His, and the gold and the silver? How easy for Him to turn back upon your hand thousands for your hundreds.

Persimmons had heard all this over and over again, and if it did not occur to the preachers that this was rather an unspiritual and very worldly style of motive with which to appeal to men who find it hard enough to keep the world from possessing them; if they did not discover that they were appealing to the meanest kind of selfishness, then I am not going to blame Persimmons if he never thought of all that, but just went on dreaming of the high tide of prosperity which he felt sure the Lord was now about to send upon him in return for a subscription of $1000.

It may be that I did sometimes, yea, often, talk with him about other ways in which God's unforgetfulness of a good man's work and labour of love may be shown besides returning to him a gift of money. It may be that I told him that the laughter of his happy children was music in my ears, and so tried to lead him to see how God was remembering him in this way, and that my congratulations on his uniform good health, and his wife's grace and beauty, and a score of other things crowding around him, were only an effort to show him that all these things were speaking of the great Father's bountiful love every hour of his life. If I did not succeed very well in leaving upon my dear friend's mind the impression I wished to leave, I just thought it was because I was always a miserably poor preacher, and while that flattered my vanity by making me think myself very humble, and therefore in the sure road to promotion, it always saved me from becoming censorious towards Persimmons, and so I never thought of blaming him as selfish or dull.

Also, I did sometimes venture modestly to assert that perhaps God cared something about the prosperity and well-being of sweet children whose parents had not yet seen it their duty to measure their obligations to God by using ten as a divisor, and that God might graciously bless and prosper some who in straits had not given even a twentieth of their income, as well as those who gave

more than a tenth. You see, I so hate to see children want and suffer that I could not help thinking that God loved them more than I possibly could, and that His blessing upon their parents' efforts might not depend alone upon the one condition of giving a tenth, and that they might get some of the posperity, and that Persimmons and I would have to take something else than money in part payment of God's obligations to us. I got all this off in more than one talk with him, and sometimes in a sermon, but, nevertheless, I could see that he felt that he had signed articles of copartnership with God on the church subscription paper, and that he was determined to work his side of the agreement for all it was worth, as boys say now, although at that time that speech was not invented.

Well, he went hopefully forward, thinking of his promised thousand, which was being regularly paid as fast as the instalments became due, and of the tens of thousands which he expected God would without fail return into his hand.

II.

But he had a most bitter disappointment. From the time of making his subscription one loss after another fell upon him. There were no gains at all, but all losses. No plan turned out to his advantage. He summoned up all his wisdom, retraced all his experience, and exercised unusual care in forming his plans, but all the same, they would return to him with loss in their hand. After a year or more of this fruitless struggle he grew fretful. At first he reflected upon God, charging Him with having broken faith with His servant who trusted in Him. Alas, my poor friend! He could not see that God has never made a dollar-and-cent bargain or promise to any one, and that in the losses which now crowded into his business Persimmons was only passing through an experience common to every one who has extensive business connections, at some time or other in his career. He could not see this, and so he grew morbid and complaining.

When this state of mind began to appear in him, one thing struck me as not less strange than painful to see. It was this. The subscription to the church was always the end of all his bitterness and complaints. That was only a trifle compared to his many losses, some of them very large sums, but to that he always returned, with it he always ended. I began to fear for his sanity, and sometimes I was afraid of that form of insanity the chief element of which is deep seated hatred and malignity towards God. I had seen some cases of that kind, and knew that

nothing can be thought of that is harder to deal with than a mind in that disordered condition, and so I was greatly alarmed; but one day Persimmons gave me the philosophy of his complaints, and I was wonderfully relieved.

He put it in this way. He said he was more bitter about the church subscription than about all he had lost, because he said when he went into the other enterprises he knew perfectly well that they might involve him in loss, but then there were great chances of gain; indeed, it had been in just such operations that he had made all that he owned in the world. He knew that his plans were wise, though latterly everything had failed in his hands. In the future he could do nothing but pursue similar plans, and by-and-by they would succeed. But when he gave $1000 to the church he knew that it must be all out and nothing in. From a business man's standpoint there could not possibly be any return from it with profit, any more than if he had burned the money. As a business man he was only a fool to do it, while as a man of affairs he was wise to do the things in which he had lost money, and he would do them again. But catch him acting the fool by giving another thousand dollars to a church. Then he would add that the preacher took advantage of him in a weak moment and got it out of him.

Of course, the people all heard of this, and some who had not had a brilliant success in life, and who are never very happy at a prosperous man's success, and are not deeply grieved when such a man falls upon a disaster, would get off the sarcastic remark that it was a good thing that for once the preacher found Persimmons in a weak moment, for at any other time nothing could be got out of him. But this was all malicious in the extreme, for it was not true of Persimmons at all.

But his reasoning relieved my mind very much, because I saw that Persimmons' mind was all right, and also that in the course of his despondency he had got entirely cured of the notion that God had made a bargain with him to ensure his business enterprises of success. What my attempted ministry could not do because I did not succeed in making him think on the matter at all, he had worked out correctly when he was forced to think earnestly upon it. And further, I could see that his alienation from God was only partial and temporary, as we shall see was proved in the end.

III.

Well, this morbid spirit of fretfulness and complaining went on until the collapse of the Central Bank. In this Persimmons was a great loser. He had deposits there, and he was a large holder of the stock of the bank, with the double liability. This swept away more than he had lost altogether before. Especially the payment into the funds of the wrecked concern of a dollar for every dollar he had previously paid for stock ground into his very heart, and he stormed and thrashed about like a chained lion.

Just here I cannot forbear a reflection, not in sympathy with my friend Persimmons alone, but with thousands of others as well, upon the fact that bank failures afford an interesting opportunity for the study of some phases of human nature.

In every case of bank disaster there has been on the part of the management neglect, if not fraud and shameless extravagance. In the case of the poor Central all these, and more too, combined to bring about the ruin. A few men indulge their extravagant tastes, drive fast horses, give costly suppers, spread expensive wines and cigars before empty-pated young fools and swells, who are always hungry and thirsty, and too lazy and thriftless ever to have anything themselves, but who are glad to give flattery to any one silly enough to indulge their gluttony, and so a bank's resources are frittered away, until at last scores of families find their investments worthless, and their sole dependence for support gone. They may go to the wash-tub or the street, what do these young bloods care? I knew a man whose all was invested in the stock of this bank, and his only source of the necessaries of life was the dividends. That was sufficient for the common comforts men covet in old age. He was past seventy. When the crash came he was in despair. His all was gone. He could not earn a livelihood. His mind broke down under the strain. One day a pistol shot in a closet alarmed the family. When his wife opened the door his dead body fell out toward her, with a bullet in his brain. But what are such things to the vain dudes who think the earth was created for their indulgence? Just how it is possible for men to entertain such folly and hardness is one of the things in human nature which pass the understanding of ordinary men. It helps to make a belief in eternal punishment more tolerable.

But let me get back to my friend Persimmons. He did not shoot himself, but passed into a strange state of mind, sometimes raging in unrestrained fury, then sinking into a silent and gloomy de-

spondency. Sometimes he would not go into his office for whole days together, he neglected all the services of his church entirely; and it must be admitted that he was not a pleasant person to meet, nor an agreeable companion in his family. His wife and children, after various unsuccessful attempts to comfort and cheer him, found it more pleasant to leave him to himself, and so he spent much of the time alone brooding over his misfortunes.

IV.

For a good while things had been going on in this way, and it was on in the winter. It was the evening of about as bleak a day as the Canadian winter ever gives. There had been snow and rain and snow again during the day, and now it was settling down to a night of pretty severe frost. The wind blew in that hissing way that when you hear it you know that it cuts to the skin, and the fine, shot-like, scattering sleet rattled against the window, just enough to make one feel thankful for a comfortable room and a good fire. It was decidedly a bad night.

Persimmons sat in his library, alone of course, but a good fire burned in the open fireplace, and filled the room with both a genial heat and a bright glow, so that one glancing in would have said that the inmate could well defy winter storms and broken banks and about every other calamity. However, Persimmons' thoughts were not in harmony with his immediate surroundings.

The door of the library led into the hall, and village manners are not always as ceremonious as in baronial halls, but a neighbourly freedom gives welcome to many angelic visitors as well as sometimes to guests who would give as much pleasure if they never came.

Sitting thus alone, Persimmons was slightly disturbed by the hasty opening of the hall door, and the appearance before him of a presence not at all in harmony with his mood. There stood a girl about ten years old, dressed in a print gown much the worse for wear, and hanging upon a frail figure in a lank fashion, which showed that its slender protection against the severe cold was not reinforced by any very extravagant supply of underclothing; but drawn over the head so as to form a hood, and then extending down over the body until on each side a corner dragged upon the ground, was a well worn and old, but still thick and warm, shawl which, in other and happier years, the child's mother had purchased for herself.

Persimmons saw at a glance that this was Maggie Jones, and

before he could utter the usual ejaculation, always attributed in fictitious stories to such as he, Maggie burst out in an agony of earnest appeal. She said:

"O Mr. Persimmons, whatever shall we do? Father has come home in such a way. You know how he has been drinking all along, and we have not had a thing in the house to eat since the day before yesterday, but we don't mind that because we are used to it; and mother she keeps saying we must not complain, God is good and all will come out right by-and-by, and we must just keep on praying for father, and we do pray for him every day; but to-night when the baby was crying for something to eat, and mother had nothing to give it, I tell you I found it pretty hard to pray for father then when we all knelt down before baby was put to bed, I think I hated him and that my prayer did not do much good, but I had not much time to think of that, for we were only just off of our knees when father came in in a worse way than I ever saw him before, and in his anger he jerked the baby out of his crib and struck mother and drove her out of the door and shut her out, and now mother and baby and me have no place to go to, and it's storming so bad, O Mr. Persimmons, what shall we do? Is there any God, Mr. Persimmons, do you think? Would a good God let people suffer as mother does, and a helpless baby?"

Here the poor girl broke down entirely, and burst out into a fit of hysterical weeping, and Persimmons had a moment to think. What he thought was something like this:

"So Tom Jones has come home with them bad, and has turned his family out of doors on this terrible night. What a poor good-for-nothing he is and always has been. He might have been as well off as I am if he had minded his ways. He is about my age, and we were boys on our fathers' farms close together; but I guess I've paid him all I owed him on that score, for I've helped him again and again, but now I suppose this girl of his expects me to take them all into the house. Likely story, indeed; why we would not get rid of them for months. I might as well go into the keeping of a hospital for *delirium tremens* at once. No, indeed. But I must do something for the poor creatures."

Then he spoke in a loud voice, calling to the next room,

"Wife! wife! say, here's Maggie Jones, and they haven't had anything to eat for two days; bring them something in a basket, will you?"

Then he mused again.

"There's no use helping a drunkard's set. If you set the family up for the winter they would take him in to board with them,

and let him sell their food to get whiskey. Women are such fools in these things. There's no way to help them but from hand to mouth."

My friend Persimmons had not yet sounded all the depth of family ties. A gentleman once told me a pathetic story about his boy, who was not doing well at all. He had lost one good situation after another through drink, first in an insurance office, then in a bank, and, said the gentleman, "I am just now trying to place him with a lumbering firm, for you see he is my son. One of my friends says to me, 'If he were my son, I would place him on the door-step with his face toward the street, and say to him, Go, the world is before you and Providence the guide.' But it is very easy for one man to give that advice for another man's son, but it is not so easy to practise such heroic treatment in the case of your own boy."

I felt that this father was right.

And so Mrs. Jones must say, "Poor Tom is my husband, it is very easy for other folks to say stand him on the door-step with his face toward the world; but he is baby's father, and while I have a crust he shall share it."

Now Persimmons was no worse than thousands of other excellent people if he had not gone down into all these depths of family affection; why should he? He had a broken bank on hand, and that was enough for him. Who need know or care how deep a well may be but those who own it? There was only one deep well in his whole life.

And so he mused.

"The whole Jones tribe in here, indeed! They would make a pretty state of things here in a week. Let him mind himself, and he would soon have a place of his own good enough for anybody."

And then he would break out, calling to his wife and daughters in the next room,

"Ain't you coming with that basket? Didn't you hear me? I say they are starving. Hurry up now with something for them to eat."

Maggie stood still, not knowing whether to go or to wait; and he did not ask her to sit down.

Pretty soon Mrs. Persimmons came in with a basket of nice food which she had prepared, covered with a clean white cloth, and handed it to Maggie, not knowing anything about the tragedy which had occurred with the Joneses within an hour, and thinking only that in a great strait Maggie had come in to ask for something for the destitute family to eat. And so Maggie, loaded, went out into the merciless wind and sleet, with no shelter but God for her head, and baby's, and mother's.

Relieved with a feeling that he had got out of a pretty difficult corner, and had also dealt fairly well with the case, and yet with some little misgiving which returned to him once in a while during the bad night, Persimmons sank back into his morbid and discontented self, hating his fellow-men, and hating the bank managers more than ever because of poor little Maggie Jones, and opening no window of his soul toward God and heaven.

And the hours with leaden steps walked away into eternity, and the pitiless storm rode on in its growing fury, only the spirits of the night knowing whither.

This was on Thursday, and how the Joneses fared through the night, and on Friday and Friday night, and on Saturday and Saturday night, I need not stop to tell, further than that they proved that in times of distress some poor people have more rooms in their houses and in their hearts than some rich people, and that misery has a place to sleep in for its companions in misery, and sympathy and a healing tenderness with all, and that on stormy nights God seems to sleep with the destitute, and to guard their doors.

V.

The Sunday following Persimmons, as usual now, did not go to church, either morning or afternoon, but in the evening, weary and stupid from sitting in his warm room so long, after the family had been gone for some time, he listlessly walked to the church, scarcely knowing or caring where he went. He did not go to his own seat in the new church—a prominent one, well up to the front. Indeed, he seemed to cherish a grudge against that seat and the whole church, for causes already explained. He dropped into one of the only two vacant seats close to the door, and his entrance was not noticed by any.

When they were singing the last verse of the second hymn the door near him was pushed open slowly and stealthily, as if by some scared and timid creature afraid of himself and everybody, and most of all afraid of the place. Persimmons turned, and was almost transfixed as if he had seen a ghost, for Tom Jones's rough head and affrighted face slowly appeared through the door. Poor Jones trembled, hesitated, turned back, then came again, and falteringly slunk into the only vacant seat, the one next the door just opposite Persimmons.

The singing was ended and the preacher proceeded with the sermon. As he went on he was lifted out of himself, and had one of those experiences which every true preacher has once or twice

in his lifetime, and covets and prays for again. After the meeting was over, he described it all to his wife something in this way:

"O my dear, it seemed as if God just took the whole meeting into His own hand! I thought I had a fairly good sermon, as sermons go, but when I got into it it seemed as if I were not speaking myself but God was doing it all. Oh, such tenderness and pity and compassion for men! I believe I felt just what Christ felt in laying down His life for mankind. I thought that I could give my life to be blessed with the loving and winning power. Oh, that it could be always so!"

Well, he was led on in such a manner that when he finished the sermon he said that they would not dismiss the congregation as usual before the prayer-meeting, but they would go right on, and while they were singing

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,"

if there was any poor wanderer there who would like to prove God's power to help and save, let him just come forward and kneel at the communion railing.

The whole congregation joined heartily in singing the familiar words, and immediately Persimmons noticed Tom Jones rise up. Persimmons thought,

"Ah, he has got enough of this. I thought he would soon be satisfied."

But Tom's first step was down the nearest aisle toward the communion railing.

Then Persimmons remembered the recent attack of *tremens*, and imagined that Tom was in a crazy condition and was about to disturb the meeting, and that it would be too bad, so he rose to stop him and take charge of him. But every step Tom made was longer and quicker than any former one, in the same direction without any varying, and then Persimmons thought,

"Why, where is the chapel steward, where are the trustees? Why doesn't some one interfere? Are they all blind?"

He forgot for the moment that he was the most influential trustee of the church. But the others were not blind, it was only he who was blind at that moment. Certainly Tom Jones was not, for in less time than most men would have taken he had reached the altar and was kneeling right at the middle of the rail, and was already crying out earnestly and pitifully,

"God have mercy on me! O Lord, pity me! Jesus save me now! Oh, look upon poor Tom Jones! Forgive me for being a curse to my family."

While Tom was thus calling aloud for mercy, a touching thing, scarcely noticed by any, until just at the end, was going on. A

little girl about ten years old had come in. She was dressed in a faded and worn print gown hanging in a lank way about her thin frame, so as to wring pity from your soul, and over it all a thick woollen shawl was doubled so that a corner came down and touched the floor on each side. This girl, as if afraid she was doing some dreadful thing, crept along down the aisle next to the wall, hugging the wall closely all the way, until turning at the end she had reached the corner of the communion platform; then, as if inspired, her fear all gone, with a tremendous leap and a stride she was at the side of Tom Jones, on her knees and her arms thrown around his neck, and sobbing and crying, she was heard by every one in the house. She said,

"O my father, will you try to be a good man? O God, help you! O God, help my poor father! O God, pity us and save him!"

Of course, this could not continue very long. The feeling was intense. There were few in the great crowd, saints or sinners, who were not weeping freely in sympathy with the impressive and never-to-be-forgotten scene.

It was not many minutes before Tom was on his feet. He did not wait for the leader of the meeting to direct, but was carried along on a whirlwind of passionate feeling, and was lifted up by the solemn ecstasy which thrills a soul that has been deeply stained and securely bound for hell, when the bonds are burst and the first sense of freedom and hope comes in upon him, and he realizes that he may yet have one more chance.

Tom's face was ablaze with a glorious light, as he stood facing that great crowd, every one of whom had known him for years, and had noticed in particular his rapid downward course lately. He had no difficulty in being distinctly heard. The silence was breathless, as he went on to say that he had come to that place under some impulse which he could neither understand nor resist. He had no definite idea that he was going to change his way of living, but he just came. When he got within the door, as he listened to the sermon he reflected at first that there was nothing there for him, for he had again and again honestly tried to break his chain, but it had been all in vain. He loved his wife and his children, and if that motive had not been strong enough to brace him up, it did not seem that any power could be found to place under him strong enough to support him; but as the preacher kept talking, he found himself penetrated with the idea that God might help him, and that possibly there was yet another chance for him Oh, could it be that God would stoop to such as he, and so save him that he might be to his family as much as good men ever are to their wives and children? At last this became such a persuasion with him, that he could hardly keep from crying out.

There was yet one power to help him which he had never tried. God could deliver such as he, when every other motive had proved too weak. When his soul was once filled with that thought he already began to feel happy. He realized that in some sense he was already restored to his family again, and this was completed when his little Maggie came and threw her arms around him at the altar railing. He felt that power had gone into him, and he had no fear but that he should be kept in all the future.

Of course, Tom's experience was like an upbursting hallelujah to the meeting, and there were no dull moments until it closed at a late hour. It is no part of my plan here to follow the progress of the revival, as I am only telling about Persimmons. That night the people noticed that when the service was over he came around to his own seat and spoke to his wife in a very subdued manner, and offered her his arm to walk home; and this was something which had not been seen for many a day.

When they got home, before he removed his hat, he went straight to his desk in the library. His wife did not understand this, as he had not, even in his worst days, attended to business on the Sabbath. It is true he had taken no part in the great meeting that had closed, but many thought that he had shown signs of being much touched by it, and why should he go to his desk now? However, his wife did as she was accustomed to do in those days, and left him alone. Pretty soon he called her into the room, and began:

"You know, my dear, about that Central Bank stock?"

Here she interrupted him.

"Oh, yes, dear, but do not go back to it now. And after such a meeting as we have just left, too! It is gone, dear, and that is all there is of it. There is no remedy. Let it go, and never think of it again. Do."

At this he turned upon her such a strange look.

"Oh, I'm not thinking of that at all," he said. "No, I've got over that. What I was going to say is, that bank stock, as our experience proves, is very uncertain, and I have considerable invested in the 'Builders' and Tanners' Bank,' and a lot more in the 'Grocers' Bank,' and I don't feel that there is any certainty in these investments. They may go any day, like the wretched Central. But this is what I've been thinking of. You've heard me say a good deal about the thousand dollars I put into the new church, and that I might as well have buried it in the ground for all the good it would do me, and that I knew when I gave it that it would never bring any dividend, and a great deal more in the same bad temper.

"Well, I'm nicely over all that now. I was at the meeting to-

night all the way through, and in witnessing the conversion of Tom Jones I received the biggest dividend on my investment of a thousand dollars in the new church that I ever received on anything. If no other good was ever to be done in it, it was worth building the church just for that one man's conversion. God forgive me for all that I have said about that thousand dollars. My conversion is as genuine as that of Tom Jones. I've received my dividend at the rate of more than one hundred per cent. And what I was going to say was that I would rather have money invested in church subscriptions than in bank stock, and if you don't object, to-morrow I will sell out this bank stock and put it all in churches. The Presbyterians here are just starting their new church, and I would like to give them five hundred dollars; and our people over in Quailtown are about building, and it will give them a good lift if I subscribe five hundred, and so in one place and another I will dispose of it all. I'm not afraid about the dividends now. I don't expect ever to see another Tom Jones converted, that would be too much happiness for one man in life; but all the same, there will be other such conversions though I do not see them, and I'd like to feel that I have a personal interest in them all. We'll still have more than enough left."

And so Persimmons got his dividend.

Of course, Mrs. Persimmons had no objection, and so in a few days he had no more bank stock, and several new church enterprises in the villages round about found suddenly a new impetus in their work; and next to Tom Jones, the happiest man in all the country was my dear friend Persimmons.

Since these events he has firmly believed that God will be in no man's debt, but that He has given no promise to pay back in cash all that is given to His cause; but there are many ways in which He can recognize and reward a liberal spirit, and that spiritual returns are more to be desired than material dividends.

But there is one thing for which he has never forgiven himself, and that is the way he treated Maggie Jones on the stormy night when she came to him after her father had driven her mother with her children out of doors into the very arms of death. On this point Persimmons is more unrelenting toward himself because he persuaded himself that he had treated them generously in giving her a basket of food. Maggie had grown into a fine, beautiful young woman, when he told me that he would give more than all he lost in the Central Bank if he could have that opportunity to pass through again, and, by improving it as he would do, blot out forever his hard, unfeeling treatment of the scared and shivering child who came to him in her great trouble on that terrible night.

MARY MOFFAT:

A MODEL MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

FEW missionaries have been more blessed than Robert Moffat in the perfect suitability of his helpmeet, who, for more than half a century, was his constant and heroic fellow-labourer in the great work to which they had both dedicated their lives. The Rev. R. Robinson, late Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society, speaks of her as a missionary second only to Dr. Moffat himself. He writes:

"I shall never forget what took place in my official room at the Mission house, soon after their return from Africa. While talking over their past labours Mrs. Moffat, looking fondly at her husband first, turned to me and said: 'Robert can never say that I hindered him in his work!' 'No, indeed!' replied Dr. Moffat; 'but I can tell you she has often sent me away from house and home for months together for evangelizing purposes, and in my absence has managed the station as well or better than I could myself!'

"No wonder that when I went to see him the morning after this dear one was called home, I should find him heart-sore and bowed down with sorrow by his sudden bereavement. He told me that on the previous evening, finding there seemed to be an unusual silence, he went to the bedside, and, looking at the invalid in alarm, he exclaimed: 'Mary, dear, only one word!' But silence was the only response, for the Master had come and called her. 'And thus,' said Moffat, with touching pathos, 'she left me, after labouring lovingly together for fifty years, without saying good-bye!'"

Mary Moffat was born near Manchester, in the year 1795. Her father, Mr. James Smith, had extensive nursery gardens at Dukinfield, in which Mr. Robert Moffat was employed before he went out to Africa. Mr. Smith was a Scotchman by birth, and "a staunch Nonconformist," whilst his wife was a member of the Church of England. Both were sincerely devout, and the home influence was always for good. Mary was educated at the Moravian school at Fairfield, where she learnt many lessons of devotion and self-sacrifice which she had ample opportunity to put into practice in after life.

Those who knew her in early life, testify to Mary Smith's gentleness of character, and to her ardent zeal for God's cause. "One who saw her relates that when service was occasionally held in a carpenter's shed in Cricket's Lane, she was there, ever active and attentive to all. She often arranged the benches and other furniture of the place, in order to reduce the discomfort to a minimum, found the hymn for strangers, and invited people to attend."

Robert Moffat came to Dukinfield Nursery in 1815, and there,

finding that Mr. Smith's daughter possessed a warm missionary heart, he says, "we soon became attached to one another; but she was not permitted to join me in Africa till nearly three years after I left."

Naturally enough Mr. and Mrs. Smith felt it very difficult to consent to their only daughter going out to such an unknown and uncivilized district as that to which their young gardener had been appointed by the London Missionary Society. But in due time Providence cleared away all difficulties, and with the free and thankful assent of her much-loved parents, the young girl started from her father's house to enter upon the long and most blessed missionary labours of half a century.

Robert Moffat met his bride at the Cape, and they were married at St. George's Church on the 27th of December, 1819. A few months later she writes from the Mission station at Lattakoo:

"I was only seven months 'twixt Dukinfield and Lattakoo, and never met with one disaster. What reason have you and we to adore that God who has heard our prayers, and has gone before me and made all things pleasant and comfortable. Yes, my dear parents, and in addition to all other favours, He has brought me to that place which, of all others in the world, was fixed upon my heart as a place and a people amongst whom I should love to dwell and lend a helping hand to the work, nearly six years ago, when hearing our friend Mr. Campbell in Manchester. It was then I first dared, with tears in my eyes and an overflowing heart, to breathe the petition: 'Oh that I might spend my days at Lattakoo!' This doubtless was noticed by a heart-searching God, and so here am I. I cannot tell you what I felt on approaching the spot, when I took a retrospect of all that had passed to bring me here. I could not but exclaim: 'Is not this the finger of God?' You can hardly conceive how I feel when I sit in the house of God, surrounded with the natives; though my situation may be despicable and mean indeed in the eyes of the world, I feel an honour conferred upon me which the highest of the kings of the earth could not have done me; and add to this seeing my dear husband panting for the salvation of the people with unabated ardour, firmly resolving to direct every talent which God has given him to their good and His glory. I am happy —remarkably happy—though the present place of my habitation is a single vestry-room, with a mud wall and a mud floor."

As the years rolled on and the novelty of missionary life passed away, Mary Moffat lost nothing of her cheerful devotion, and thankfulness that God had called her and her husband to so hard and responsible service. Sickness, bereavement, loss of children and of parents, of friends and fellow-labourers, frequent disappointment in the work, long and apparently almost hopeless waiting for the first-fruits of the harvest; long, perilous, and lonely journeyings; separation from the nearest and the dearest—all these and countless other trials were borne, not without many a natural

pang, but without one complaint or one regret that ever she had joined her heart and hand with the heroic missionary whose lot was so constantly and graciously brightened by her help and counsel.

Like many other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Moffat had to bear the sore trial of finding that diligently as they might plant and earnestly as they might water, the "increase" was very slow in coming. "From the commencement of the Bechwana Mission, by Hamilton and Read, in 1816, for a period of more than ten years, not a ray of light shot across the gloom to cheer the hearts of the missionaries. A dull and stolid indifference reigned; the Batlapings would talk of any ordinary subject, and were willing to avail themselves of the presence of the white people in their country for any temporal advantage that might be within their reach, but the moment a word was said about divine things, their ears seemed to become deaf at once, and they would talk away determined to have nothing to do with that 'foolishness.'"

At length it began to be rumoured that the Directors of the London Missionary Society were beginning seriously to contemplate the removal of the mission to a more prominent place, and to more easily touched people. But Mary Moffat's faith never wavered. God's Word she knew would not return unto Him void. They had gone "forth weeping, bearing precious seed," and she knew that doubtless they should "come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them." And God, whose Word never fails those who persistently believe in it, proved faithful to His promises. They, on their part, did not "faint;" so "in due season" they reaped. The story of the harvest which rewarded their "long patience" is very touching, and one incident is specially striking. When things were almost at the darkest, and there seemed to be no prospect of improvement, a friend in England wrote to Mrs. Moffat asking her what she could send as a present to the mission. "Send us a communion service," was the answer; "we shall want it some day." That day came at length, though not till nearly three years after Mrs. Moffat had asked for the communion service. A sudden breaking out of revival fervour and energy, a rich outpouring of the Spirit upon the hitherto careless natives, took place, and many sought and found the Saviour. There were outbursts of emotion and excitement which astonished and even shocked the calm and sedate Scotch missionary; but there could be no doubt of the genuineness of the work; and at length, with unspeakable joy and thankfulness, six were chosen for baptism. "Few can enter into the feelings which must have animated the hearts of the missionary band when they first sat down with the little company at the table of the Lord. On the day preceding

this memorable occasion in the history of the Bechwana Mission, a box arrived which had long been on the road from England; it contained the communion vessels for which Mary Moffat had asked nearly three years before."

Writing of this manifestation of divine grace, Mrs. Moffat says:

"The converts are going on well, and though the general commotion in the minds of the people has in a great measure subsided, we have solid reason to believe that there are many persons who are the subjects of an abiding conviction of their condition as sinners before God, and are in the constant and diligent use of the means of grace, which we doubt not will be effectual through the Spirit in leading them to the Saviour of sinners. We do ardently hope and pray that what has taken place may be but the few drops before the plenteous showers. The Spirit of God has commenced His operations, and surely He will go on. O for a general spirit of prayer and supplication! I hear from my friend Miss Lees that the very time of the awakening here was the season of extraordinary prayer among the Churches at home. What a coincidence! and what an encouragement to persevere in that important part of Christian duty!"

We have not space to chronicle the further history of the mission which thus, after such long barrenness, began to "blossom as the rose." Mary Moffat rejoiced with "joy unspeakable" over the progress of the native converts, and yearned with true missionary earnestness for the further spread of the work. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for the mission. She never hesitated to bear the severest test of a wife's devotion to her husband's work—the sacrifice of his company and protection for long periods. For five months she was absent from him, travelling from the Mission station to the Cape and back to visit her children, whom she had not seen for more than two years. She travelled without any other than native escort—men who only a few years before were "mere barbarians." Of one of these men she speaks most highly: "I assure you I had continual joy in him as a brother in our Lord Jesus Christ." At other times Robert Moffat was absent for months together, and often for many weeks she had no communication with him, but was harassed by uncertain and occasionally alarming rumours. But her faith never failed. Her husband and herself and her children were all in the Heavenly Father's hand, and she could not doubt His power and love.

Once when her husband had been long absent, and she had heard nothing of him, she says: "For my own part I do not experience less support on this occasion than on former ones, believing that He who has hitherto been so gracious to us, will yet be so, notwithstanding our unfaithfulness to Him. . . I have this day considered the ninety-first Psalm, and have read Scott and Clarke on it, and am much comforted by it. The quiet and

child-like trust in the promises of God's Word was the secret of Mary Moffat's devotion and confidence. She dwelt "in the secret place of the Most High," and "abode under the shadow of the Almighty."

After an absence of more than twenty years, the Moffats returned to England, partly to recruit their health, but chiefly that the translation of the New Testament, upon which Moffat had spent so much time and toil, might be printed under his supervision. The voyage home was sad and eventful. Ere the vessel left Table Bay a daughter was born, and three days afterwards a son died. "His mother, finding all around her prostrate with sea-sickness, had him brought and laid beside her in the cot from which she could not rise. Amidst the storm he lay upon her arm, peacefully talking of the angels who should bear to the heavenly land the spirits of children, and with the words: 'O that will be joyful, when we meet to part no more!' on his lips, he fell asleep in Jesus."

It is very touching to read that when the vessel cast anchor off Cowes, after being three months on the voyage, Robert Moffat was "in no hurry to land. . . . The clergyman of the parish was the first Christian brother to welcome Robert Moffat to his native land. He went on board in the dark, hearing that there was a missionary, and stayed an hour or two, filling with great joy and comfort the heart of the shy and diffident man who shrunk from landing on what had come to be like a strange country to him."

The Moffats found their former circle of relatives and friends minished and brought low. Death and change had wrought havoc in their circle, but still many dear ones were left, and soon many new but true friends were made. Mrs. Moffat's mother had passed away, but her father still survived, and both Mr. Moffat's parents were still living. The meeting with these surviving parents was a subject of special gratitude to the missionary and his wife. Writing from Kuruman shortly after his return, to his then widowed mother, Robert Moffat very sweetly and characteristically expresses their mutual feeling: "I still thank my indulgent God that I was, with my family, permitted to see you once more after twenty-three years' absence. This was a great favour. I never, during that long period, expressed a wish that it should be so; for I was the bond-servant of the perishing heathen for Christ's sake; but He whom we served in the Gospel of His Son brought it about in His own good time." The example of Moffat inspired the missionary zeal of Livingstone, who became his assistant at Lattakoo, and he in course of time won the love of the eldest daughter of Mr. Moffat, who made him a noble missionary wife.

A few busy years were spent in England, and then the Moffats returned to their station at Kuruman, there to complete their half-century of service. The later years of their life in Africa were full of honour and blessing, not unmixed with sorrow, bereavement, and anxiety. We have not space to speak of this part of their life. For more than forty years their home had been at Kuruman, and it was amidst the bitter tears and heart-felt sorrow of their sable flock that "Ramary and Mamary," as the natives called them, left them forever on earth, to meet doubtless in God's good time in the eternal home.

On Sunday, March 20th, 1870, Robert Moffat preached his last sermon at Kuruman. "On Friday following the departure took place. For weeks before messages of farewell had been coming from the more distant towns and villages from those who were unable to come themselves. But the final scene was such as could scarcely be described in words. As the old missionary and his wife came out of their door and walked to their waggon, they were beset by the crowds, each longing for one more touch of the hand and one more word; as the waggon drove away it was followed by all who could walk, and a long and pitiful wail rose, enough to melt the hardest heart."

Mrs. Moffat did not long survive the return to England, but on the 10th of January, 1871, passed quietly away to her eternal rest; so quietly and unexpectedly that she had not even time to say "good-bye" to him whom she had cheered and supported for fifty-three years of such a devoted, wifely life as perhaps few even of missionaries' wives have ever lived. Her son and biographer says: "She watched over her husband's health and comfort with a care which only grew more constant in the course of fifty years. She used to say, that although not able to take a prominent part in direct missionary work, it was her satisfaction to provide for the temporal wants of a servant of Christ who was doing this work; and she felt—what was true—that he never would have been the missionary he was but for her care of him. Even when life was numbered by hours, and on the very shore of the dark river, she would not rest until assured that his wants were being attended to. Her children thank God for such a mother."

"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need to spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."—*Christian Miscellany.*

THE NUN OF JOUARRE.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Of all the delightful places for a summer holiday, I know none more charming in natural scenery and more rich in historic interest than Normandy. One of its picturesque little towns is Jouarre. It once possessed a famous nunnery, which, though long since in ruins, is still remembered as the home of Charlotte de Bourbon.

Charlotte was born in the middle of the sixteenth century. Her father, the Duke of Montpensier, was of the royal house of Bourbon. As his property had become reduced, and he could not give his daughter the fortune due to her rank, he resolved that she should enter a nunnery.

This was a painful decision to his wife, who was a friend to the Protestant cause in France. But the Duke was a stern Romanist, and was resolved that his will should be obeyed. Before the time came for Charlotte to be shut out from the world, the mother often took her into a private chamber where they wept and prayed together. In that retreat the young maiden was instructed in the truths of the Gospel, which were never wholly forgotten by her. And there, when a few years older, she signed, by desire of her mother, a paper in which she protested against being forced into a nunnery, and claimed the right, when of riper years, to withdraw from it.

It was at an early age—only thirteen—that Charlotte was to be closely confined by the bolts and bars of that prison-house, the Convent of Jouarre. Her young heart had its joys and hopes. She loved home. In her esteem the world was fair and bright, and full of pleasing scenes. Her nature and temper were active and lively, and she thought there was much for her to do and enjoy. But now she was called in the days of her girlhood to bid farewell to those she loved, and to be doomed to a "religious life," as it was called, and all this, falsely, in the name of Christ.

When Charlotte was taken by her father to the nunnery, her flowing hair was cut away, her elegant dress was exchanged for coarse linen and haircloth, a cord was tied round her waist, and with downcast looks, she trod the iron-bound cloisters by day, and rested at night on the floor of her tomb-like cell. Was she happy? How could she be when she felt that she had been robbed of her freedom? Did she feel the repose that had been promised her? No! There were sullen discontent and strife where she had

thought to meet with only peace and love. But never did she feel more painfully the loss of her liberty than when her mother suddenly fell ill, for either from the harsh rules of the nunnery, or from the fears of her father lest her heart should be impressed by the piety of her dying mother, she was not permitted to visit her. A daughter's care and love might have comforted the Duchess in the hour of death; but this last service of a child's affection was denied her. Neither was the young nun allowed to be present at the funeral, nor to visit the grave.

A few years passed away, and the young nun became more reconciled to her state. She was told that her self-denial and sufferings were pleasing to God, and that the reward of her life would be certain glory in heaven. She obtained so high a character that, though still very young, she was appointed to be the principal of the convent, under the title of Lady Abbess.

About this time light entered the convent of Jouarre, in the form of Protestant tracts. The Lady Abbess read them, and they recalled to mind the loving words her mother had spoken to her in the secret chamber at home. The large Bible and the truths it contained, the tears and prayers of her sainted parent, the written protest, and her childhood's happiness, were all as fresh in her memory as though they were things of yesterday. The Spirit of God blessed to her soul those plain words of the little tract—they led her to the cross of Christ. As the blind man rejoices when his eyes are open to behold the shining of the sun, so did Charlotte when the light of the Gospel beamed brightly on her heart.

It was in the year 1572 that the noise of a battle was heard around the nunnery of Jouarre. It came nearer—to the very doors. These were soon broken open, and the nuns rushed forth to find a shelter in the woods. This was a critical season for Charlotte de Bourbon. She was driven into the world; was it not a time for her, thus strangely set free, to act as her conscience told her, and to embrace the liberty that was so unexpectedly given to her? Ought she any longer to hesitate in obeying the Word of God? Should she not seek some place of safety where she might openly profess the doctrines she had cherished in her soul? Yes; the time had come; but where could she find a home in France?

In such a trying hour there was not time to deliberate—she must act, and that without delay. Charlotte, therefore, hastily set out, passing from one place to another in disguise. There was no little danger in travelling in France in those days when everyone found on the road was suspected of being a Protestant. Yet she safely crossed the country, and after a time arrived at

Heidelberg, in Germany. In that city she found many Christians ready to welcome her, and confirm her in the doctrines of the Gospel.

As might be supposed there was no small stir when her flight was known. A nun had fled! Who could have supposed that a Lady Abbess, the daughter of a Duke, and of the royal family of France, would have abandoned the Romish Church, and passed over to the Protestant faith? There was dismay in the palace of the king. Confusion and dismay were in the castles of the nobles and in the convents of the land. Her father threatened that he would never forgive her. He mourned over her as one mourns over a child who has disgraced her family.

Charlotte was now in a land where she could openly declare her faith, and that she soon did. Standing among the Protestants of Heidelberg, and upheld by their prayers and good counsels, she renounced forever the errors of the Church of Rome.

We must now turn to the Low Countries, better known now as the Netherlands. Early in the sixteenth century the Protestant faith had spread through all its town and villages. The printer was set to work; copies of the Word of God were multiplied; and many bold Reformers preached "the truth as it is in Jesus" to the people.

The Netherlands at this time belonged to the kingdom of Spain, whose sovereigns were most violent persecutors of Protestants. Large bands of soldiers were let loose among them, and thousands were put to death. The Inquisition was set up in all its terror: multitudes were confined in its dungeons, or by its stern and cruel decrees given over to the rack and burning pile. One hundred thousand are said to have suffered for the truth's sake in the course of half a century. The patience of the people, however, was at length worn out. They had suffered the greatest injustice, and they resolved to be free. They rallied under the command of William, Prince of Orange, and after a long contest, secured their liberty.

The Prince of Orange had often heard of the piety of Charlotte de Bourbon, and the sacrifices she had made in the cause of truth. And, assured that she was fitted to adorn the highest station, he sought her hand, and she became his wife.

The Nun of Jouarre was now raised, in the providence of God, to be the Princess of Orange, and the first lady of rank in the Netherlands. And she graced her high position. Meekness and prudence, charity and devotion, were at all times seen in her life. She was a pattern alike to the noble ladies at court, and to the lowly mothers in their families.

But dark shadows often come over the fairest earthly scenes. Some bitter drops mingle in the sweetest cup of worldly joy. A large reward had been offered to any one who should kill the Prince, and a young man had been engaged to attempt the horrid deed. To prepare him for his bloody work he was "confessed" by a priest; and, under the influence of his wretched superstition, he knelt in prayer that God would give him success in his design.

It was the Lord's Day. The Prince and Princess of Orange had returned from divine worship. As they were passing along the hall of their palace a shot was fired by the assassin, who had secretly obtained an entrance into the house. It entered the neck of the Prince, who fell into the arms of his attendants. For some time he lay in great danger, his Princess watching over him with the tenderest love. While dressing his wound, she at the same time spoke words of peace to encourage his hope in God. Her prayers were heard, and she had the delight of seeing him slowly restored to health.

There was great joy in the city of Antwerp when the Prince and Princess went in state to the cathedral to return thanks for his merciful deliverance from the hands of the assassin. Nobles and burgomasters, citizens and soldiers, were there to unite with one voice in a song of praise. The church bells rang merrily, flags were hung at the masthead of every ship, and sounds of gladness were heard through all the land.

Not many months, however, had passed away before the health of the Princess began to fail. Her tender frame had received a shock at the moment she saw her husband fall, which was further weakened by her labours and watchings, night and day, by the side of his sickbed. Her days were now drawing to a close, but in the midst of weariness and pain she "knew whom she had believed." Her soul and life had been given in faith to the Saviour. She had passed through many trials, and seen many changes; and now, relying on the merits of Jesus, she looked forward to "a crown of glory that fadeth not away." At her death there was great mourning in the land, and weeping crowds followed her body to its grave in the cathedral at Antwerp.

All honour to the memory of Charlotte de Bourbon! Yet it is not alone for her conversion to the Protestant faith, and for the sacrifices she made in its cause; nor is it for her virtues and piety, as the Princess of Orange, that we think of her with so much respect. Our special interest is enlisted by the fact that it is from her that the present royal house of England traces its descent. Her daughter Louisa became the wife of Frederick the Fourth,

the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, and was the grandmother of Sophia, the Duchess of Brunswick, who was the mother of George the First of England, whose great-grandson, the Duke of Kent, was the father of the present sovereign of Great Britain, who has just been celebrating, with great joy and pomp, the jubilee of her happy reign. Thus does our gracious Queen Victoria derive her descent from the runaway Nun of Jouarre.—*New Connexion Magazine.*

HYMN BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

O THOU ! who once on earth was born,
When shepherds on the plain
Beheld the midnight turn to morn,
When wilt Thou come again ?

Come to Thy world, astray and sad,
That groans with want and pain ;
Come, make its desert places glad !
O Christ, be born again !

Come to Thy Church, whose weeds of woe
The sons of men disdain ;
Thy face before Thine altar show,
Our Master, come again !

Come to our darkness and our death,
Who hear Thy name in vain ;
Breathe on these bones, thou heavenly breath !
Redeemer, come again !

Come to the few who seek their Lord,
Whose homesick hearts complain ;
Renew their faith, Creative Word !
Immanuel, come again !

What gifts of good, what songs of cheer,
What wreaths to deck Thy fane,
Are worth Thy gracious presence here ?
O Saviour, come again !

Not to the manger and the cross,
To death and shame and pain,
To faithless friends, to grief and loss ;
O King, return to reign !

JAMES BLACKIE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day David came into the bank about noon, and said, "Come wi' me to McLellan's, James, and hae a mutton pie; it's near by lunch-time." While they were eating it David said, "Donald McFarlane is to be wedded next month. He's making a grand marriage."

James bit his lip, but said nothing.

"He's spoken for Miss Margaret Napier; her father was ane o' the Lords o' Session; she's his sole heiress, and that will mean £50,000, foreby the bonnie place and lands o' Ellenshawe."

"And Christine?"

"Dinna look that way, man. Christine is content; she kens weel enough she isna like her cousin."

"God be thanked she is not. Go away from me, David Cameron, or I shall say words that will make more suffering than you can dream off. Go away, man."

David was shocked and grieved at his companion's passion. "James," he said solemnly, "dinna mak a fool o' yoursel'. I hae long seen your ill-will at Donald. Let it go. Donald's aboon your thumb now, and the anger o' a poor man aye falls on himsel'."

"For God's sake don't tempt me further. You little know what I could do if I had the ill heart to do it."

"Ow! ay!" said David, scornfully, "if the poor cat had only wings it would extirpate the race of sparrows from the world; but when the wings arena there, James lad, it is just as weel to mak no boast o' them."

James had leaned his head in his hands, and was whispering, "Christine! Christine! Christine!" in a rapid, inaudible voice. He took no notice of David's remark, and David was instantly sorry for it. "The puir lad is just sorrowful wi' love for Christine, and that's na sin that I can see," he thought. "James," he said, kindly, "I am sorry enough to grieve you. Come as soon as you can like to do it. You'll be welcome."

James slightly nodded his head, but did not move; and David left him alone in the little boarded room where they had eaten. In a few minutes he collected himself, and, like one dazed, walked back to his place in the bank. Never had its hours seemed so long, never had the noise and traffic, the tramping of feet and the banging of doors, seemed so intolerable. As early as possible, he was at David's, and David, with that fine instinct that a kind heart teaches, said as he entered, "Gude evening, James. Gae awa ben and keep Christine company. I'm that busy that I'll no shut up for half an hour yet."

James found Christine in her usual place. The hearth had been freshly swept, the fire blazed brightly, and she sat before it with

her white seam in her hand. She raised her eyes at James' entrance, and smilingly nodded to a vacant chair near her. He took it silently. Christine seemed annoyed at his silence in a little while, and asked, "Why don't you speak, James? Have you nothing to say?"

"A great deal, Christine. What now do you think of Donald McFarlane?"

"I think well of Donald."

"And of his marriage also?"

"Certainly I do. When he was here I saw how unfit I was to be his wife. I told him so, and bid him seek a mate more suitable to his position and prospects."

"Do you think it right to let yonder lady wed such a man with her eyes shut?"

"Are you going to open them?" Her face was sad and mournful, and she laid her hand gently on James' shoulder.

"I think it is my duty, Christine."

"Think again, James. Be sure it is your duty before you go on such an errand. See if you dare kneel down and ask God to bless you in this duty."

"Christine, you treat me very hardly. You know how I love you, and you use your power over me unmercifully."

"No, no, James, I only want to keep yourself out of the power of Satan. If I have any share in your heart, do not wrong me by giving Satan a place there also. Let me at least respect you, James."

Christine had never spoken in this way before to him; the majesty and purity of her character lifted him insensibly to higher thoughts, her gentleness soothed and comforted him. When David came in he found them talking in a calm, cheerful tone, and the evening that followed was one of the pleasantest he could remember. Yet James understood that Christine trusted in his forbearance, and he had no heart to grieve her, especially as she did her best to reward him by striving to make his visits to her father unusually happy.

So Donald married Miss Napier, and the newspapers were full of the bridegroom's beauty and talents, and the bride's high lineage and great possessions. After this Donald and Donald's affairs seemed to very little trouble David's humble household. His marriage put him very far away from Christine's thoughts, for her delicate conscience would have regarded it as a great sin to remember with any feeling of love another woman's affianced husband; and when the struggle became one between right and wrong, it was ended for Christine. David seldom named him, and so Donald McFarlane gradually passed out of the lives he had so sorely troubled.

Slowly but surely James continued to prosper; he rose to be cashier in the bank, and he won a calm but certain place in Christine's regard. She had never quite recovered the shock of her long illness; she was still very frail, and easily exhausted by the least fatigue or excitement. But in James' eyes she was perfect; he was always at his best in her presence, and he was a

very proud and happy man when, after eight years' patient waiting and wooing, he won from her the promise to be his wife; for he knew that with Christine the promise meant all that it ought to mean.

The marriage made few changes in her peaceful life. James left the bank, put his savings in David's business, and became his partner. But they continued to live in the same house, and year after year passed away in that happy calm which leaves no records, and has no fate days for the future to date from.

Sometimes a letter, a newspaper, or some public event, would bring back the memory of the gay, handsome lad that had once made so bright the little back parlour. Such strays from Donald's present life were always pleasant ones. In ten years he had made great strides forward. Every one had a good word for him. His legal skill was quoted as authority, his charities were munificent, his name unblemished by a single mean deed.

Had James forgotten? No, indeed. Donald's success only deepened his hatred of him. Even the silence he was compelled to keep on the subject intensified the feeling. Once after his marriage he attempted to discuss the subject with Christine, but the scene had been so painful he had never attempted it again; and David was swift and positive to dismiss any unfavourable allusion to Donald. Once, on reading that "Advocate McFarlane had joined the Free Kirk of Scotland on open confession of faith," James flung down the paper and said pointedly, "I wonder whether he confessed his wrong-doing before his faith or not."

"There's nane so weel shod, James, that they mayna slip," answered David, with a stern face. "He has united with Dr. Buchan's kirk—there's nane taken into that fellowship unworthily, as far as man can judge."

"He would be a wise minister that got at all Advocate McFarlane's sins, I am thinking."

"Dinna say all ye think, James. They walk too fair for earth that naebody can find fault wi'."

So James nursed the evil passion in his own heart; indeed, he had nursed it so long that he could not of himself resign it, and in all his prayers—and he did pray frequently, and often sincerely—he never named this subject to God, never once asked for His counsel or help in the matter.

Twelve years after his marriage with Christine David died, died as he had often wished to die, very suddenly. He was well at noon; at night he had put on the garment of eternal Sabbath. He had but a few moments of consciousness in which to bid farewell to his children. "Christine," he said cheerily, "we'll no be lang parted, dear lassie;" and to James a few words on his affairs, and then with his last breath, "James, heed what I say: 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall—obtain mercy.'"

There seemed to have been some prophetic sense in David's parting words to his daughter, for soon after his death she began to fail rapidly. What James suffered as he saw it only those can tell who have watched their beloved slowly dying, and hope

against hope day after day and week after week. Perhaps the hardest part was the knowledge that she had never recovered the health she had previous to the terrible shock which his revelation of Donald's guilt had been to her. He forgot his own share in the shock, and threw the whole blame of her early decay on Donald. "And if she dies," he kept saying in his angry heart, "I will make him suffer for it."

And Christine was drawing very near to death, though even when she was confined to her room and bed James would not believe it. And it was at this time Donald came once more to Glasgow. There was a very exciting general election for a new parliament, and Donald stood for the Conservative party in the city of Glasgow. Nothing could have so speedily ripened James' evil purpose. Should a forger represent his native city? Should he see the murderer of his Christine win honour upon honour, when he had but to speak and place him among thieves?

During the struggle he worked frantically to defeat him—and failed. That he came home like a man possessed by some malicious, ungovernable spirit of hell. He would not go to Christine's room, for he was afraid she would discover his purpose in his face, and win him from it. For now he had sworn to himself that he would only wait until the congratulatory dinner. He could get an invitation to it. All the bailies and the great men of the city would be there. The reporters would be there. His triumph would be complete. Donald would doubtless make a great speech, and after it he would say his few words.

Then he thought of Christine. But she did not move him now, for she was never likely to hear of it. She was confined to her bed; she read nothing but her Bible; she saw no one but her nurse. He would charge the nurse, and he would keep all papers and letters from her. He thought of nothing now but the near gratification of a revengeful purpose for which he had waited twenty years. Oh, how sweet it seemed to him!

The dinner was to be in a week, and during the next few days he was like a man in a bad dream. He neglected his business, and wandered restlessly about the house, and looked so fierce and haggard that Christine began to notice, to watch, and to fear. She knew that Donald was in the city, and her heart told her that it was his presence only that could alter her husband; and she poured it out in strong supplications for strength and wisdom to avert the calamity she felt approaching.

That night the nurse became sick and could not remain with her, and James, half reluctantly, took her place, for he feared Christine's influence now. She would ask him to read the Bible, to pray with her; she might talk to him of death and heaven; she might name Donald, and exact some promise from him. And he was determined now that nothing should move him. So he pretended great weariness, drew a large chair to her bedside, and said,

"I shall try and sleep awhile, darling; if you need me, you have only to speak."

CHAPTER VI.

He was more weary than he knew, and ere he was aware he fell asleep—a restless, wretched sleep, that made him glad when the half-oblivion was over. Christine, however, was apparently at rest, and he soon relapsed into the same dark, haunted state of unconsciousness. Suddenly he began to mutter and groan, and then to speak with a hoarse, whispered rapidity that had in it something frightful and unearthly. But Christine listened with wide-open eyes, and heard with sickening terror the whole wicked plot. It fell from his half-open lips over and over in every detail; and over and over he laughed low and terribly at the coming shame of the hated Donald.

She had not walked alone for weeks, nor indeed been out of her room for months, but she must go now; and she never doubted her strength. As if she had been a spirit, she slipped out of bed, walked rapidly and noiselessly into the long-unfamiliar parlour. A rushlight was burning, and the key of the old desk was always in it. Nothing valuable was kept there, and people unacquainted with the secret of the hidden drawer would have looked in vain for the entrance to it. Christine had known it for years, but her wifely honour had held it more sacred than locks or keys could have done. She was aware only that James kept some private matter of importance there, and she would as readily have robbed her husband's purse as have spied into things of which he did not speak to her.

Now, however, all mere thoughts of courtesy or honour must yield before the alternative in which James and Donald stood. She reached the desk, drew out the concealing drawer, pushed aside the slide, and touched the paper. There were other papers there, but something taught her at once the right one. To take and close the desk was but the work of a moment, then back she flew as swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, with the condemning evidence tightly clasped in her hand.

James was still muttering and moaning in his troubled sleep, and with the consciousness of her success all her unnatural strength passed away. She could hardly secrete it in her bosom ere she fell into a semi-conscious lethargy, through which she heard with terror her husband's low, weird laughter and whispered curses.

At length the day for the dinner came. James had procured an invitation, and he made unusual personal preparations for it. He was conscious that he was going to do a very mean action, but he would look as well as possible in the act. He had even his apology for it ready; he would say that "as long as it was a private wrong he had borne the loss patiently for twenty years, but that the public welfare demanded honest men, men above reproach, and he could no longer feel it his duty," etc., etc.

After he was dressed he bid Christine "Good-bye."

He would only stay an hour, he said, and he must needs go, as Donald was her kin.

Then he went to the desk, and with hands trembling in their eagerness sought the bill. It was not there. Impossible! He looked again—again more carefully—could not believe his eyes, and looked again and again. It was really gone. If the visible hand of God had struck him, he could not have felt it more consciously. He mechanically closed the desk and sat down like one stunned. Cain might have felt as James did when God asked him, "Where is thy brother?" He did not think of prayer. No "God be merciful to me a sinner" came as yet from his dry, white lips. The fountains of his heart seemed dry as dust. The anger of God weighed down on him till

> "He felt as one
> Who, walking after some strange, fevered dream,
> Sees a dim land and things unspeakable,
> And comes to know at last that it is hell."

Meantime Christine was lying with folded hands, praying for him. She knew what an agony he was going through, and ceaselessly with pure supplications she prayed for his forgiveness. About midnight one came and told him his wife wanted to see him. He rose with a wretched sigh, and looked at the clock. He had sat there six hours. He had thought over everything, over and over—the certainty that the paper was there, the fact that no other paper had been touched, and that no human being but Christine knew of the secret place. These things shocked him beyond expression. It was to his mind a visible assertion of the Divine prerogative; he had really heard God say to him, "Vengeance is mine." The lesson that in these materialistic days we would reason away, James humbly accepted. His religious feelings were, after all, his deepest feelings, and in these six hours he had so palpably felt the frown of his angry Heavenly Father that he had quite forgotten his poor, puny wrath at Donald McFarlane.

As he slowly walked up-stairs to Christine he determined to make to her a full confession of the deed he had meditated. But when he reached her bedside he saw that she was nearly dead. She smiled faintly and said,

"Send all away, James. I must speak alone with you, dear; we are going to part, my husband."

Then he knelt down by her side and held her cold hands, and the gracious tears welled up in his hot eyes, and he covered them with the blessed rain.

"O James, how you have suffered since six o'clock!"

"You know then, Christine! I would weep tears of blood over my sin. O dear, dear wife, take no shameful memory of me into eternity with you."

"See how I trust you, James. Here is poor, weak Donald's note. I know now you will never use it against him. What if your six hours were lengthened out through life—through eternity? I ask no promise from you now, dear."

"But I give it. Before God I give it, with all my heart. My sin has found me out this night. How has God borne with me all these years? Oh, how great is His mercy!"

Then Christine told him how he had revealed his wicked plot, and how wonderful strength had been given her to defeat it; and the two souls amid their parting sighs and tears, knew each other as they had never done through all their years of life.

For a week James remained in his own room. Then Christine was laid beside her father, and the shop was re-opened, and the household returned to its ways. But James was not seen in house or shop, and the neighbours said,

"Kirsty Cameron has had a wearisome sickness, and nae doubt her gudeman was needing a rest. Dootless he has gone to the Hielands a bit."

But it was not northward James Blackie went. It was south; south past the bonnie Cumberland Hills and the great manufacturing towns of Lancashire and the rich valleys of Yorkshire; southward until he stopped at last in London. Even then, though he was weary and sick and the night had fallen, he did not rest. He took a carriage and drove at once to a fashionable mansion in Baker Street. The servant looked curiously at him, and felt half inclined to be insolent to such a visitor.

"Take that card to your master at once," he said in a voice whose authority could not be disputed, and the man went.

His master was lying on a sofa in a luxuriously-furnished room, playing with a lovely girl about four years old, and listening meanwhile to an enthusiastic account of a cricket match that two boys about twelve and fourteen years were giving him. He was a strikingly handsome man, in the prime of life, with a thoroughly happy expression. He took James' card in a careless fashion, listened to the end of his sons' story, and then looked at it. Instantly his manner changed; he stood up, and said promptly,

"Go away now, Miss Margaret, and you also, Angus and David; I have an old friend to see." Then to the servant, "Bring the gentleman here at once."

When he heard James' step he went to meet him with open hand; but James said,

"Not just yet, Mr. McFarlane; hear what I have to say. Then if you offer your hand I will take it."

"Christine is dead?"

"Dead, dead."

They sat down opposite each other, and James did not spare himself. From his discovery of the note in old Starkie's possession until the death of Christine, he confessed everything. Donald sat with downcast eyes, quite silent. Once or twice his fierce Highland blood surged into his face, and his hand stole mechanically to the place where his dirk had once been, but the motion was as transitory as a thought. When James had finished, he sat with compressed lips for a few moments, quite unable to control his speech; but at length he slowly said,

"I wish I had known all this before; it would have saved much sin and suffering. You said that my indifference at first angered you. I must correct this. I was not indifferent. No one can tell what suffering that one cowardly act cost me. But before the bill fell due I went frankly to Uncle David and confessed all my sin. What passed between us you may guess; but he forgave me freely and fully, as I trust God did also. Hence there was no cause for its memory to darken life."

"I always thought Christine had told her father," muttered James.

"Nay, but I told him myself. He said he would trace the note, and I have no doubt he knew it was in your keeping from the first."

Then James took it from his pocket-book.

"There it is, Mr. McFarlane. Christine gave it back to me the hour she died. I promised her to bring it to you and tell you all."

"Christine's soul was a white rose without a thorn. I count it an honour to have known and loved her. But the paper is yours, Mr. Blackie, unless I may pay for it."

"O man, man! what money could pay for it? I would not dare to sell it for the whole world! Take it, I pray you."

"I will not. Do as you wish with it, James. I can trust you."

Then James walked towards the table. There were wax lights burning on it, and he held it in the flame and watched it slowly consume away to ashes. The silence was so intense that they heard each other breathing, and the expression on James' face was so rapt and noble that even Donald's stately beauty was for the moment less attractive. Then he walked towards Donald and said,

"Now give me your hand, McFarlane, and I'll take it gladly."

And that was a handclasp that meant to both men what no words could have expressed.

"Farewell, McFarlane; our ways in this world lie far apart; but when we come to die it will comfort both of us to remember this meeting. God be with you!"

"And with you also, James. Farewell!"

Then James went back to his store and his shadowed household life. And people said he looked happier than ever he had done, and pitied him for his sick wife, and supposed he felt it a happy release to be rid of her. So wrongly does the world, which knows nothing of our real life, judge us.

You may see his gravestone in Glasgow Necropolis to-day, and people will tell you that he was a great philanthropist, and gave away a noble fortune to the sick and the ignorant; and you will probably wonder to see only beneath his name the solemn text, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

THE END.

HOPPETY BOB'S CHRISTMAS TREAT AND SUMMER EXCURSION.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

Our common friend the curate had told me that Hoppety Bob intended to give a Christmas treat to his pupils, and I had obtained Bob's permission to be present at it. The independent little fellow, however, stipulated that I should be present only as a guest. I might help him to wait upon the children, if I would be so kind, but I must not contribute pecuniarily to their entertainment. He had saved up a few shillings for his feast, and wished to have the pleasure of playing sole Amphitryon. "Some of the fathers and mothers," he added apologetically, "will look in, perhaps, and they'll take it kinder of you to look in like one of theirselves, than if you come to help to pay. Poor folks—some poor folks, that is—like to have money giv' 'em, but they like, too, to feel as if those who've got a bit more money than theirselves didn't come amongst 'em jest to giv' 'em money, as you might give a hungry dog a bone. We're all children of the same God, ain't we, sir? and if He's giv' more to some than t' others, that's no reason why they should look down on them as is worse off, as if they wasn't the same flesh and blood. You'll excuse me, sir—I know you don't think the worse of me because I don't make much and live in a place like this—but you'll understand, sir, that I'd rather give the little uns their feed myself, an' that we shall all on us be very proud if you'll come and take your tea with us."

Six o'clock p.m. was the hour at which Hoppety Bob had invited his Christmas guests to assemble. Of course, I took care to get to the Folly at six sharp. It was one of the dreary Christmas nights so common in London—cold, with a marrow-freezing drizzle. In spite of cork-soles and brisk walking, the sticky mud on the pavement turned one's feet to ice. The blazing publics were the only bright things to be seen, and, crammed as they were with half-drunken brawlers, theirs was a very dismal brightness. Quite drunken unfortunates were howling snatches of song, and cannoning off from almost every foot-passenger they passed as they waltzed with one another on the miry side-paths. Roughs were loafing about, rejoicing in the thickening fog. Tall black policemen were standing at corners, glancing up and down; and stolidly meditating, perhaps, on the small amount of merriment to be found in a London constable's Christmas.

In the Folly, as elsewhere, the inhabitants had taken more beer than was good for them (however they might have fared for beef), but Bob's little entertainment was acting outside as well as inside as a promoter of good-will. "There's a swell come to Hoppety's tea-squall," said the bricklayer's labourer with a grin, but he said it with less than his usual crustiness. His own poor little ones

were going to take tea at the dwarf's, and, since the treat would cost him nothing, he was graciously pleased to regard their unwonted enjoyment with as much complaceny as if he had given it to them.

Bob's room was crammed with youngsters; for more had come to his tea than generally came to his teachings. The guests had brought their own seats—those of them, that is, who had seats. The majority squatted wherever they could find sitting-room, like a swarm of frogs. The Folly had contributed a curiously composite tea-service of cracked mugs, cups, and saucers—the last also to be used as drinking vessels. Tea had been made in the big black kettle—another loan—that brooded on the glowing fireplace like a black swan upon its nest. The "cheeks" of the grate had been taken out, but still the kettle covered the whole fire. Bob had just finished cutting bread-and-butter, and sat at his table between two piles of it that almost overtopped his head. He smiled a welcome as he sat there like a ticket-clerk at his pigeonhole, and beckoned me to a seat of honour which he had reserved for me at his right hand.

"Now then, children," said Bob, "stand up, an' let's sing a blessin'." Up the little things jumped, and managed to stammer after him, in often-extemporized tune and time, and syllables also,—

> "Be present at our table, Lord,
> Be here and everywhere adored;
> Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
> May feast in Paradise with Thee."

"Now then," Bob went on, "here's the grub; so come an' help yourselves; an' let the littlest uns come first. Don't be shamefaced; p'r'aps I can find some more when that's gone. And now, sir, p'r'aps you'd kindly help me to pour out the tea, an' then we'll have a cup ourselves. I'd have had my pot for you, but I thought you'd like to take it with the kids."

So Bob put the brown sugar and the blue milk into the motley equipage, and I poured in the tea, and the children nearest the table passed it on to their fellows, and for some moments the room was like a stable—there was such a loud champing of fodder and a horse-like drinking.

Tea over, greasy little lips gratefully sang,—

> "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
> But more because of Jesus' blood;"

and then the table and tea-things were pushed into a corner, and Bob proposed a game of blind-man's buff. Bob volunteered to be blinded first, and pegged about on his crutch like a parched pea. Some of the children had never seen the game played before, but they soon entered into it, and pulled away at the dwarf's coat-tails merrily, taking care, however, not to pull too hard. He caught them by the armful every minute, but always let them go

again, because the little man had made up his mind to catch me. I was soon hemmed in a corner, and bandaged. I was spun round, and my coat was almost pulled off my back; for as soon as the youngsters had got rid of their shyness (and they were not long in doing that), they exulted greatly in having so big a play-fellow, and buzzed about me like bees about a bear.

Then we had a game at hunt-the-slipper, in which Bob again delighted the children by his agility and cleverness, catching the slipper in mid-air, and dragging it out of the slyest hiding-places.

An interval of five minutes for a refreshment of an orange apiece followed, and then came the treat of the evening. "Now, children, I'm going to show you what I expect you've never seen afore," said Bob, with consequential mystery. (He had borrowed a cheap magic-lantern from the shop for which he worked.) "P'r'aps, sir, you'll be kind enough to help me up with the sheet?" When it was up, and the candles were out, and the fire had been shaded, and a mystic circle of light, with dim figures chasing one another through what looked like gaslit fog, began to bob up and down on the sheet, the children sat with hushed breath, and the grown-up neighbours crowded the window and the doorway. A rumour had run like wildfire through the Folly that "Hoppety was a-makin' ghosteses."

He got his focus at last, but at no time were the figures free from blurred outlines; they were clear enough for recognition, however, ere long, and then it was hard to say which were the more pleased, the men and women, or the children. They roared equally over the funny slides, which Bob illustrated with a quaint running comment. He had chosen others that were specially adapted to Christmas; and he preached pretty little sermons on them, as he pushed his gaudily-painted texts across the sheet.

"That's the star in the East a-shinin' up above them palms. The oil's bad, an' I can't make it shine as I should like. My talkin's somethin' like that. I want you to love what's right; but you see, Hoppety's oil ain't first-rate, an' so he can't make you see things as plain as he would do. That's the star, an' them in the long beards an' the blue an' red an' yellow gowns, with the things like sheets twisted round their heads, is the wise men as have come all the way from the East to see if they can find Jesus. If wise men like them wanted Him, an' took all that trouble, you may be sure you want Him; for you ain't wise men, are you? but little boys and gals that might be a deal wiser. And yet He'll let you find Him without a bit of trouble, if you only want to. He loved everybody as nobody ever loved them afore, but He seems to have been partic'lar fond of little boys an' gals. Some on ye has read about that with me—'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' you know—an' now I'll show you a pictur' about it. That's the disciples a-shovin' the kids away; they meant well, but they didn't know no better, though they was such good men. An' that's the blessed Jesus smilin' so sweetly, with that sun like round His head. It 'ud be a poor pictur' of His dear

face, if the light was ever so good. But that don't matter much. There's some beautiful faces of Jesus you can see, when you get a bit bigger, in the Nashnal Gallery—out West-end way; but there ain't one that won't seem but what it could be beautifuller if you've got to love Jesus. Do you read about Jesus in the Testament, an' try to copy what He said an' did. That's the best pictur' of Him anybody can dror. It'll be a poor thing, after all, like this here; but you can keep on rubbing out, an' tryin' to make it a bit more like.

"An' now I'll show you the stable where Jesus was born, an' put into the manger for a cradle. It looks pretty in the pictur', with the hay, and the donkeys, an' the bullocks, an' the smart dresses; but I expect it was only a poor sort of place. If the Prince of Wales had been born in the Folly, folks wouldn't ha' believed as he was the Prince of Wales; so it ain't much to be wondered at that them as expected Christ to come into the world with a crown on His head, like, wouldn't believe there could be much in a poor carpenter's son, born in a stable. But yet there He was—just as you might find a sovereign in the mud, an' fancy it only a farden, till you come to change it—that is, if the folks you took it to was honest. If they was honest, though, p'r'aps they'd think you wasn't, an' wouldn't give you change. It ain't like that with Jesus Christ. The poorest child as ever was has got a right to lay hold of Him, an' can get full vally for Him.

"An' here's Joseph and Mary an' Jesus, a-goin' down into Egypt. They went there, you know, because Herod wanted to kill Jesus afore He'd done what He was sent to do. Don't that sound silly? An' here's Herod's soldiers killin' the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under; an' the poor mothers cryin' as if their hearts would break. That's hard, ain't it? But, p'r'aps, some of them poor little kids would ha' called out 'Crucify Him,' if they'd been left to grow up; an' God loved 'em so that He wouldn't giv' 'em the chance to go wrong. Though I'm fond o' you, an' I think you like me a bit, I know I'd rather see you dead as you are, than gettin' big boys and gals to learn bad ways.

"An' now I'll show you my last pictur', and I think it's one of the prettiest in the lot. Here's the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, that the wild beasts mayn't get hold on 'em. There's the little lambs a-snugglin' up to their mothers as nateral as babies. An' there's the angels up in the sky, with their white wings and goold rings round their heads, and them branches like rhubub-stalks in their hands—palms they're meant for. An' they're singin' jest as you may hear the singers up in the gallery at church, only a deal sweeter, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.' Them was the first Christmas Waits. It 'ud be nice to hear music like that now in the cold mornin's, wouldn't it? But now we'll have our supper, an' sing a verse, an' then we'll say good night, for it's time the little uns was in bed."

A bun apiece for the children was the supper, with a sip of elderberry wine, warmed in a vessel like a hollow horn (which the bricklayer's labourer, stirred up to abnormal activity and benevolence, borrowed from the public). And then we sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and the little party broke up; everybody wishing everybody else—our host especially—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year." Custom has dimmed and chilled those cordial words; but the heartiness of the young Folly folk made them leap out again into warm light.

On another occasion my friend Hoppety Bob gave me an account of his summer excursion as follows:

"The kind gen'leman I've before told you on ain't content with gettin' me into the hospital when I want it; but he will make me go for a day into the country once a 'ear, an' he hires a wan sometimes, and finds the money for the grub, so that I may take my young uns with me. He was in only last Wednesday, askin' where we should like to go this 'ear. I'd put it to the little uns, on'y it's all the same to them, poor stived up little souls, s'long as they can get a mouthful o' air that ain't downright gritty, an' have a tumble on some grass. Greenwich Park is nice an' near, an' we can get there without a wan. Cherry Gardens Pier is handy; and the river's a cur'ous sight for children. It's queer, livin' so close to it, that they know so little o' ships an' that. The Folly ain' a seafarin' part, but then it ain't a quarter o' an hour's walk to parts that is. When it's fine of an evenin', I sometimes hop down to the wharfs an' the yards. I like to see the water runnin' out an' in. It makes me think o' the quiet green country, an' the pure blue sea; an' the very mud's nice to smell. There's a deal o' mud in the Colchester river, an' I think o' my poor mother. I told you, sir, as she was buried in St. Leonard's church-yard.

"When I've took down the young uns to Greenwich—we went there two years runnin', and there ain't another place so nigh that's half so nice, to my fancy—the park, an' the 'eath, 'an the college, as they calls it there, together—I've told 'em tales out o' the jography book, about the places I supposed the ships that was bein' towed up was comin' from; and it was cur'ous to see how they suck it all in. Children is easy taught, if you can get 'em to listen to you. I wish I knew more to teach 'em; often they fair floor me. 'What's this?' 'What's that for, Mr. Hoppety?' 'Why was it made so?' they ax; an' oftener than not, I can't tell 'em. Hows'ever, when I don't know what a thing is, I tell 'em so, an' they mind all the more when I do tell 'em things. There ain't much gained with children by shammin' to be wiser than you are. Law bless you, sir, they find you out by the look o' yer eyes. A man's eyes can't tell a lie, try the best he can. God's so fond o' truth, that He will make folks tell it somehow, I reckon.

"When we used to go to Greenwich, the college-men were about—there ain't many left now, I've heard. Geese the Greenwich folks used to call 'em—I s'pose because they waddled so; but I liked to see 'em a rollin'; it was like gettin' a sniff o' the sea.

Sparrer, folks might call me, because I hop—though sparrers hasn't game legs, and a crutch, an' a hump on their backs, an' they has wings. But He as made me an' the sparrers looks after us both, the Testament says. Well, sir, some o' them college-men were nice old boys, an' it was improvin' talk to listen to 'em, though they couldn't tell ye much about what they'd seen, except the names o' the ships they'd sailed in, an' the places they'd been at. But the sea seemed to ha' serioused them somehow. They'd a grave way o' talk—there they were a restin' after tossin' about, an' they talked accordin'. It was queer, after walkin' up Teapot Lane, to fall in with one o' those old fellers settin' thinkin' on the grass. The holiday-folk was racin' down One-Tree Hill, an' playin' kiss-in-the-ring on the grass, but there they sot a-thinkin'. They'd wanted God close by 'em when the stormy winds did blow, an' they looked as if they felt Him close to 'em in Greenwich Park. They wasn't all like that. Some on 'em grumbled awful, an' behaved, I've heard, in a way that didn't become nobody—let alone old men like them. An' some—gray-haired old fellers, too—would tell a sight o' crams. One on 'em told my little uns that he'd seen a white bear a-top o' the North Pole, an' pitched him up a biscuit. But bless you, sir, that didn't take in the little uns. They didn't know nothin' about the North Pole, but they saw by the look o' the man that he was a-lyin', an' so they axed me. I couldn't make 'em clearly understand what the North Pole was—p'r'aps because I hain't a very clear notion on it myself. Anyhow, I made 'em understand that it wasn't a bit o' timber that you could cut your name on, as the college-man made out; so they told him that he didn't know nothing about jography.

"I do love the country, sir, though it ain't often, as you may think, that I can get into it. I've read the poet Cowper, and there's a bit in his 'Task' that I could ha' wrote myself, if I'd been on'y been a poet, an' knowed grammar. You laugh, sir—an' well you may. It do make a considerable diff'rence if you ain't a poet, an' if you don't know grammar; but I can admire werses for all that, though these ain't rightly werses—there's no rhyme.

"I'd a beautiful musk in that pot last 'ear—the pot seemed bilin' over with green an' goold—an' you can't think, sir, what a comfort it was to me. It was cheery to look at, just for the brightness of it; an' then it had a meanin' in it, too—like them blue and red texts they put up in the churches now-a-days, 'Consider the lilies of the field,' that's what my musk used to say; and it cheered up my bird there most as much as it did me. I used to let him out, an' he'd perch on the pot, an' rub his head into the leaves, just like a babby snugglin' up to the breast. I al'ays takes my Dick out with me when I goes into the country; an' when it's warm enough, I hangs his cage in a hedge as I'm a-restin', an' he pipes away over my head as jolly as them that has got their freedom.

"How them little dears do enjoy the fresh air! It makes 'em tipsy like. That first time I was tellin' you on, the little uns

cheered pretty well all the way from the corner o' the Liverpool Road (though the air ain't over fresh there), right to the Old Crown, on Highgate Hill. That's where we got out o' the wan. I'd shown 'em Whittington's stone as we come up, an' I told 'em the story when we got out. That pleased 'em uncommon. I fancy the little chaps thought they'd only to slip out there some fine mornin', an' 'ear Bow Bells, to get made Lord Mayors of.

"It was cur'ous to see how the little uns stared up the hill. The houses was so clean an' so quiet, I thought the people couldn't be up yet; an' the ivy was hangin' over the old wall t' other side o' the way—it was a queer sight for us Folly folk. An' then we went along the lane, an' stopped to have a look down atop o' Highgate Archway. That pleased the young uns, too. I was afeared they'd topple over, or squeege theirselves through the balusters. There was the road ever so far down so lonely, an' the birds a-singin', an' the laylock was out in the gardens, and the sun was a-shinin' quite hot where we was, an' yet you could hardly see London for the smoke. It did look uncommon dreary. I couldn't help pityin' them that was left in it, an' wishin' they could ha' been out enjoyin' themselves like us. It made me think somehow, sir, of the City of Destruction in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but then there was the church spires stickin' up here an' there, so that wasn't like; an' St. Paul's looked just like a big gray balloon up in the clouds, an' the sun was a-shinin' on the goold cross, though it was so black below. I like to look at that cross, sir, when I happen to be near by, though it do give me a crick in the neck to look up at it. There's a deal o' wickedness in London, but there's goodness too; an' there's the cross, up above all the dirt, a-watchin' over us.

"When we'd got out o' Crouch End we had a race, an' I should ha' beat, if my crutch hadn't tripped me up. I must ha' looked a comical sight, but it was pretty how the little uns kept from laughin' till they see I wasn't hurt. When we got to Hornsey Church we sat down in the churchyard to have a rest, and the little uns picked daisies, an' most on 'em chattered away just like sparrers in the ivy in the old tower. But the littlest—her name was Jemima Webber, an' a sweet little gal she was, an' uncommon fond of me, pretty dear—sat as still as a little mouse. 'What are you thinkin' on, Jemima?' says I. But she never said a word. Then I see she was settin' by a babby's grave, an' pattin' it just as if it was babby. 'They'll wake the child,' says she presently, just like an old woman, 'if they make so much noise.' Pretty dear, little as she was, she'd had to lug about a babby, an' the little thing had died, an' Jemima had a'most cried her eyes out when she see it buried. Poor little 'Mima! She's buried herself now, an' I can't tell you, sir, how I used to miss her. She'd come in an' set with me by the hour together, when none of the others was there; an' a lonely old lamester likes a sweet little thing like that to take to him.

"When we'd had our rest, we went across the fields to our kind

friend's, an' the first thing he did was to give the little uns such a feed as must have astonished 'em; an' the way they tucked into it must have astonished him. Eatin' an' drinkin' was goin' on, more or less, all day. The gen'leman an' his good lady an' the young ladies waited on us, just as if we'd been the Royal Family. Very kind people they all was, and is. There was plenty o' sport, though, of all kinds between whiles—an' the gen'leman an' me rowed 'em about in a boat. He'd got a real nice place, with medders for the young uns to cut about in, an' cows for 'em to see milked, an' a great garden where he let 'em pick as many flowers as they liked to carry 'ome. An' what they couldn't eat he had packed up for 'em, an' he gave 'em a shillin' apiece besides. When the last eatin' an' drinkin' was over, he had us all in his big drorin'-room, an' the little uns sang the Evening Hymn, an' one o' the young ladies played it on the pieanner, an' then we all knelt down—the little uns didn't seem to know what to make o' the fine cushions they put their little noses into—an' he said a beautiful little prayer. An' then the wan came to take us home. Just didn't the little uns cheer as we druv off! They kep' it up, too, along the road as long as they could; but most on 'em was sound asleep afore we got back to the Folly. Pleasurin's tiringer work, I fancy, 'specially when you ain't used to it, than peggin' away at what you've got to do every day. It's a wearyin' kind o' world this, anyways. I feel thankful to think that I shall get a rest afore I go to heaven even. I fear as if I shouldn't be braced up to stand its brightness else, if God in His goodness should ever let me see it. Leastways, I like to think as that's what the Psalms means when it says that He gives His beloved sleep."

CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS.

We come not with a costly store,
O Lord! like those of old;
The masters of the starry lore,
From Ophir's shore of gold;
No weepings of the incense-tree
Are with the gifts we bring;
No odorous myrrh of Araby
Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
A spirit keenly tried
By fierce affliction's fiery test,
And seven times purified;
The fragrant graces of the mind,
The virtues that delight
To give their perfume out, will find
Acceptance in Thy sight.

"NOR'ARD OF THE DOGGER."*

MISSION WORK IN THE NORTH SEA.

A FRIEND who was passing through the streets of Gorleston one Sunday afternoon observed a large crowd collected near the pier, and watching intently some vessel outside the harbour. On closer examination it proved to be a smack which had just arrived from the fishing-ground, and was standing off and on, waiting to get into the port. This in itself was nothing unusual, but at her masthead was flying a flag which some of the crowd thought to be a mission-flag; yet as it was well known that her skipper was a godless man, it was hardly possible that he would come into port flying such a flag. Just then a fisherman, who had lately come home from the fleet, informed the watchers that the skipper had been converted to God at one of the services held at sea, and that he was really flying a mission flag, which he had obtained from the *Cholmondeley*.

The next day an opportunity occurred for speaking to the new convert, and with a joyous smile he said: "I thought I'd better hoist my new colours before coming into harbour, as I didn't want to be ashamed to let my old companions see that I had come over to the Lord's side."

Such results as this were calculated to call forth fervent thanksgiving for the genuine character of the work hitherto accomplished, and to fill our hearts with encouragement and hope. One striking feature of the efforts was (and has since continued to be) the constant habit of waiting in prayer at the throne of heavenly grace; and, as is ever the case, this practice received its own reward in very remarkable answers, or, as an aged Christian expressed it: "Remarkably like God."

For example, two vessels in the "Short Blue" fleet, known as the *D*—— and the *C*——, were so exactly alike that their own skippers scarcely knew them apart. The main difference lay in the skippers themselves. R——, of the *D*——, might well have born the same name as his vessel—a bright, happy, open-hearted Christian, while the master of the *C*——, though what was called "a jolly good fellow," was a great friend of the *coper*, or liquor-selling boat. One sultry summer's afternoon the smacks had their gear down for a day's haul, but as the wind completely died away, it was quite practicable to hold a prayer-meeting on board the mission-smack *Cholmondeley*, then stationed with the "Short Blues," and having a special missioner on board from London The flag was accordingly struck as a signal to the fleet that service was about to be held. Upon the deck of the *Cholmondeley* stood, amongst others, the admiral of the fleet, himself but recently

* Abridged from a book of this title, published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co. London.

converted to God, during a serious illness which had confined him for weeks to the hospital. While the hum of the conversation was at its height, the mission-skipper was observe to shade his eyes from the intense glare, and after regarding for a moment or two a vessel some two hundred yards on the port quarter, he exclaimed: "Why, there's R—— signalling! He wants to join us and his own boat is on deck. Fred, do you think you can skull and fetch alongside of him? Skipper R—— will help you to pull back."

Fred thought he could, and while he is doing so, we may note that there was one vessel there that afternoon which, having no fishing gear on board, was free to cruise about the fleet, threading her way here and there, wherever there seemed to be the chance of sale or barter. The craft of ill-omen, the devil's mission-ship, was on the look-out for prey, and while Fred, with his eye on the signal (a bread-bag or an oil-skin frock suspended on a oar, termed by the smackmen a "creagan"), was making for the supposed *D*——, the *coper* might have been seen bearing down in the same direction, although she had not as yet sighted the signal. Arrived within hailing distance, Fred shouted, as only a North Sea fisherman can shout, "*D*——, ahoy!" Instantly a head appeared above the rail, and with a broad grin the skipper responded: "This vessel ain't the *D*——. We're the *C*——. What do you want with me? I had the signal out for the *coper*, not for you."

Poor Fred was utterly chagrined, and having made his boat fast alongside the *C*——, with the rope the skipper had thrown, he exclaimed, "Well, skipper, here's a go! I was told that you were the *D*——, and was sent to bring you off to the prayer-meeting."

At this the grin developed into a loud laugh, for the skipper of the *C*—— was about the last man in the fleet to be guilty of attending a prayer-meeting. Still time was pressing, and although Fred had found it an easy matter to *reach* the vessel, it was absolutely impossible for him to return without assistance.

"Skipper, would you let me have one of your crew," he inquired, "to help me back to the *Cholmondeley?* We'll take care to send him home again."

"No, I can't well do that," said the skipper; "but I don't mind lending you a hand myself, if you'll send me back at once with a couple of men to pull me."

The bargain was struck, and a few minutes later, great was the astonishment of the smacksmen assembled on the *Cholmondeley's* deck at seeing the skipper of the *C*—— coming, as they supposed, to the prayer-meeting. The moment the boat sheered alongside, a perfect forest of hands was held over to greet the new-comer, while hearty cries of "What cheer?" "What cheer, old fellow?" "Glad to see you!" showered down upon him the warmest of welcomes. But the admiral put a stop to this with: "Come on board, old man; you will have your shoulder put out of joint!" And, indeed, there was danger of some such accident in en-

deavouring to shake hands from a boat while constantly rising and falling with the swell.

This coming on board was more than the skipper had bargained for; but he was not the man to turn his back on old friends, and many of these, the admiral included, had been his "pals" in other days on board the *coper*. So it came to pass that he, who had vowed again and again that he would give the "Bethel-ship" a wide berth, found himself the next moment standing on the deck of the *Cholmondeley*, amid the hearty greetings of the congregation, compelling the mental admission that it was not such a bad place after all! Yet even now he had no intention of remaining; but before he had time to explain that he had merely come with the object of doing a kind turn to Fred, the missionary passed the word quietly round: "Now, lads, let's go below!" and the skipper of the *C*—— found himself going down with the rest, where he had never been before. After the first burst of happy song, he heard one after another speaking reverently and earnestly to their Father in heaven. It was all new and strange, and he began to feel very uneasy, for it appeared to him that if all these prayers were real, God must be very near to them, and presently when one man fervently exclaimed, "O Lord, bless the skipper of the *C*—— *!*" there was instantly a chorus of "*Amen !*" from the whole assembly. This was quite too much for the poor fellow. He had never in his life drawn near to God, and now to find himself the subject of intercession, to hear the earnest pleadings of others for his soul's salvation, brought him consciously into the very presence of the living God, and made him cry out: "Lord, have mercy upon me!" The good missionary who was at that time quartered on board the *Cholmondeley* thereupon pointed this penitent to the Lamb of God, and had the joy of hearing him, before the day closed, express trust in Christ as his Saviour. At the end of the service, when the members of the congregation were chatting in groups on the deck, hailing the return of their boats, the strange event of the day was naturally the chief topic of conversation, and one skipper remarked:

"Well, that *was* a funny mistake!"

"Mistake!" exclaimed the admiral, turning sharply round. "Mistake, do you call it? At all events, *God* made no mistake. He wanted the skipper of the *C*——, and He let you make a mistake in order to get him here."

Here was another victory for Christ, and another blow to the *coper* traffic; for never more would a "creagan" be hoisted on board the *C*—— as a signal to the grog-shop, and thus the foreigner lost the patronage of a whole ship's company.

The habit of seizing every opportunity for conducting divine service was not, however, peculiar to the "Short Blues," but other fleets observed the same wholesome custom, and were also equally fond of long-continued religious exercises, which are unknown to congregations on land, but a common practice at sea.

Skipper Cullington relates an interesting story illustrative of

this, and at the same time, proving how the Holy Spirit was working amongst the fishermen, and leading some of the worst and wildest to the Saviour's feet.

It was a lovely summer's day in the Great Northern fleet; not only very warm, but so calm that the sea had the appearance of molten glass, with not even a ripple on its surface. About two o'clock Cullington was struck with the bright idea of lashing several vessels together, so that not merely those who were able to come away in the boats, but every man and boy on board might gather to the service. The reader must not conclude that this was Sunday. Every day in the week the Mission-vessel is open for divine service, subject, of course, to the exigencies of the weather and fishing. On this particular Tuesday, Cullington remarked to a skipper sitting beside him, sipping the orthodox mug of tea: "What a grand chance to lash the wessels alongside o' one another an' hold a service!"

"You're right, old friend," responded the man addressed. Then jumping to his feet and taking a hasty survey, he exclaimed; "Let's be at it at once."

"At it" they all went in tremendous earnest, and within three-quarters of an hour no fewer than ten vessels were lashed side by side, the Mission-ship being in the centre. This was not accomplished without much labour; but boats were thrown out, and willing hands made light work, the result being that by three o'clock no fewer than fifty-two men and boys were assembled in one group on the deck of the Mission-ship, and with the exception of a brief half-hour for the evening meal, there was a continuous service for eight hours. Singing, prayer, addresses by several Christian fishermen, and by a lay-missionary who was spending a month in the fleet, occupied the time until the clock in the cabin struck eleven.

"You'd better give out, old skipper," said one of the men, addressing Cullington; "you're as hoarse as a crow."

"Well," responded the enthusiastic little man, "I'll grant ye we can't see to sing any more out here on deck, but we'll go below and pray, for I'm anxious about several o' these fellows."

So the word was passed round, and the visitors dropped one by one through the open hatchway into the hold, where lamps were provided and several earnest addresses were given, beseeching the careless and the unsaved to "be reconciled to God."

Cullington was right. There were some in that strange company who were known as the best customers of the foreign *coper*-men who, when ashore, were always in trouble themselves and causing trouble to their wives and families; and after these especially was the heart of this good man yearning. As time passed, it became evident that the word spoken was reaching some consciences, for sighs were heard from corners of the dimly-lighted hold, and presently one big, rough smacksman groaned forth: "O God, I can't hold out no longer! Lord, have mercy on me!"

Finally, the gathering dispersed at 1.30 a.m., after remaining together ten hours and a half. The lashings were cast adrift, the ten vessels hauled clear of one another, and when at last the sounds of public worship ceased, there were still silent thanksgivings in many hearts; for three skippers and a cabin-boy had not only become pledged abstainers, but had openly confessed the Saviour.

By that day's event the *coper* had lost three of its customers; nay, more than three, for when the skipper of a smack refuses drink, he refuses it for himself and his crew.

By the autumn of 1884 matters were rapidly reaching a crisis. The foreigners were growing desperate, and one of them, an Ostend skipper, openly declared: "These cursed Mission-ships are ruining our trade, and if many more of them come, there'll soon be no *copers!*"

This was cheering news indeed; and while such tidings reached me from sea, the testimony on shore was equally gatifying. The Mayor of Grimsby remarked at a public meeting: "I regard the Mission-vessel in the Grimsby fleet as a blessing to the trade of the port." Similar pleasing statements were made in other towns by magistrates, clergy, and police; and many private residents of the fishing towns added their voluntary endorsement of the official verdict

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AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY HELEN M. WINSLOW.

At Christmas-time last year,
So many friends that now are gone were here,
So many hopes were glowing then unspoken,
So many faiths were strong that now lie broken,
And loving hearts that trusted without fear,
—At Christmas-time last year.

At Christmas-time this year
So many of us find this world a drear
And barren desert wherein blooms no rose,
With mountain peaks surrounding it, whose snows
Have chilled our hearts, and turned life's foliage sere,
—At Christmas-time this year.

At Christmas-time next year,
Who knows what changing fortunes may be near?
Take courage, then! For night shall turn to day,
From brightening skies the clouds must roll away,
And faith and hope and love shall all be here,
—At Christmas-time next year.

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND, AND THE WAY OUT."*

BY THE REV. H. T. SMART.

A FEW years ago we heard the late Mrs. Booth insist, with much vehemence, that it was only necessary (to use her own phrase) "to save the man;" that once done, "the man" would himself improve his circumstances. This view is also taken by the lamented Mrs. Booth in what is, perhaps, her most powerful book, "Popular Christianity." But further experience apparently convinced Mrs. Booth, and certainly has convinced General Booth, that whilst "it takes a soul to improve a body," it is necessary to change the environment of the lapsed masses, if whole populations, now degraded beyond all description, are to be uplifted *en masse*. From this conviction has come the epoch-making book, as we trust it will prove to be, which has created so great a stir since its issue.

The earlier chapters of "In Darkest England and the Way Out" are devoted to a graphic statement of the work which needs to be done. To use the striking figure of Holy Writ, the darkness of these chapters is "darkness which may be felt." Here we find that one-tenth of our population is submerged in direst poverty, appalling suffering, and degrading vice; and the question is raised in the ninth chapter of the book, "Is there no help?"

General Booth has undertaken to show us the way out of darkest England; and whether we are prepared or not to follow his lead, we are all bound, as we love our fellow-men, to study with the closest attention, and with candid minds, his well-considered proposals. In this first notice of the book it is not possible to pass under review the plans laid down; we can only briefly indicate the nature of the suggestions, and perhaps offer a passing remark upon one or two of them. General Booth would establish three colonies—the City Colony, the Farm Colony, and the Over-Sea Colony.

In the City Colony he would provide food and shelter for every man. Already the Army have established many cheap food depôts, where the poor obtain warm, nourishing food at a very small cost. These depôts are to be largely increased. At fourpence a head General Booth is willing to provide supper, breakfast, and bed for all the out-of-works in the land, and if your homeless wanderer has not got fourpence he is not to be sent to sleep on the Embankment, but to be taken in, only he must not leave in the morning until he has done fourpenny worth of work to pay for his bed and board.

Labour yards and factories are to be opened for the unemployed, who are to be engaged in such tasks as chopping wood, making mats, and sewing sacks. A Labour Bureau will be in full swing, and surplus labour will be drafted off to places where labour is scarce, and situations will be sought for all kinds of workers. In this way Captains of Industry will be called into existence and set to work, as Carlyle recommended forty years ago.

**In Darkest England, and the Way Out.* By GENERAL BOOTH. London: The Salvation Army; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.25.

All the horses in England that are able to work are worth to their owners at least their keep, and if able-bodied men, with heads on their shoulders, who are willing to work, are not worth *their* keep to their owners—*i.e.*, the nation—then their owners are in a bad way.

General Booth will organize a Waste Not, Want Not Brigade, whose duty it should be to collect from house-to-house broken victuals, old clothes, old newspapers, and such like exuviæ. From the waste food and waste clothing of the population, collected by two thousand workers, General Booth maintains that he will be able to feed and clothe and house a vast army. Old umbrellas, old shoes, sardine cans, old bottles, rags and bones, meat tins, and the like, are no longer to be thrown into the dust-bin, but the waste of London is to be utilized for the food of the million.

Then the workers are to be sent to till the land. General Booth, unlike Don Quixote, can distinguish windmills from armies, and, therefore, does not expect large crops from Salisbury Plain, nor from the slopes of Snowdon. But he believes that he might secure an estate of some thousand acres in Kent or Essex, which could be used as a training-ground for emigrants, as well as a great market-garden for the supply of the rations with which he undertakes to provide for the out-of-works of the city.

In addition to market-gardens there is to be a Farm Colony, for sorting and utilizing the refuse of the city, which the Waste Not, Want Not Brigade have collected. Barges are to take the refuse to the farm. Broken victuals are to be steamed and dressed for human food. Other crusts are to be used as diet for horses. The poultry will eat up what the horses cannot consume, and what the poultry despise is to go to the pig as the residuary legatee. The Army piggery will be the largest in the land. Bacon factories, brush works, saddlery of all kinds will be created and run by the Army. The old bones will create button works ; the grease and fat will give material for soap works ; and the waste paper and rags will enable the Army to manufacture its own paper.

The third and final stage of this great remedial scheme is the establishment of a colony in the Britain over sea. A Salvation Ship would take men and women who had passed their probation on the Farm Colony to South Africa, where they would be taken in hand by officers, and set to work under favourable conditions. These emigrants would be charged with the cost of their passage, and thus, after the first initial expense, the money might be used again and again without any serious shrinkage of the capital.

The slums are to be regenerated by a Sisterhood, who will introduce the gospel of soap-suds and of the scrubbing-brush into the most dirty and verminous regions of our rookeries. The prison gates are to be visited by workers, who will endeavour to restore the criminal class to the ranks of the virtuous and self-supporting. Cheap inebriate asylums are to be opened for the cure of drunkenness, and Rescue Homes are to be multiplied for fallen women. There is to be a Poor Man's Bank, and a Poor Man's Lawyer, an Inquiry Office for Lost People, and Industrial School Refuges for street children. We are almost afraid to add that there *may be* in addition to all these a Matrimonial Bureau, for the idea may excite the ridicule of the injudicious. But if General Booth could lessen the number of premature marriages and ill-assorted alliances, he would render a great service to the community.

When all is done that can be done General Booth admits that there will be a remnant which will not work, and which ought not to be fed on the public bounty. These he would treat as moral lunatics, and lock them up for the rest of their lives.

How much will it cost? In round figures, one million sterling, but General Booth would consent to make a start if he were furnished with £100,000 down, and an assured income of £30,000 per annum. Our own opinion is that if the scheme proves to be abortive it will not be for lack of funds. If the English nation *could* deal effectually with the residuum of her population with a million of money, surely that sum would be forthcoming at once. In truth, it is impossible for any right-minded person to be quite contented in London in face of this gross darkness which is here depicted, unless he removes beyond its reach and refuses to hear or think of it. Besides, it is computed that four millions of money are given away in London alone every year, and yet the poverty of London seems to become steadily sadder and more hopeless.

We do not wish to lose our heads over this bold scheme of General Booth's; but we write with reserve when we affirm that we are as much impressed with its intellectual strength as with its compassionate sympathy; and that, in our opinion, General Booth should, without loss of time, be instructed by the public to get to work, and should be provided with the necessary funds.—*Methodist Recorder.*

HEAVEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LORD, still Thou givest gifts to me;
Thy mercy, like the dew,
From day to day my glad eyes see,
Forever fresh and new.

Thou giv'st me loss, and joy, and pain,
My peace, my grief are thine,
The need that is my greater gain,
Grief lost in love divine.

Thy face is hid behind the cloud
That darkens all my days;
I know without that veiling shroud
I could not bear Thy gaze.

Thou giv'st me lessons every hour;
Thou giv'st me faith to trust
The gracious hidings of Thy power,
To know Thee true and just.

Thou gavest me Thy greatest gift,
When on that distant morn,
Thou didst the gates of glory lift,
And Christ my Lord was born.

Current Topics and Events.

Centennial of Canadian Methodism.

The year 1891 marks the Centennial of two very important events in the history of Canadian Methodism. (1) The hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. (2) The death of the honoured instrument in the hands of God by whom the original Methodist societies were organized. It is eminently fitting that this remarkable coincidence of events should not be overlooked, but should be loyally commemorated by suitable thanksgiving and thank-offering services. John Wesley died on March 2, 1791, "one of the greatest of God's Englishmen," of that century, as he is called by Mr. Stead. The late General Conference gave instructions that anniversary services should be held throughout the Connexion on Sunday, March 1, 1891; and that voluntary collections should everywhere be taken for some object to be designated by the Annual Conferences. The time of the year at which these meetings were appointed to be held is perhaps not the most favourable for anniversaries and contributions. It is possible, also, that through lack of some definite object and definite amount set before our people there may not be the enthusiasm and organized effort to worthily commemorate those events. The Annual Conference Special Committees may, however, do much to give the required stimulus by indicating suitable objects and methods of reaching definite sums.

If it were possible to completely wipe out the indebtedness of $40,000, or thereabouts, now resting upon the Embarrassed Trusts, which indebtedness was largely incurred through the recent union which has been so signally owned and blessed of God, it would be something monumental, and would be a perpetual benediction to the Church.

There are also other worthy objects which appeal strongly to our sympathy and support. The meagre incomes of the labourers of the Home Mission fields, the need for more adequate support for the faithful veterans worn out in the service of the Church, and for the widows and orphan children of those who have died in harness, and the urgent need for a greatly enlarged building and endowment fund for the Federated Victoria University: all these furnish worthy objects for thank-offering to God for the signal mercies and prosperity vouchsafed to us as a Church during one hundred years.

Centennial Memorial Volume.

It was also authorized by the General Conference that a memorial volume on the various aspects of Canadian Methodism should be issued in connection with this Centennial celebration. Much progress has already been made in that direction. We trust that the volume will speedily be completed and sent to the press. The true history of Methodism in these lands is largely written on the tombstones of many a lonely graveyard, where its pioneer fathers and founders sleep in peace. Others still survive among us, the memory of whom goes far back to the stirring days of early Methodism. It is highly important that the memories that otherwise would soon perish from the earth should be gathered up and placed on permanent record. Such a volume could not fail to be of great interest and value.

At no time previous would it have been possible to prepare the story of the diverse streams which have come together in the broad tide of Methodist influence in this land. But now, without a shade of unkindliness, without a harsh or unbrotherly word,

such memorials may be brought together into one volume. Some things, it is possible, had better be forgotten; but other things it would be well to keep in everlasting remembrance. We bespeak for the volume, when it shall appear, a warm reception and a large patronage. In this way, too, may the Superannuated Fund be materially helped, as the profits of such a volume go to swell its income.

Judicial Hanging.

We hope that Canada has seen the last of its hangings. There is, to our thinking, something demoralizing to every better sentiment in the manner in which two continents have been watching the cell of the condemned and much be-written criminal, who by this public attention is raised to a sort of heroship instead of being consigned to merited oblivion. We do not argue here the general question of capital punishment. We merely express the conviction that, in the higher civilization of the future—we hope of the near future—it will be banished from the land. There is a growing repugnance towards it almost everywhere. Although society has a right to protect itself, it has not the right to avenge itself. "Thou shalt not kill" we think imperative upon courts and communities as well as upon individuals.

The judicial death of the unhappy man, Birchall, involves the terrible dilemma of either hanging an innocent man or else of sending a man into eternity with a lie upon his soul. From both of these we should recoil with abhorrence. Society, we judge, would be no less protected by the life-long incarceration of such an unhappy man and his employment in some useful industry, than by his tragical taking off. Nay, we think it would be better protected, for juries will be slow to convict even a guilty man when they know that the consequences of such conviction are irreparable. But we have neither time nor space to fully discuss this subject which has been so conspicuously forced of late upon the public attention.

Additional Attractions to Magazine for 1891.

In addition to the very full announcement of this monthly for 1891, including its many illustrated articles and its new department of "Popular Science," arrangements have also been made for a series of brief papers on "The Poets of Canada," by the Rev. Matthew Ritchie Knight, himself one of our sweetest and strongest singers and one of our best known *littérateurs*. Mr. Knight's papers will include Arthur J. Lockhart, Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, Wilfred W. Campbell, Magnus Sabiston, Arthur Weir, and J. Hunter Duvar, and other young Canadian poets. This series will be of distinct literary value and of great patriotic interest.

By the kind permission of the Rev. Dr. Flood, of the firm of Flood & Vincent, of the *Chautauqua Century Press*, the American publishers, we have the privilege of reprinting in this Magazine one of the most remarkable stories of the age, viz., "*All He Knew*," by John Habberton—author of that popular book, "*Helen's Babies*."

The testimony of those who read the story of Sam Kimper and how he lived up to "all he knew," is well-nigh unanimous praise. A noted editor-author says: "I read it with the deepest appreciation. It is full of the Christ spirit."

Another popular author describes it as "the best practical religious book that has been published since 'Stepping Heavenward' appeared to bless the world."

Still another calls it: "The sweetest, most affecting little story ever written."

It will run through eight numbers. The price of this book alone is $1.00.

Magazine Postage.

Although the postage of this Magazine to Newfoundland and Bermuda is thirty-six cents a year, which we must pay here, we yet ask our friends in these islands to pay only twenty-four cents of that amount and we will pay the balance.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

From the Minutes of the late Conference we learn that the number of members in England, Ireland, the mission field, and the affiliated Conferences of France, South Africa and the West Indies, is 559,382, and the number on trial is 46,045. The number of young persons in junior society classes is 60,801, and there are 24,875 lay class leaders and 16,038 local preachers. The number of ministers, including supernumeraries, is 2,897. The number on trial is an encouraging fact. There are 3,569 Bands of Hope, with 370,681 enrolled members. The number of Sunday-schools is 6,926, an increase of 28 for the year. The number of scholars is 932,888, an increase of 4,382. The number of day scholars is 180,840. The total cost of the Sunday-schools exceeds $451,000, and of the day-schools, $1,265,000.

There have been expended on the erection of new chapels and reduction of debts, $1,480,895. Other churches and ministers' houses are about to be erected at an estimated cost of $1,431,970.

Adult Bible classes are now a valuable agency in connection with evangelistic movements. Those at Bristol, Hanley, Wolverhampton and Manchester occupy first rank. In one village chapel near Stockport 200 working people meet every Sunday afternoon to study the Bible. Great good has resulted from all these.

Rev. Henry Smart on leaving Manchester received a valuable testimonial in appreciation of his labours, not only as a minister, but for his services in connection with sanitary reform and other social questions. At the meeting at which the presentation was made, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford sent one of his clergy to represent him. The Manchester *Guardian* said: "It is something to hear a Catholic prelate doing public honour to a Methodist minister and a Catholic priest taking part in a meeting held in a Methodist school-room to say farewell to him."

Rev. Peter Thompson is aided in his mission at the East End, London, by a band of thirty or forty ladies and is daily widening its area. There is a Home for girls at Blackheath, where food, clothing, and residence are provided for street waifs. A dispensary is attached to the mission, where 10,000 patients have been treated gratuitously by the mission doctor, who has also paid 1,000 visits to the homes of poor invalids.

Dr. Bowman Stevenson informed the recent Conference that this was the twenty-first year of the establishment of his "Homes" for destitute children, and this year the first instance had occurred of one of his lads passing into the ministry.

The centenary of John Wesley's death is to be celebrated in England. Mr. R. W. Parks wants a fund of $500,000 to be raised for the erection of a Centenary Hall in London, and that $500,000 more should be employed in erecting ten great provincial centre-halls, similar to Oldham Street, Manchester; and that another amount of $250,000 should be raised for the extension of village Methodism.

The committee appointed by Conference to carry forward the movement have resolved to spend $40,000 or $50,000 in building a tomb over Mr. Wesley's grave, and setting aside Wesley's house as a museum of Methodist antiquities, and to thoroughly restore City Road Chapel, making it worthy of the Mother Church of Methodism in Great

Britain. It is designed to replace the seven wooden pillars which supported the gallery by as many marble ones, and it is hoped that one of these will be contributed by each of the following sections: United States—North and South, Canada, South Africa, Australian, West Indian and Irish Methodist Churches. Each of the pillars will cost $500. Dr. Potts, Wesley Buildings, Toronto, will receive the contributions of Canada. The Mother Church has a right to expect that the Methodist Churches throughout the world will respond to the request now made, and prove that Methodism everywhere holds in reverence the memory of John Wesley.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The magnitude of the missionary operations of this Church is little understood. The Secretaries are appealing for a million and a quarter for missions by collections only! At home there are 3,325 missionaries and 3,645 helpers, total 6,970; German, Norwegian and Danish, Welsh, Scandinavian, French, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, Bohemian, Hungarian, Italian, and English-speaking missions in fifty-seven Conferences; $486,699.45 was the total expenditure for these during the year. The foreign fields are: Africa, South America, China, Germany, Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, India, Malaysia, Bulgaria, Italy, Mexico, Japan, Korea. Expended during the year on these, $607,031.77. Working force, 3,313.

The late Freedmen's Aid Society Report contains several interesting incidents. In the sixteen Southern States there are forty literary institutions, in which there are 8,000 young and women and property valued at $1,500,000; 125 physicians have been sent out. In this section of the Union there are thirty-two Conferences.

Methodist New Connexion.

The General Mission report has the following summary: 85 chapels and 31 English missionaries, one lady missionary and 31 native Chinese helpers; 3,526 members, 1,014 candidates for Church membership, 44 Sunday-schools, 504 teachers and 3,655 members.

The fourteenth annual report of the Chapel Committee has been issued. The Church property is valued at $4,835,340, and the college at $55,000, while the debts amount to $847,330.

There are 11,328 officers and teachers in the Sunday-schools, of whom 8,914 are church members.

Rev. John Robinson has returned to his missionary work in China, where he has already laboured twelve years. He is accompanied by the Rev. J. K. Robson, who goes to China to labour five years at his own expense. Mr. F. W. Marshall will also go to China next spring as a medical missionary.

Bible Christian Church.

During the past year more than $125,000 has been raised for the erection of churches. In ten years the amount has reached $1,305,000. The church property in Cornwall is worth $400,000, and not less than fifty of the present ministers came from Cornish circuits.

Primitive Methodist Church.

The mission at Fernando Po, West Africa, is progressing. The Spanish authorities are greatly interested in the welfare of the mission. Very encouraging reports have also been received from the Aliwal Mission, South Africa.

Harvest-home festivals have been numerous. In the town of Derby no less than sixteen congregations held such services, at some of which more than $1,000 were collected. In the old Tunstall circuit there were nine festivals. The venerable Thomas Bateman, whom the present writer knew more than fifty years ago, is now ninety-two years of age, and yet he preached one Sabbath in the largest chapel in the town, with vigour, to crowded congregations.

There are now in the Connexion 4,488 chapels or churches, valued at $16,349,545.

Rev. Jas. A. A. Cheesman, M.A., has five sons all ministers, and they represent the following Churches: Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, the Congregational, and the Primitive Methodist. Is there another family so catholic?

The Methodist Church.

The Woman's Missionary Society is recommended by the General Board of Missions to consider the propriety of opening a mission in Palestine and Syria, where there are good openings for the employment of medical missionaries and the establishing of one or more girls' schools.

Rev. John McDougall has been appointed correspondent from the North-West Missions with the General Board.

Two young men have offered their services as missionaries to China, and the General Board is desirous to respond to their wishes, but to do so a special appeal is being made to friends generally to provide the means. Let those to whom the Almighty has entrusted respond liberally.

Though the grants made to the Annual Conferences for Domestic Missions are larger than last year, the deficiencies in some instances at least will be very heavy. In the Nova Scotia Conference each married minister will only receive $593 instead of $750. This is very similar to other Conferences.

The Death Roll.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, a veteran Congregationalist, died in New Jersey in October, aged eighty-three. He served his generation well, both as editor and pastor. He suffered much persecution years ago for his advocacy of temperance. In 1870 he retired, and gave his residence in New York to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Shortly after the Irish Methodist Conference, the Rev. Jas. Murdock died at the age of eighty-two. He was greatly beloved as an earnest and successful minister, and was remarkable for attention to the most minute details of circuit work. He leaves a son-in-law and a grandson in the ministry.

Rev. Dr. Rule, the oldest Wesleyan minister in England, died at the age of eighty-eight. He was the first Protestant missionary sent to Spain. He was also a missionary in Malta, at Gibraltar, and the West Indies. He was a profound scholar, was acquainted with eleven languages, and translated the Bible into the Spanish tongue. His last labours whilst in the active work were given to the British Army. The soldiers loved him and owed much to him in regard to liberty of conscience.

Two Wesleyan ministers recently died in the churches where they were worshipping.

Rev. Mr. Binns, a Superannuate, was attending divine service at Southport. In the opening prayer he was seized with a fit, and died immediately. He was eighty-two years of age.

Rev. Jas. Chalmers, M.A., while addressing a meeting of the Methodist Council of Manchester, said, "I think I have said enough," and suddenly fell. He was a saintly and devoted minister.

Our brethren in the East have been called to mourn the loss of some of their fellow-labourers. Rev. Matthew Lodge, of Moncton, has been called to his reward. He and his wife celebrated their golden wedding a year ago. He leaves a son in the ministry, and one of his daughters is the wife of the Rev. Job Shenton. He was reputed as one of the greatest natural orators in Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. Embree is also numbered with the dead. He was a man greatly beloved, and laboured with great zeal to promote the interests of the Church. He was a missionary in Newfoundland, where Dr. Carman tells us that he found him in the midst of a glorious revival. He died in the triumphs of faith, and went home to join his beloved wife, who had passed on before.

Book Notices.

Savonarola: His Life and Times. By William Clark, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Philosophy at Trinity College, Toronto. Crown 8vo. Pp. 352. Gilt top. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The age in which Savonarola lived was one of the most splendid in the history of European art and literature. Even during the darkness of the Middle Ages the lamp of learning was fanned into a flickering flame in many a lonely monkish cell, and the love of liberty was cherished in the free cities of the Italian peninsula. One of the most conspicuous figures of that period was the brave-souled Savonarola. As one walks the streets of the city of Florence, and especially as one visits the narrow cell at San Marco in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, and as one proceeds to the great square where his intrepid spirit ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre, one seems brought into living contact with the hero-soul who, four hundred years ago, spoke brave words for God, truth and liberty, and who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

The dominant personality of Savonarola and the stirring period in which he lived form the theme of Prof. Clark's noble volume. The learned professor has made this subject his study for years. He has not taken his information at second-hand, and, while availing himself of the many lives which have been written of the hero of his book, he has gone to original sources. He has studied the works of Savonarola himself, and the contemporary and more recent writers who throw light on that important period.

The book is one of absorbing interest. Like some stately tragedy, the great events chronicled move to their sombre crisis with much dramatic vividness of narration. Our author depicts the stirring events connected with the public life and death of the Monk of San Marco. This volume is a contribution of permanent value to what we may claim as Canadian literature. There are a number of well translated extracts from the vivid writings and sermons of this great preacher who so stirred the heart of Christendom. Not merely to theological students, but to all who would understand the inner life of Florence in the fifteenth century, and one of the great religious movements of the ages, we heartily commend this admirable volume. We would like to quote the touching account of the martyrdom of Savonarola, but the space at our command will not permit.

Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies in the Religion of the Incarnation. Edited by Rev. Chas. Gore, M.A., Principal of Pusey House, Oxford. From the fifth English edition. Crown 8vo. Gilt top. Pp. 441. New York: The United States Book Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

This book is the theological sensation of the day. That it has attracted an extraordinary degree of attention in Great Britain is apparent from the fact that it has reached the fifth edition within a year. It is much more advanced and even revolutionary in its position, than the famous "Essays and Reviews" which in their day attracted so much attention.

The book consists of twelve essays written by eleven clergymen of greater or less prominence of the Church of England. It is characterized by several remarkable features, among which we may mention the frank acceptance of the doctrine of evolution, a liberal concession to the new theology, especially on the subject of inspiration, and, as a consequence, of modern criticism of the

Old Testament. Resulting from these are important modifications of vital doctrines of Christianity. This is more apparent in the essay on "The Holy Spirit and Inspiration." Among the questions raised in this connection are the existence of the "Elements of Idealism" and the "Presence of Primitive Myths in the Sacred Canon."

The essay, "The Problem of Pain," is one of the most thoughtful and suggestive of the series. It regards pain as under three categories: first, punitive; second, purgatorial, and third, prophylactic, and as contributing to the development of the individual and the race. It views it further as a necessary condition of approach by sinful beings to the Divine, and looks for its fuller explanation in a future existence. It sees in pain and suffering the means of individual and social progress, the source of sympathy with man and of secret union with God.

The essay on "The Incarnation and Development" is an endeavour towards the reconciliation of theology and science. It claims that these move in different but parallel planes, the one giving the meaning, and the other the method of creation. It asserts that the doctrine of the "Eternal Word" is compatible with all the *verified* results of scientific teaching on "Energy," "The Antiquity of Man," "Mental and Moral Evolution," "The Relation of Philosophy to Theology," and "The Comparative Study of Religions," while in the Christian view it both illuminates and is illuminated by these results. To that view, if we lay sufficient emphasis on the word *verify*, even such staunchly orthodox writers as Dr. McCosh and Sir W. J. Dawson would not, we suppose, object. We are inclined to think, however, that the author of this essay hastily assumes as verified what these writers would claim to be but ingenious hypotheses, which, indeed, the writer of the essay admits the Darwinian theory of the descent of man to be.

An important essay is that on "Christianity and Politics." It sets forth the problem as (1) to consecrate, and (2) to purify society, then to support the weak against the strong, and spread Christian ideas and maintain a Christian type of character.

The essay on "Christian Ethics" postulates as dogmatic certainties the doctrine of God and of Christ as the revelation of the highest good and the source of regeneration of character. The chapter on "The Atonement" is probably the most important in the volume, but it is too comprehensive to be indicated even in outline.

The spirit of the volume is, on the whole, devout and reverent, notwithstanding some of its extreme concessions. Its conclusion is that we may expect the criticism of the Old Testament, like that of the New, to deepen and enlarge, not to impair, the reverence of the Word of God.

Among the subjects treated in the other essays are the following: "Faith," "The Preparation in History for Christ," "The Incarnation as the Basis of Dogma," "The Church," and "Sacraments." The book, of course, is deserving of careful study by all who would comprehend the trend of thought in certain quarters of some of the most profound and august subjects which can engage the human intellect.

A Digest of English and American Literature. By ALFRED H. WELSH, A.M. 8vo. Pp. 378. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1890. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

It is much to be regretted by the reading public that the scholarly author of such works as "Essentials of English" and "Development of English Literature and Language" should have been removed by death from the scene of his successful labours. The Professor's last work is now before us, and we certainly feel that it fills a want long felt by the general reading and, more especially, by the writing public. The general idea of the book is founded upon the conception that, in the words of the preface, "it is impossible to appreciate the spirit of an author, unless we transport ourselves

to the country and period in which he lived; revive the characters and events among which he wrote, and fully comprehend the surroundings which coloured his mental life." This has often been recognized as true and the difficulty of its accomplishment deplored, but it need be no longer so, for this work is intended as an aid in the process of transportation, and is so arranged in parallel columns that at a glance the reader can ascertain: (1) The chief events which gave to any age its (2) general characteristics, (3) their best writers, and (4) their writings. These are arranged chronologically and divided into periods from the Anglo-Saxon to the Victorian.

Thus, to take an example, should the reader wish to see in a few lines the spirit of the age in which Ben Jonson lived and wrote, he has only to turn to the Puritan period, and on page 86 he will find under (1) Events—Galileo's system of the world published at Florence, 1632; (2) characteristics—prevalence of belief in witchcraft; (3) writers—Ben Jonson, with a short and concise criticism of his intellectual power and writings; (4) a review of his principal writings. The book is very well bound and produced, and, in addition to good arrangement and clear type, spaces have been left for the reader to enter additional authors at his own discretion.—A. B.

European Days and Ways. By Alfred E. Lee, late Consul-General, U.S.A. Illustrated, 8vo. Pp. 376. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.25.

This is not a conventional book of travel—the hasty notes of a rapid tourist. It is the result of a prolonged residence abroad of a man enjoying, from his official position, the *entrée* to the best society of Europe. He gives us an inside view of social and domestic life and many charming pictures of travel during his journeyings and sojourns in different parts of the continent. Consul-General Lee is a shrewd observer of men and things, and had better opportunities of seeing and learning what was best worth while to see and learn than most travellers, however well introduced. He gives us some very interesting "personalia" of such prominent characters as Kaiser Wilhelm, Prince Bismarck, and other European notabilities. Graphic sketches of German social and domestic life, glimpses of Holland, accounts of his wanderings in the Austrian Alps, of a tramp through Tyrol, of *Beiwagen* rides over the Furka and Splugen Passes, of prolonged travel through Southern Italy and Sicily, in Spain, and the like, make up a volume of singular interest. An important chapter full of valuable suggestion is entitled, "How the Germans Educate." The author is an accomplished art critic, and devoted much attention to the European galleries, and more especially to the art treasures of Spain. The book is admirably illustrated: The reproductions of Dannecker's "Ariadne," of the bas-reliefs from the Niederwald monument, a portrait bust of Seneca, the Palm Garden at Frankfort, grim Prince Bismarck, and a charming Moorish maiden, and of many other fine subjects, are of very conspicuous merit.

The Social Law of God: Sermons on the Ten Commandments. By E. A. Washburn, D.D. Pp. xiv–212. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

The Rev. Dr. Washburn, rector of Calvary Church, New York, was a man of strongly-marked character, of high literary culture, and of intrepid moral courage. These important discourses on the fundamental principles of social morality made a profound impression, as is evidenced by the fact that they have reached a seventh edition. The author uses great plainness of speech, and rebukes sin even in high places in the spirit of one of the old prophets; but is, nevertheless, tenderly sympathetic with the erring and the fallen. He is a thorough man of the nineteenth century, and preaches the application of the eter-

nal principles of the Decalogue to the complex society of the present day. The sermons are couched in strong, clear and forcible English. It is an omen of good augury that for such wholesome literature there is such an enduring demand.

The University Quarterly Review. Second Quarter, 1890. $2.00 a year.

This Review marks a very auspicious beginning of what we believe will be a high-class quarterly, occupied with subjects of current thought, especially those of Canadian interest. Among the topics treated in this number are: "The Behring Sea Question," Z. A. Lash, Q.C.; "The Equal Rights Movement," Rev. Principal Caven, D.D.; "Messenger Pigeons," Major-General Cameron, C.M.G.; "A Movement Towards Creed Revision," the Rev. W. T. Herridge, M.A., B.D.; "The Pre-Historic Naturalist," A. F. Chamberlain, M.A.; "How an Election is Won," S. T. Wood, and "Some Recent Books on Tennyson," by Archibald MacMechan, M.A., Ph.D., making up a very creditable list of topics very admirably treated.

Norman Reid, M.A. By Jesse Patrick Findlay. Crown 8vo. Pp. 312. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Ferrier & Anderson. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is not, as might be thought, a clerical biography, although it treats very fully of the pastoral experience of a minister in the Free Scottish Church, Ottertoon. It is a strongly-written story of parish life in a Scotch community. Our Presbyterian friends especially will find it extremely interesting reading, although human nature is very much the same, whether it be in the clerical dress of the Presbyterian minister in Scotland, or the Methodist minister in Canada. In this book, as well as in the author's previous volume, "The Lost Tide," the tragical effects of intemperance are strikingly portrayed. The somewhat biting humour of the old housekeeper and the pathos of poor blind Mysie and her skeptical lover, whom she seeks to win to the faith, are master-touches. The book deals, too, with some of the urgent social questions of the day. The picture of the strike at the "Elder's Foundry," and its results, is an important social study. Like all the books of this firm, it is admirably printed, illustrated and bound.

Our Father's Kingdom: Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By the Rev. Chas. B. Ross; M.A., B.D. Edinburgh: T. T. Clarke. Montreal: W. Drysdale. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an admirable exposition of our Lord's Prayer. Twelve lectures take up consecutively the several clauses of that incomparable petition. An admirable introduction discusses the general topic which is of such vital importance for the Christian life, and meets many of the current objections as to the realm of prayer. The whole volume cannot fail to be very helpful in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. It is an excellent contribution to Canadian literature by the accomplished pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Lachine.

Literary Notices.

The *Canadian Indian.* Editors: Rev. E. V. Wilson, and H. B. Small. Price $2 a year. This is a thirty-two page monthly, published in the interest of the Canadian Indian Research Aid Society. It deals exclusively with subjects connected with the Indians, and will be especially useful to persons interested in the red race. The address of Mr. Small is Ottawa, Ont.

The *Canadian Methodist Quarterly* for October has just reached us, too late for fuller notice. It has special interest as containing the whole of Dr. Workman's article on "Messianic Prophecy," filling seventy pages, together with other valuable articles. This well-sustained Review is worthy of wide patronage.

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